

TOWN OF COBURG

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

AND THEIR DUCHIES

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

NO reigning family has lately been more prominently before the public, no country has been more spoken of during the last few months, than that of the Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his Duchies.

He is near to us, being the second son of our beloved Queen, and having served for nearly thirty years in our own Navy, in which he held some of the most important and responsible positions, as we shall more fully mention in another part of this paper.

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Within the short space of a fortnight we have been able to congratulate the Duke and Duchess upon the celebration of their silver wedding (in January last), and have been called upon to give our deeply-felt and sincere sympathy to them and their family at the sad loss of their only son and heir, the promising Prince Alfred, who had just reached his twenty-fourth year.

It is a remarkable fact that the family, whose head reigns over one of the smallest sovereign states of Germany, occupies such an important position in Europe, and has furnished monarchs to

Belgium, Portugal and Bulgaria, and that one scion of this illustrious house has been selected for the consort of our own gracious Queen.

A strange feature in connection with the Coburg family is the fact that the larger portion of its members have Jewish blood in their veins, as one of the princes, the grandfather of the late King Ferdinand of Portugal married a daughter of an Hungarian Hebrew, of the name of Kohary; through this mar-

riage was on August 25th laid before the common Diet of the two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha.

1893. He was present at the bedside at his decease. It was generally believed at the time that the Duke of Edinburgh would resign his rights to his son, the late Prince Alfred, but he accepted the immediate succession, and on August 23rd, the day following the demise of his uncle, he took the oath to preserve the Constitution at Rheinhardtsbrunn, Gotha, in presence of the German Emperor William II., and of the Ministers of State; and his declaration to that effect



DUKE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

riage are the present King of Portugal, the Prince of Bulgaria, Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg, who is married to the eldest daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and Prince Augustus, the husband of a daughter of the late Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil, indubitably of Jewish descent.

The reigning Duke, better known amongst us as Duke of Edinburgh, succeeded his uncle Duke Ernest II. in

was on August 25th laid before the common Diet of the two Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha.

German national sentiment had no reasonable cause to be jealous of the accession of an English prince, the second son of the good German Prince Consort of our Queen, to this ducal sovereignty which is certainly, though confined to three small Thuringian territories with a population of about

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217,000, one of much historical interest, and has one vote in the Federal Council and sends two deputies to the Parliament of the German Empire. The Duke and his family have always lived part of each year in Coburg, where they inhabited, as they do at present, the Palais Edinburgh. Prince Alfred was educated in Germany, and held for years a commission in the German army. The daughters of the ducal couple, with one exception, are also all married to German princes: the eldest, to the Crown-Prince of Roumania (a Hohenzollern); the second, to the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse; and a third, to the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The youngest, still a mere child, is unmarried.

It speaks well for the reigning Duke that he has been able so quickly to make himself greatly beloved and generally popular; for his predecessor, although extremely economical, was doubtless one of the most popular Princes in Germany. However, the Duke and Duchess quickly became beloved by their new subjects. Their affability and great tact, their generosity and kindness soon won the hearts of the people, and the hearty affection displayed during the celebration of the silver wedding, and the visible sorrow upon the occasion of the death of the hereditary Prince have furnished conclusive proofs of the close union and love that exists already between the reigning family and the people.

The two Duchies are not contiguous, and have separate governments and legislative chambers, but these assemblies meet to form a combined legislature for the affairs common to both, alternately at Coburg and Gotha. The State being purely constitutional the position of the reigning Duke is almost entirely ornamental. The income of the Duchies, which the Duke receives, is estimated roughly at £15,000 a year; however, he has English revenues, and the Duchess is very wealthy, having been an only daughter of a Czar.

The ducal pair make their home in Coburg, in a quiet residence built by themselves opposite the Castle of Ehrenberg, named, as already mentioned, the Palais Edinburgh, or at their small palace at Gotha. The Ehrenberg is

used for state functions, and the Duchess is a most charming hostess. She regulates herself the preparations, down to the smallest details, even of the ball suppers (which are innovations, as the late Duke had quite dispensed with sit-down meals after balls), which are served in true English fashion at small separate tables in the most hospitable modern style.

The Duke of Coburg inherited from his uncle some very fine castles and estates in the Duchies, and a large domain with a very charming "Jagdschloss" (shooting-box), the Castle of Hinterriss, in Tyrol, with enormous preserves of chamois.

In Gotha he possesses an immense residence, the Castle Friedenstein, where the Duke and Duchess entertained their guests during the celebration of their silver wedding. Another palace of mark which the ducal family inhabit generally in summer is the beautiful and quaint Castle Rosenau, where the late Prince Consort was born and brought up, and which our Queen has visited on various occasions. There is a very interesting room here, "the corridor room," which was painted by the hands of the late Duchess of Kent. This Castle was given by Queen Victoria to Duke Alfred on his accession, and it is filled with innumerable treasures, amongst which a collection of old Bohemian or old Venetian beakers, flacons, and vases is renowned and of great value.

The home life of this royal and ducal family is most unpretentious and quiet, and the love existing amongst the members is of the warmest nature. It is, therefore, only natural that the grief over the death of the only son of the house was intense. As far as is known there was in the young life of the late Prince Alfred a good deal of the tragedy that knocks alike at the door of kings and beggars. Although a strong baby and well looked after by a devoted mother, he showed that delicacy of constitution which was the cause of his early death, before he was more than a child. Not the least cause of the sadness that surrounded his life was his transfer of home. He was an ardent lover of his country. Although every effort was made to train him for the succession to

a German sovereignty by sending him, at a tender age, to Germany and placing him in the German army, there can be little doubt that he would have been happier if he had remained an English prince. He became an officer in the First Foot Guards of Prussia. Good-natured to a fault, easily led by those he trusted and loved, Prince Alfred got into a not very good set in Berlin. There were stories of revels and heavy

regiment, but he was never strong enough to do any active service in his new regiment, and he grew rapidly worse, and soon after the celebration of the silver wedding of his parents he left for Meran where the end, unexpectedly sudden, came.

The succession passes into the hands of the son of the Duke of Connaught. The Duke himself is the first in title, but he will not surrender his career in



THE LATE DUKE ERNEST II.

card playing, and all those other follies through which so many young men have to pass, and which, in the case of a consumptive ought to be criticised gently as the symptoms of a disease that, threatening the premature coming of the eternal night creates the craving for the enjoyment of every moment of the living and present day. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

There was some scandal and the Prince was transferred to a Hessian

the British army for the sovereignty of a small German Dukedom.

It must prove interesting to the public at this juncture to hear more of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who, before becoming Duchess of Edinburgh, was the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, the only daughter of the Czar Alexander II., a good-looking, spirited and somewhat autocratic daughter of the most autocratic family of Europe. She soon

adapted herself to English life, and lived for many years at Eastwell Park the life of the wife of an English country squire.

Her marriage was a love match. She was loth to marry a potentate, she cared not for vast territories, for vast wealth, for a throne, she had had enough of all that as a girl, she wanted the man. When Prince Alfred came riding in under her balcony her fate was decided, it was mutual love at first sight. "He is handsome enough," she is reported to have said, "and I shall marry him." The formal engagement followed speedily and the marriage took place in St. Petersburg on January 23rd, 1874.

So little is known of the ceremonial of marriage in the Greek Church, and so interesting are the rites, that a short description may find a place here. The ceremony occupies about an hour. It does not take place at the altar, but outside of the iconostas, which is equivalent to the rood-screen in a Latin church. Within this screen the place is considered so holy that a woman cannot enter; so a small temporary altar is erected in front of it, upon which is placed a copy of the four Gospels—these forming without the Epistles one book; and at this the marriage ceremony is

performed. All monks in the Russian Church are celibates; but it is an important obligation, again, with the secular clergy to marry, once in their lives only, which has given rise in Russia to a proverbial saying: "As precious as a priest's wife," to express a value which cannot be replaced. A monk, however high his position in the Church, cannot officiate at the nuptial service; this duty is always performed by a married priest. At the marriage of the Czarewitch in 1866 the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg at that time was a monk. He received the imperial party as they entered the church, and blessed the bride and bridegroom, sprinkling holy water on them; but he retired as soon as the marriage ceremony began, and the rites were performed by one of the secular clergy.

An unfortunate occurrence at the home-coming of the young bride caused her to be less popular than other princesses. During her entry into London she sat stately and erect beside the Queen in an open carriage, enwrapped no doubt in the sincerest veneration for her second mother, for whom she rejoiced to hear the cheers, without dreaming that any cheers were for herself.



PALACE EDINBURGH, IN COBURG

It is not etiquette in Russia for a younger branch to arrogate acclaims in the presence of superiors, consequently the bride made no sign nor bowed her head to the waving hats and handkerchiefs. This was misunderstood: "She is too proud, too haughty, to bow!" Thus judged the crowd. In reality she was merely too modest. The first impression was so strong and powerful that it was never changed, and the precedence question, which was also very unlucky, aggravated the hostile feeling entertained by many against the daughter of the Czar. However these unfortunate circumstances in no way interfered with the happiness of the married life of the august couple, and the Duke of Edinburgh, always absolutely devoted to his wife, saw no side but hers. The evidently different position she occupied in Russia as the Emperor's child, and in England as the wife of a younger son, caused her to be but little seen at Court, and she is, without doubt, happier as joint sovereign of the old Duchies in Germany than she was as Duchess of Edinburgh in England.

The importance of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in the German Empire is well recognised, and the reigning Duke and Duchess stand fully in the position of Majesty; their Court is of as much consequence as that of the Emperor himself.

It is, perhaps, little known that the late unhappy and romantic King Lud-

wig II., of Bavaria, was once a suitor for the Duchess of Coburg's hand.

Of the Duke himself it is not necessary to say much, he is too well-known amongst us. Perhaps the most important action of his life was the refusal of the Crown of Greece, which was offered him (1862). He is a thorough sailor, and is as such best loved in his own country.

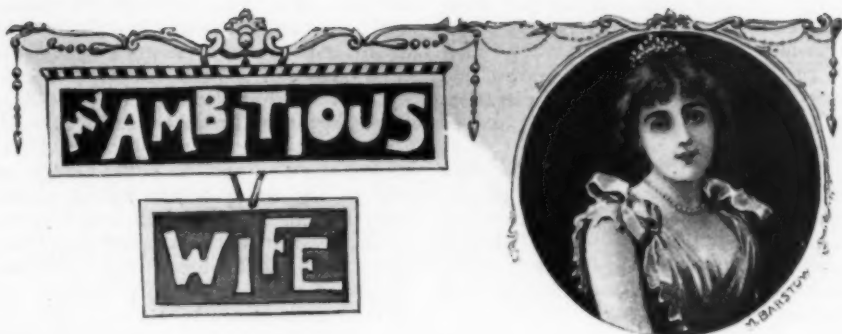
His Royal Highness, Duke Alfred, who is also Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent, and Earl of Ulster, was an able and diligent officer of the British Navy, in which he has served over thirty years. Since 1879 he has held the posts of Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserve, Commander of the Channel Squadron, and of the Mediterranean Squadron, and Commander-in-Chief at Devonport.

He is also much addicted to sports of all kinds, and is reported to be an excellent shot and an intrepid mountaineer, as he has often proved when accompanying his late uncle on chamois-stalking expeditions on the Ducal estates in Tyrol.

It was only last year that he spent some time at the mountain Castle of Hinterriss with his brother-in-law, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and it is reported that the sport was exceedingly good.

It is an old saying that a good father makes a good ruler, and it is certain that the Duke and Duchess make ideal potentates in their ancient Duchies.





WRITTEN BY ADA RANKEN. ILLUSTRATED BY MONTAGU BARSTOW

I NEVER contradict people when they say it's a real good thing for a man to have an ambitious wife. I have good reason to accept the world's verdict on this matter without a murmur. But that, at times, there is another side to this luck, no one is better aware of than the man himself who happens to be the fortunate possessor of such a wife.

* * * *

Mabel's ambition commenced to show itself, as a demonstrable quality, soon after we were married. The early stages of her progress in this direction, looked back on from to-day, I can afford to view with a certain sense of humour, though the humorous aspect was not the one I remember being struck with at the time. I was awfully in love with Mabel when we were first married; but the Mabel pre-matrimonial and the post-matrimonial Mabel were two different persons. So I thought, anyhow, when first the gentle Mabel Heathcote developed into a woman who was going to "rule the world," for such was her intention, she assured me, some six months after our marriage; later, it was her husband, and not herself, by whom the world should be led. Mabel was no visionary, and it did not take long to recognise the

earnestness of her scheme, which daily forced itself upon me in a variety of striking forms.

To be a leader of men, as I was destined to be, it would appear, above all things, that the wife of the leader should be attractively appparelled herself; the trousseau with which the modest country rectory had equipped Miss Mabel Heathcote proving itself inadequate for the task, this was rapidly discarded, and Sloane Street and Bond Street ransacked for better things.

"There is so much in dress," Mabel said, in explanation. "It's all very well to laugh, Tommy, but it looks so flourishing to be well dressed, so successful; and there is nothing, you know, like success!"

Mabel's knowledge of the world appeared to me, even at that early epoch in her study of its intricacies, to be supreme, and I said nothing, and paid the bills. To be perfectly candid, my financial position was not in a condition to support the severe strain thus put upon it by the various "artistes" in feminine apparel. I am not a courageous man, but I was forced to face facts, and I braved my Mabel's ire and disclosed the most barren of all exchequers.

"That is nothing," she said, with the lofty scorn she was wont to assume towards the trivialities of life. "My

dear boy, I will soon retrieve our shattered fortunes, since it was I who brought them low!"

True to her word, before a month had passed, a triumphant wife had placed in my hands a cheque for over two hundred pounds.

"Speculation!" she explained. "We will spend this in gorgeous display, and London will say Mr. Maclaren must be making a fortune at the bar. This will inspire confidence in your fellow-creatures' breasts—your briefs will be doubled."

A curious success invariably accompanied all Mabel's plans. I had learned to look upon them with a reverential awe, and, whether from the "glorious display" which followed on the speculation, or from other causes, I know not, but I lived to see her latest prediction happily carried out.

"You borrowed the money?" I asked her, referring to the cheque.

"Oh, dear, no," she returned quickly. "Speculation, my dear, pure and simple—at least, it's not very simple, for, as it happens, it was rather involved. I went down to Finch Lane, where your stock-broker friends lived. I took a *coupé*, Tommy dear, and put on my best dress. We had a long talk over everything, principally based on your prospects, your brains, your success. Then I vaguely hinted at your influence with Mr. Vance's son—the one who's reading with you for the bar. Then I joked about having a little 'fling,' and got them to advance me money on the security (?) of your good will to the boy Vance. There!—only there's more—but I can't stop now to explain further, because I have a desperate little plot on—"

Was this Mabel?—the Mabel who lived in the quiet country village? And yet, thinking it over, I recalled with a feeling of gratified vanity that it was all for me my wife was developing into the diplomatist. And now I found, too, that I was trying to realise myself no ordinary young man, but quite an exceptionally gifted, successful man of the world. Mabel's constant reiterations concerning my brains and my talents told at last upon my credulity. I played the part of the clever man, and at

dinners often found myself referred to. "My husband," I heard Mabel now and again explaining, "is an authority on that question." I endeavoured to act up to the estimation in which others were beginning to hold me.

Up to this epoch in my career, I had looked upon myself, to put it baldly, as one of the many commonplace young men of the age. Mabel said I never understood myself at all, and that I had seriously undervalued my abilities. "You mustn't do so any more; you have a great future before you, dear old boy," she said. And if the road which led to this great future was not all paved with roses, to Mabel's credit be it said, she cheered me on life's rough way, her own courage in trying situations encouraging me further. She could face insults, surmount difficulties, invent schemes, laugh off disappointments, and overcome all weariness of the flesh in the attainment of her set purpose; and if at all times my slower moving brain didn't always know what she was driving at, yet more and more I admired and wondered at her pluck—"worthy of a better cause," as I periodically reminded her. But she chid me for my levity.

"Life is so serious, Tommy, one can't afford to be deterred in one's purpose. Of course, I see the point as much as you do; but, oh, Tommy, how I wish you wouldn't laugh!"

Well, I didn't put it into words, but if I had not adored this wife of mine so much I should have laughed more than I did, the irony of the situation struck me so keenly—the grim irony of it. Here was I, a man of thirty-two summers, being remade and remodelled at the will of an imperious young woman, who, not so many months before, had vowed to love, honour, and obey him, and one who, in her turn, was to be cherished and screened from the world, and guarded from all rough paths in life. Many a time, during our brief engagement, had I pictured myself the doughty champion of a weak and helpless girl, the guardian of the gentle little Mabel, whose early horizon was bounded by the village-green. Ah, me! experience taught me other and—according to Mabel—better things. As I have hinted, existence, at the outset of my upward

career, wasn't all a joy. In the off-hours from chambers Madame laid out all my spare time, and my "leisure" (?) was one vast sacrifice, "to attain the end," as my better half called it. Among the numerous devices which

secretary of the Lord Chancellor, and such-like, graced the hospitable board; and Mabel said of her "little dinners," "They will brighten you up, and prevent you brooding in your study, which is so bad for men." On such "off"



"'LIFE IS SO SERIOUS, TOMMY'"

were included in the great project were innumerable "little dinners," festivities at which wealthy solicitors (with a view to briefs), a title or two, one or two relations without encumbrance, a private

nights as a kindly fate provided me with, when there were no brilliant dinners out, nor brilliant company to be entertained at home, we had some happy evenings in my study, when Mabel would sit on

the big cushion at my feet, and lay her head on my shoulder.

"This is heaven!" I would say; and she, smiling back her radiant smile, would agree, in that pretty way she had with her.

"Yes," she would say, "it is; but, Tommy, these are luxuries, and life is too earnest to admit of many. You say I have become very serious since my marriage. Yes, you are quite right, I have. I have recognised my responsibility, and I consider a wife has to answer for her husband's future. I intend to be proud of yours. All women who are sensible are alive to their opportunities; and life, my dear, is just a battle, and there are great prizes to be won. If we give in, others will take what might be ours. An artist, you know, Tommy, is a man who is always painting, whether the brush is in his hand or not, and so it is with all vocations—anyhow, with those which *succeed*. My vocation, you know, is to be an Ambitious Wife—I am talking, of course, in strictest confidence—and, so to speak, the brush is always in my hand; and, my dear old Tommy, just give up trying to deter me. You're awfully good, the way you let me suggest things, and, admit it, aren't you better off than formerly? Briefs, you tell me, come flying in. Your genius is being recognised, of course; but I rather fancy, my dear one, I assist, just a little, in this recognition?"

For answer, on this particular occasion, I remember stooping down and kissing the prettiest and the firmest mouth in all the wide world.

"You don't think we'd be happier, dear, if we went away to some quiet country spot, where I could see more of you? I want to, you know, Mabel," I urged.

Whereat the blue eyes flashed a challenge at me. "Retire! Give up?—just as you are reaching the zenith of your career? Who ever heard of such a thing? What rubbish, Tommy—you quite disappoint me. You don't know what schemes I have on foot for you, and I'll tell you all about them later. And now, my dear one, will you mind writing a little letter to the *Times* or the *St. James's*, on some of those philan-

thropic measures you are so keen on, and I will work at something which requires at least an hour's quiet thought."

For one brief moment I gave myself up to the humour of the situation, then immersed myself in a quire of foolscap, and worked away at another long, boring letter, such as, at my wife's suggestion, I sent at intervals (signed) to the papers. Mabel flung herself into the depths of my armchair, which nowadays lulled me so little, and gave herself up to a series of schemes on my behalf.

And one of these schemes, a little later, was confided to me, during one of those rare intervals when I had my wife to myself.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to go into Parliament; there is a great opening now for a man of culture who will take up the question of 'The People'—such an opening might lead to anything. I see it all before me, if only you will act, and act promptly. You are a born politician, Tommy; I have long felt it. I have been talking a lot with Lord Rednall lately (that man you used to call the rich snob). Well, Tommy, the more I see of him, the more I am convinced you could do worse things than be led by his advice. He quite agrees with me that you would make a name for yourself if you would only take up the Liberal cause and stand for somewhere. What do you say, dear?"

"Say?" Why my breath was taken away, and I enlarged upon my difficulties: Meetings, platform oratory, speeches in the House! but one and all the terrors which rushed through my mind, conjured up by the bare thought of a Parliamentary career, vanished like shadows when elucidated by Mabel.

"My dearest Tommy, as to speeches, that is nothing; why, Lord Rednall, who is very much in earnest about your career, has offered to defray all the expenses of a first-class secretary for you—some 'Varsity man who is sensible and ambitious, and who wants to become a political agent. Lord Rednall says he has his eye on the man. Then, as to meetings, they will be great fun—I shall help, of course, quite vigorously. We'll get some irresistible dresses, and hire a

smart dog-cart. I will wear the colours on my whip (you know how becoming that is), and—leave your votes to me! Then Mr.—whatever his name is—the clever secretary, will write all your speeches; and you know what a good memory you have—that will all be quite easy. I think, dear, if you will only see that it is the right thing for you to stand, that we can do the rest between us."

It is all a long time ago since Mabel promulgated the above audacities to me, but I remember how, my terrors dispelled, once more I gave myself up to wild fits of laughter, and for sheer amusement could answer her nothing. Mabel preserved a dignity worthy of the occasion. "Am I to chuck the Bar?" at last I ventured, still smiling—just as I am reaching the zenith of my career, too." My wife disregarded my mocking attitude, and replied, "There, that is where the difficulty comes; but, Tommy, Lord Rednall has thought that out. When the Liberal Government comes in—and you must remember he is *sure* to be in the Cabinet—well, he will take you under his wing, and find you a glorious post."

"And when the Liberal Government goes out?" I suggested.

"He is a man of immense influence, you will be quite safe; there are heaps of things open—much better than the Bar. I assure you in our long talks together on this most important question, we have quite come to the conclusion that *now* is the opportunity for a clever, cultivated man to distinguish himself, and make a great career—for, *entre-nous*, as Lord Rednall says, *all* the breeding and the cultivation are on the Conservative side. Oh, my dear Tommy, if only I were a man at this special juncture!"

Stirred to the quick at this taunt, I considered the situation with a greater degree of seriousness; and strangely enough, that very night, my Lord Rednall "dropping" in to dinner quite unexpectedly, the situation was yet more seriously discussed, and it was after a glass of rare old port that I found myself pledged once and for all to permit my name to appear as a Liberal candidate for the next opening which presented itself.

It is true that, up to this moment, I had regarded myself as a man with no politics, as one who holds aloof from the pettiness of party spirit—whose sympathies, if, indeed, he had any, were inclined to that side to which, theoretically, anyhow, law and order were of some importance. This I confided to my guest just before we joined my wife in the drawing-room, and, with a charming and courteous wave of the hand, characteristic of his, Lord Rednall encouraged me to forget my "past indifference and henceforth to devote myself, heart and soul, to a cause which had the country's good as its standard." And he continued: "Your wife tells me you have always had a great leaning towards politics, though your time has been so taken up in your vocation, in which, she declares, you have been wearing yourself out. She is a nervous, timid little woman, is that fair wife of yours, MacLaren, and she would, I fancy, be happier were you to be wearing yourself out less in securing her creature comforts. As for any support it may be my good luck to offer you, that is all at your service, my dear sir."

Lord Rednall was true to his word, and between the efforts of my wife, the secretary, and his lordship, I found myself, one fine day, at the head of the poll—Thomas MacLaren, Esq., M.P. for a Northern borough. The irony of the situation now and again intruded itself upon me, but Mabel's radiant face disarmed my comments. "I am very proud of you, Tommy; I always knew your powers would show themselves. You are a born leader of men," and Mrs. MacLaren, M.P., bestowed a happy kiss upon her lord and master. "It's all to please you, Mab," I declared; "just all out of worship for you!"

"How dare you talk such nonsense, Tommy? You love flattering me, that's what it is. For goodness' sake, though, dear, never let any one hear you say that, for you know, quite well, how I declare you are *over-serious*, and your silence, when they ask you stupid questions which you cannot answer, is just that *reticence which marks the great*. There is a lot in silence, Tommy; and you are a genius—a real genius—good-

ness alone knows where you will end!"

Then this was not the end? Mabel and I went to settle down to an Arcadia of our own, some few miles out

husband must make himself of use to his country, and of *inestimable* use to his patron"; and with regard to the latter Mabel set me the example. During the season we were guests in Hertford



"AND THEN—THEN—? I ASKED MABEL."

of the smoky Northern borough which I represented in Parliament. I put the question tentatively to Mabel. "Good gracious me, no," she said, tossing her well-dressed head. "My

Street, where Mabel distinguished herself as hostess at the political *salons* held by Lord Rednall; and if Royalty was often present I verily believe it had more than a little to do with my wife's

arrangements. For her my patron entertained the most loyal allegiance, devotion and respect. She graced his board in irreproachable gowns, and she always said and did the right thing. Small wonder that Lord Rednall's "Bachelor Den," as it used to be called, soon became the most popular house in town. Once a Royal personage paid my wife the compliment of reiterating what all the world was saying, and Mabel bent her queenly little head and said: "Your Royal Highness, it is nothing to do with me; but it is all because my husband and his chief show me the right way. I was only a frivolous little girl when I married; Tommy has taught me everything." And the estimate in which this wonderful husband of Mabel's was held went up year by year. From Member I rose to first secretary and adviser to one of the big political men in the land, and we were able to afford our own domicile in town, and were not obliged, as heretofore, to accept Lord Rednall's hospitality. But he, poor old man, was inconsolable, and mourned the bright presence of my wife; and when he died, some few years since, in his will there was a princely legacy "to his friends and benefactors, Thomas and Mabel MacLaren." And Mabel went into black for many days, for she was genuinely attached to him; and when news reached us of his last generous thought on our behalf, she said: "There, Tommy, what did I tell you? Everything has come to you—everything.

If it hadn't been for me your ridiculous modesty would have deterred you from living a useful public life; and now that means have come to us, and we are in a fairly independent position, I can see a great rôle cut out for you. I will work out all the petty details myself, and you can do all the big part, for you have a soul above the trifles, Tommy, dear, and your career, you will soon see, Tommy, has little more than commenced. I can see you, in the dim future, with a crest emblazoned on the panels of your carriage, and me—little insignificant me—with a coronet on my head, which for the first time will be worthy of my lord's love."

"And then—then—" I asked Mabel, taking her hands in my two larger ones, "then, if I succeed, can we go and live in some quiet country place and enjoy life together?—somewhere where I can be with you all day long, devoting myself to your interests, dear one, living on your smiles? May I devote myself to my wife then, and chuck the 'people' and the 'public'? If I succeed, will you give me your word, and promise me a happy existence at your side, after I have become grey-haired in the 'public cause,' as you call it? Such a life with you, Mabel, is my one dear wish."

Mabel averted her eyes, but she laid her hand a moment on my arm:

"We'll see, dear, we'll see," she said.





ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

VI.—OVER THE FRONTIER

THE Italian Riviera is not, of course, so picturesque as the French. As soon as one crosses the frontier at Ventimiglia and enters Italy there is a marked change. The roads are no longer level and well kept as they are in France, and the people are of slouching gait, apparently indolent, but always merry and light-hearted. Ten minutes after passing the frontier, the poverty of Italy is forced plainly upon the traveller. The trunk line from the frontier to Genoa, which passes all along the Littoral, is only a single line, there never having been sufficient money raised to convert it into a double one. There is a bizarre air about the cafés and shops in Ventimiglia after the smart emporiums of Mentone and the bright cafés in Nice;

yet at Bordighera, the quiet little town beyond, the palms grow as luxuriantly as they do in Africa, and the houses, some of them very quaint old places, are high, sun-blached, and ornamented with curious frescoes. I know of no more pleasant way in which the visitor to Nice can spend a day than to take a flying visit over the frontier. A day in Italy may sound but a short visit, yet it serves to give the traveller a striking contrast between the two countries. Both have their advantages, both their drawbacks; and these can be distinguished even by a visit of only a day.

Starting by an early train from Nice, the traveller arrives at Ventimiglia, the Italian frontier, about an hour later, and passes into the Custom House, or

Dogana, where he is eyed suspiciously by the officers, and by a number of Alpine soldiers, each wearing a single feather in a kind of hard felt hat. The Italian Custom House is perhaps the strictest in Europe, for all things pay duty, and woe unto those who are found smuggling. A box of French matches, if imported into Italy without declaration, is liable to cost its owner one franc per match! This is awkward if the box happens to be a large one. But having no baggage the visitor passes straight through, and after watching the perspiring travellers toiling at their trunks, and the various little exhibitions of ill-temper and chagrin on the part of those who object to their boxes being overhauled, he is free to do as he will. To go on by train it is necessary to wait one hour locked up in a stuffy waiting-room, therefore if the traveller "knows the ropes" he will go outside the station, and after buying some English tobacco—which by the way is obtainable in all tobacconists' in Italy—take a very rickety old omnibus along

the Corniche Road to Bordighera. The vehicle is ragged and terribly shabby; the paint has long ago peeled off, and the sun has cracked the woodwork; from the seats inside the stuffing is peeping, and the harness of the two shaggy screws is much broken and liberally repaired with string. But the driver of that diligence, a short, dark-bearded Italian with a pair of bright merry eyes, is a character worth acquaintance. While you sit beside him as he cracks his long whip and talks to his horses, he will tell you amusing stories, and chaff passers-by with some smart witticisms. He is a real wit in his way, this merry diligence-driver, and even if he speaks Italian with a sorry accent his jokes cannot fail to bring a smile to the most solemn face, for they are really clever. The cost of this drive over a very dirty and terribly uneven road is fourpence, but if it were four shillings it would not be dear. With the horses and their bells, the driver whose mouth is full of voluble imprecations, and the jolting, lumbering old vehicle, there is a distinct devil-may-



BORDIGHERA—GENERAL VIEW

care air which I have never found in any other journey.

With arrival in Bordighera arise thoughts of luncheon, and it cannot be taken at a better restaurant than at "the Ligure." The place is small and unpretentious, with plain, white-washed walls and a few mirrors; but for a couple of francs one can obtain one of those succulent steaks for which Bordighera is so noted, a salad made in that manner in which

has been converted into a wide and dust-free promenade, running along the slope through groves of pine and olive, and date-palm. There are several excellent hotels, and many beautiful villas of English residents. Excursions can be made from here up the various valleys, to the old rock village of Dolceacqua with its ancestral castle of the Duke of Genoa; to quaint old Isolabona, Pigna, Vallebona, Borghetto, Sasso, or up to Santa Croce, situated over a thousand feet up the mountain.



OSPEDALETTI—GENERAL VIEW

only an Italian can make it, cheese, desert, and a rush-covered flask of excellent Chianti. Bordighera was first brought to public notice by Ruffini's clever novel "Dr. Antonio," and is a quiet and comfortable spot in which to winter. There are two quarters, the old quarter high up, and the strangers' quarter down by the sea. The latter is formed by the Strada Romana, the ancient Via Aurelia, which ran along the whole coast of Italy, down to Rome. This

Bordighera is essentially a place in which to laze. That there is a large English colony there, is apparent from inscriptions in the shop-windows announcing the sale of English comestibles, while the Museum and Free Library, recently built by an English resident, is well worth a visit. Besides, there is also an English church, and a lawn-tennis club. The view from the promenade is a very fine one. To the left the wide bay of Ospedaletti; to the

right old Ventemiglia, high up with its ancient tower in the centre, Mentone, Cap Martin and its pine-woods, Monaco, and the far distant Monts Esterels beyond Cannes. To those who visit this part of the Italian coast, I would recommend a book recently published called "The Rock Villages of the Riviera," written by a well-known resident, and containing much valuable and reliable information, besides being both historic and chatty.

But our brief excursion into the Kingdom of Italy compels us to pass on; therefore we continue our drive along the beautiful coast, with its ever-changing panorama of bright blue sea and brown mountains, until we enter that pretty little winter station Ospedaletti. It is only a very small place, but its promenade is bright with flowers, even in January; the palms are shady, the orange-trees are weighed down with their wealth of golden fruit, and sheltered as the place is, the air is bright and balmy. Half-

an-hour away the air is fresh and exhilarating as champagne; but here in the little town, which has of late become so noted as a resort for consumptives, it is warm and well-sheltered from that bane of the Riviera, the mistral. A few years ago Ospedaletti was unknown, but to-day doctors, even in India and Australia, order their patients there for the winter, the climate being so beneficial. The hotels and pensions are unpretending, but there is a splendid casino, which was originally built for gambling, but which failed to obtain a license from the Italian Government. It is curious that, although the weekly lotto, or public lottery, in Italy is conducted by the State, who profit about ten million lire annually by it, yet public gambling is not recognised. The lotto is the worst form of gambling, for it is always the poor who spend half their earnings upon buying their numbers for the lotto in expectation of winning a "terno," or a net gain of one thousand pounds for every ninepence they stake! With such prizes offered, is it any won-



SAN REMO—THE PROMENADE



SAN REMO—AN ANCIENT STREET

der that the poor are eager to obtain them, and often spend their last centesimi in the purchase of tickets. The lotto may bring a good revenue to the Government, but it certainly is a most pernicious system. In every town in Italy there are two or three "banks" of the lotto open all the week, where the public may purchase tickets and choose their numbers. The numbers are from 1 to 90, and are drawn on Saturdays by school-children in the eight great cities in Italy. Five numbers only are drawn at each city, and are then telegraphed to every "bank" in the kingdom, and exhibited outside on Sunday mornings. Many people win. A friend of mine, a doctor, living in Leghorn, won, three years ago, £12,000 at one coup, and with that sum bought a very comfortable villa. Of

course news of his good fortune caused hundreds to attempt a similar coup, much to their ultimate disconsolation.

From Ospedaletti
SAN REMO AND ITS FUTURE. we pass along the old road to Rome, winding and rather dusty, around the Capo Nero, and suddenly San Remo, bright and gay, comes into view. Although a comparatively small place, it is, like all Italian towns, densely crowded in the older parts of the town, which consists of a curious labyrinth of narrow but clean lanes, flights of steps, dark archways, lofty and sombre houses, and crumbling frescoed walls. The arches which connect the houses are a precaution against earthquakes, although happily such disturbances are of very infrequent occurrence. It is well

sheltered, with a climate similar to that of Mentone. In the rich vegetation on the bay the olive predominates, while the hills above are chiefly clothed with pines. From the olive groves peep forth tiny white houses and several little churches, and it is here, up at S. Romolo, where in summer visitors take refuge from the heat and mosquitoes. San Remo is the gayest place on the Italian Riviera, and has improved wonderfully during the past couple of years. In the Via Vittorio Emanuele, the principal street, quite a number of new shops have sprung up. The visitors are of the class who display the latest Parisian toilettes. New hotels are springing up everywhere. A great Casino is in course of construction, and will be opened next November, and altogether there is every sign that San Remo has a great future before her. Indeed, it is a most pleasant place in which to reside, for living is comparatively cheap, the hotels are comfortable, the cooking is always excellent, and the life is bright and merry without too much whirl and glitter. This year, for the first time, the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway have run through their express trains from Paris to San Remo, thus showing that the number of visitors demands it. Hitherto, one had always to wait an hour at the frontier before the starting of the Italian train. That San Remo will grow rapidly and advance in public favour is certain, and the fact that at least three new hotels, all of them immense places, are now being built, is sufficient to show the belief of capitalists in the progress of the town.

Speaking of capitalists, one is badly wanted at Alassio, a pretty little place situated a little further along the coast. It is a charming spot, and the most charming place in which the English visitor can stay is at the Villa Lengua da Cà, a magnificent place with a wonderful tropical garden, constructed by the well-known Mr. Hanbury, of La Mortola. The place, which is the only English pension—all other hotels being run by Germans—is kept by Miss Seete, and I can recommend it to my readers both for cheapness and comfort. Alassio, however, is ripe for a larger private pension for English visitors, and it is to be hoped that ere long someone will see his way to build one, for to a select circle of English, the air and beauties of Alassio have long been known, and there is no doubt that within the next couple of years the place will be quite as popular as San Remo or Bordighera. And now, having given this rapid glance at the beautiful Italian coast, we must return north again in search of cooler air, for the season has far advanced, and to remain longer in the Sunny South would be to suffer torments of heat and mosquitoes. The Riviera season is at an end, and while hoping to resume my chats upon places and things in the South, I must for the present take leave of them. I shall not, however, take leave of my readers, but hope to continue these chapters of Continental chat in the next number of the "Ludgate," under a different heading.

The accompanying photographs are by J. GILETTA, Nice, and SCHRODER & CO., Zurich.



Milton's Cottage

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY L. JESSIE ALLEN

CHALFONT ST. GILES, this quiet old-world village, lies away in a broad smiling valley at the foot of the last spur of the Chiltern Hills, and is fairly surrounded by cherry-tree orchards and broad meadows. The hills rise all round with well-wooded slopes, and seem to shut out the noise and bustle of the world, and if it were not for the many pilgrims who come to see Milton's Cottage, would probably remain for months at a time without any strangers to trouble its peaceful beauty.

We approach Chalfont from high ground and through pretty lanes that meander up hill and down dale, and afford us many peeps of picturesque red-bricked farmhouses, and of handsome houses surrounded by park-like demesnes, till, reaching the last deep descent, we pass the "Pheasants Inn" on the Amersham road, and continuing our descent under some splendid beech trees that almost meet overhead, we find ourselves on the village green, with the little river Misbourne flowing by.

It is a wide open space, and the old timbered houses of the village street, the Inn and the Church in the background, form a pretty picture, which is reflected in the clear waters of the Misbourne.

Chalfont St. Giles is an old-world place, and is mentioned in Domesday Book as "Celfunte." The name may perhaps be derived from "chald" or "cald," meaning cold, and "funt," fountain or spring, and so would easily become Chaldfont, and from this has in course of time and clipping easily come to Chalfont, Giles' Chalfont as we find it called, and a neighbouring village is Chalfont St. Peter.

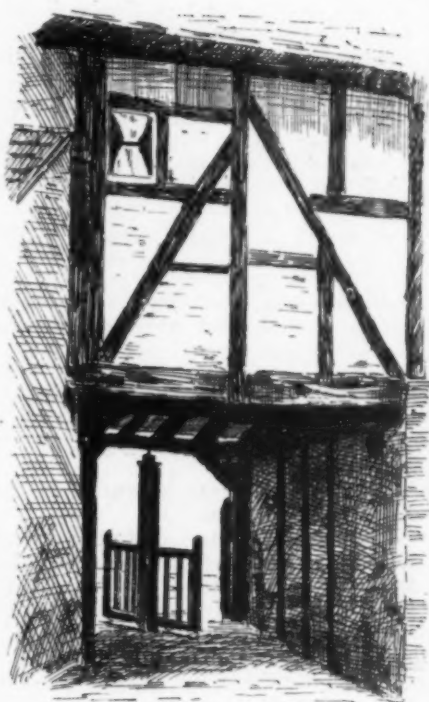
On the left of the green is the chief inn of the place, called "The Merlin's Cave"; this is a modern building, but we are told that the sign of the Merlin's Cave has existed here

for ages, and tradition points the origin of the name to a cave in a field hard by, which is said to have been inhabited by a wizard. Then come three quaint old timbered houses, which were formerly almshouses, and we are actually in the village street. On the left of the street we are at once struck by a very old lych-gate, which, framed in oak, is built into an archway which goes under one of the old houses straight into the churchyard, giving us a view of the handsome Norman church dedicated to St. Giles. The lych-gate, a feature in so many old English churchyards, derives its name from the German word *Leiche* (a corpse), for under the shelter of its roof was a place to rest the coffin, while waiting for the priest to advance to receive the funeral procession. This old gate turned on a pivot, and the pulley wheel is still to be seen that was used for this purpose. The churchyard is picturesque, and forms a pretty setting for the fine old church, which is built of flint-stones and chalk, and shows plain traces of its antiquity, especially the tower. The church has had many additions at different periods, and the chancel is undoubtedly Early English. In the nave, the original square Norman bases are left to the pillars, but the capitals are of much later date. The walls of the church were originally frescoed, and some of these frescoes are still visible, and in fairly good preservation. One of them represents a female figure offering a document, with a seal attached, to the Virgin Mary, probably representing some gift or donation to the church by the pious lady. There is another of the Virgin Mary releasing a soul from purgatory. These frescoes are thought to be 13th century work, and the handling of the subject has much *naïveté*, purgatory being represented, in the usual realistic, mediæval fashion, by a carefully painted black oven with each brick faith-

fully represented, and the figure is being literally drawn out of the oven. The colours are still quite bright and clear. There are other paintings of later date, one of which is thought to represent the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, as one figure is conveying the head in a charger, while the other is represented dancing, the figure supported on the hands with her feet in the air. This curious attitude for depicting dancing is often found in 14th century work, being the actual manner of Eastern dancing in the days of Herod. Fragments of texts can still be seen, written right across these frescoes.

These scripture texts were ordered to be written on church walls by Queen Elizabeth in 1564. The church is disappointing in its entire lack of old stained glass, but this was no doubt caused by Cromwell's troops, who were encamped near Aylesbury, and the cannon balls of these iconoclasts have been found embedded in the old oak roof, and from their position must have come straight through the east window. The new vestry is entirely wainscoted with the old oak taken from the fittings of the ringing chamber of the tower and some of the old pews. Some of the old carved seats of mediæval times are still preserved. The stoup for holy water is still in position in the chamber under the tower, and the old alms-box and the cover of the font in oak are Jacobean work. The old square stone font is Norman, and was restored by Mr. Street, who replaced the four small shafts from a copy of a broken one that was found near the spot.

We ascend the steep stone winding stairs of the tower, which are in places much worn from the many feet that have gone up and down during the centuries, and soon find ourselves standing on the great beams in the bell tower, through the open spaces of which we see the bells, big and small; and the old curfew bell is still hanging near the window-slit, from which we have a lovely vista of trees and hills. On the other side is rather a curiosity—a small window which looks across the church to the east end, and enabled the ringer to see when the priest elevated the Host, so as to ring the sanctus bell, and we hear



LYCH-GATE, CHALFONT ST. GILES

that this ancient custom is still preserved in the church, as the bell is rung at the conclusion of the Celebration. Our guide, who has brought us up the tower, is very proud of his bells, and is one of the ringers. We hear many tales about the bells, and of some terrible accidents that have happened to some of the ringers who have become entangled with the ropes, and suddenly swung aloft to the roof of the bell chamber. On one of the bells is this inscription:—

"Tho' I am small, I will
Be heard among you all."

R. C. fecit. A.D. 1742.

The bells are tolled on the death of a parishioner, three times four for a man, three times three for a woman, and for a child another bell is used. The bell is then tolled for half an hour; but the custom of ringing out the age of the deceased in sharp quick strokes, which

is usual in the West of England, does not seem to be in use here.

There is a touching inscription on the north wall of the church :—

"Underneath this place lies interred Katherine, ye 2nd dau. of Anthony Radcliffe Esq^r of this parish. She departed this transitory life. June 7th 1660. aged 21, years 6. months. 3. days."

"From thy quick death conclude we must,
The fairest flowers are gathered first."

In the churchyard there is the following, on an old tombstone to one Timothy Lovell. 1728 :—

"Italy and Spain, Germany and France,
Have been on earth, my weary dance,
So that I own, ye grave's, my greatest friend,
That to my travels all, has put an end—"

Timothy Lovell was a courier in the days of Queen Anne.

We continue our walk to the end of the street, and the last house on the left is Milton's Cottage.

This is the only existing house in which Milton lived; and here in this quiet village he found a refuge during the time of the Great Plague, leaving his house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, and living for a year or more

at Chalfont, whence he returned again to London, in March, 1666.

A young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, who wrote his own life, and was for some time a pupil and reader to Milton, has left us an account of Milton's coming to Chalfont, in July, 1665. He writes :—

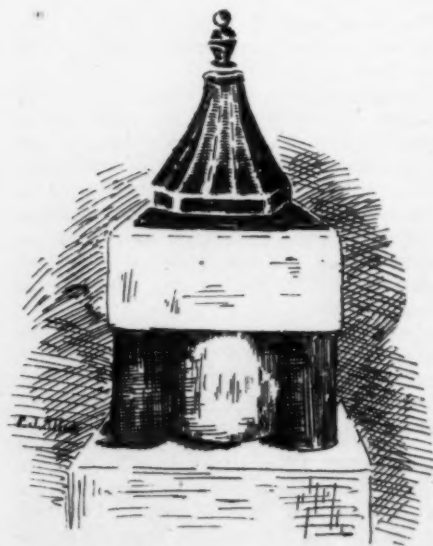
"Some little time before I went to Aylesbury Prison, my quondam master, Milton, desired me to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice."

Milton was at this time at the height of his fame, but had been totally blind since 1652, and seems to have suffered much neglect, after his second wife's death, from his daughters, who were avowedly tired of reading aloud to him in foreign languages which they did not understand, and eventually left their father's house to earn their own living by embroidering, probably resenting the presence of their young step-mother.

Milton's third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, was twenty-five years old, and is described as a well-educated woman, pious and good tempered, and competent to act as reader and amanuensis to Milton, and with her Milton seems to have lived very happily. We like to picture them in the low-roofed cottage in the quiet village, leading a tranquil, happy life, Milton dictating to his wife or some friend, or listening to her playing and singing, or playing himself, or during the long summer days sitting in his little garden, rejoicing in the scent of his flowers, and all the homely sounds of village life.

The greatest interest attached to the place will always, however, be that here "Paradise Lost" was either finished or brought as a just completed manuscript, for Ellwood tells us that, on returning to his home after suffering imprisonment for being a Quaker, he hastened to visit Milton at the Cottage, when he was given the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" to read, and describes the incident thus :—

"After I had with best attention



NORMAN FONT IN CHALFONT ST. GILES' CHURCH

read it through I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of "Paradise Lost," but what hast thou to say of "Paradise Found"?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject."

When the Plague was over and Milton had returned to his London house, Ellwood again visits him, and gives us

where no doubt the germ and movement of it were thought out.

We find many American cousins pilgrimaging to the Cottage, and there was even an attempt made to buy it, and remove it to America.

The house was at one time much neglected, but we are glad to hear that it was purchased in 1887, Her Majesty heading the subscription list, and it is now in the hands of three trustees.

The house is at the present time still inhabited by a family, and only Milton's sitting room is shown as a little museum, but eventually the whole house is to be devoted to this purpose.

A little beyond the village, up the



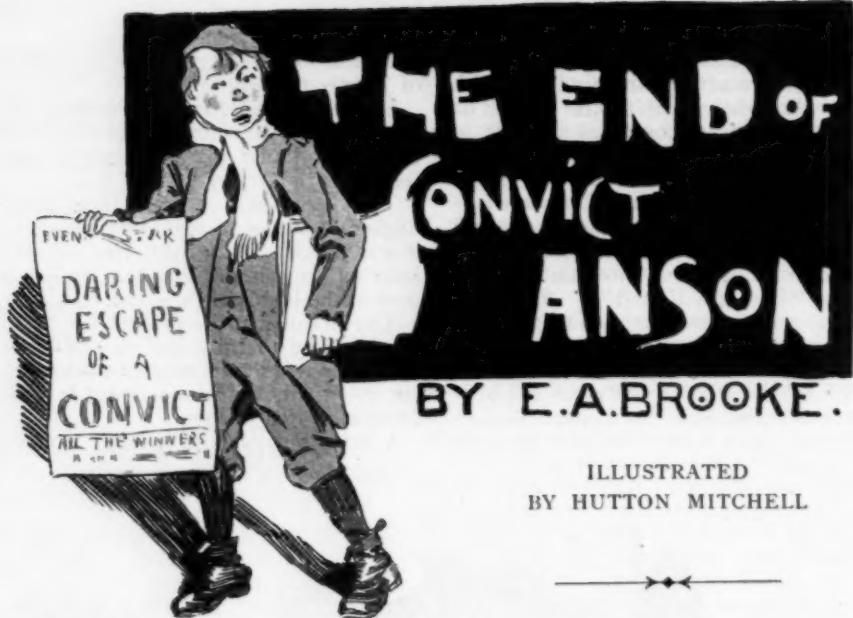
Milton's Cottage.

the sequel of the talk in the Cottage at Chalfont. He says:—

"Milton showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"

The quiet tone of this poem, so different to the storm and stress of its great precursor, may be fitly associated with the idyllic quiet of the little village

hill, we take a farewell view of Chalfont. The Cottage is in the foreground nestling among fruit trees, and backed up by the old houses of the village, and the church tower stands boldly out against the large trees. The old curfew bell is still hanging in the tower, and as we stand among the lengthening shadows at the end of a glorious day, we think how often Milton must have heard it ringing out over the meadows and woods, and red-tiled roofs of his chosen retreat in this Buckinghamshire village.



ILLUSTRATED
BY HUTTON MITCHELL

DURING escape of a convict!" "Notorious criminal at large!" "Full details!" the newsboys shouted, vying with each other in the sale of evening papers. Announcements, in enormous letters, to the same effect added excitement to the information, and ere long every city and village within a hundred miles of Princetown prison was in receipt of the news. Briefly summed up, the facts were as follows:—Some months previously a man bearing the name of Anson, who had long been "wanted" in connection with some of the most daring and outrageous frauds of the century, had been brought to bay and captured in an American mining town. This man had, for ten years past, given the police infinite trouble. Time on time the arm of the law had come within measurable distance of its victim, yet again and again, from seemingly impossible situations, the criminal had extricated himself with a daring and recklessness that had won the admiration of even his pursuers. The end had, however, come; the offender had been overpowered after a desperate struggle, in which firearms were freely

used, and, handcuffed and guarded, had reached England, there to be condemned to penal servitude for life. Fortunately for him Princetown had been allotted as the place of captivity, and soon after reaching it thoughts of escape began to fill his mind.

True, should he attempt to get away his "lifer" would probably be speedily terminated by a rifle shot; yet to a man of high courage and unbending disposition, even this seemed preferable than to drag life out in confinement. The result of lengthy planning was that, on a certain November day, when out working several miles from prison, the captive had got clean away after a hard run for life; and though the police followed up carefully every smallest clue which might lead to his identity, yet never again was the man heard of in England. The gang of convicts had worked nearly the whole day in repairing roads and fences, guarded as usual by warders, with other guards, rifle in hand, outflanking them and ready to put a bullet into the first who should attempt to escape. It was drawing towards evening when, without the least warning, came down over the moor one of the heavy white mists, which completely envelope all

surroundings and cause travellers to exercise great caution lest they lose the road.

It may be the warders were slower than usual to close round their gang, or perhaps the mist was too quick for them. Anyhow, almost before they were aware of it, a shout was raised that an escape was being attempted.

Instantly the pursuit began. Yet, as there was so little chance of seeing anything, even a few yards ahead, in that dense cloud, there is little wonder the man escaped, and a heavy rain coming on obliterated any tracks that might have been left as a guide to pursuit.

Three weeks after these events a solitary figure was seated on the edge of a rugged cliff in North Cornwall. The man wore a dark beard and whiskers, and was clad in the garb of an ordinary sight-seeing tourist.

There was little to remark in the figure, save that the build was that of a powerful person, and there appeared an anxious restlessness ever and anon apparent in the eye; few would have recognised in this individual one whose life had been stamped with the criminal brand, and who, but lately, had so baffled and utterly bewildered the police, as to lead them to think that even then their game was hid in London.

A turbulent sea was running landwards, and evidently caused anxiety to the watcher, for ever and anon he would shade his eyes and scan the horizon expectantly. At last a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped his lips, and it was evident that a small lugger, slowly and laboriously buffeting the waves in the offing, was the cause of it.

"At last she's come, and time enough, too! Another few hours and those devils would be at my heels again—and then good-bye to liberty! Ah! to be free again, and under no man's control! One must undergo confinement to thoroughly realise what freedom means."

Glancing at his watch, which showed four o'clock, he rose and descended the hill, narrowly watching the boat; and when the beach was reached turned aside towards a small cave lying close

to the water's edge, and almost hid by numberless boulders.

In answer to his hail a fisherman, clad in the usual Cornish costume, but with a far different gait to that possessed by those gentry, approached, and, first looking round to see if anyone might be observing, advanced towards Anson (for it was he) and cordially slapped him on the shoulder. "Well, Tom, no need of further anxiety and no more cave-sleeping for you, old boy! There's the boat and here's the money; you'll be aboard to-night, and then good-bye and good luck to you! If you can't manage to elude those beggars a few hours more, then you're not the man I've known the last ten years."

"I don't think that will be very difficult!" replied the other, surveying his friend's garments with a grin of satisfaction, "most likely that faked-up representative of mine will draw them off to London, unless that fellow Davis is with them. It was he who nabbed me near 'Frisco—and a more cunning little devil you never met!"

During this conversation both men had been watching the lugger, which another half-hour brought close in shore. Winter twilight commenced, and shortly afterwards the boat, whose approach had been so eagerly awaited, hove to and shortened sail, while a few moments after a small pair-oared skiff put off, and with some difficulty approached the landing.

"Evening, guv'nor; nice night for a sail!" said the elder occupant, disembarking.

"Ay, a fine breeze and rolling sea will soon take us over to France, and then ten sovereigns apiece for every man on board!" remarked Anson, laughing; and with a handshake to his companion, coupled with a few parting directions for the latter's safety, the ex-convict jumped aboard, and turned his back for ever on the English coast. Not owning any religion, he thanked himself for having friends and money in need. The little boat did not regain her ship without many moments fraught with danger. The latter lay at anchor in a natural harbour, formed by ranges of cliff projecting on either side, yet a heavy swell was rolling in, and water



"THE LITTLE BOAT DID NOT REGAIN HER SHIP WITHOUT MANY MOMENTS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER"

filled the lower parts of the skiff ere she gained her destination.

There was little time wasted. Within another two hours night had settled down, and the coast-line vanished; twinkling lights of hamlets perched on or near the cliffs sank gradually away into darkness, and all hands were kept busy in holding a straight course.

Two men were seated in the captain's cabin: they were old friends, had "done time" together in fact, and the sailor had been the first to plan in what way his mate could be rescued.

A chart of the French coast lay open before them, it being thought advisable to avoid all large ports and land as quietly and secretly as possible.

True the route was long and round-about, yet every precaution must be taken, as it was probable the French police had long ago been placed on the *qui vive*, so that risk of detection was by no means small. Yet Anson feared little on that score. An adept at disguise, even his friend could scarcely recognise in this quietly-dressed tourist the fellow-prisoner of by-gone years.

By subtle means information had reached the convict at Princetown that a lugger would call at this particular spot on the Cornish coast every week for a month, her owner being confident that escape from prison was merely a matter of time for so skilled and artful a man.

"Well, Jim, I must get through to Petersburg somehow, having money to claim there; and then must see that little witch, Neta, whom I promised to marry. Infernal place, Petersburg, to live in—secret police, Nihilists, and any amount of others. Shall get away as soon as I can. Wonder if Neta has joined the happy band in Siberia yet; quite likely; anyway, I shall go and find out!"

Thus did Anson propound his plans with a gusto that spoke worlds for the relief which his mind had experi-

enced owing to the escape from confinement.

A few days later the Parisian detectives were notified of the arrival in their capital of a stranger corresponding in description to the recently escaped convict in England, and whom the cleverest of the force undertook to watch carefully.

But Anson was not to be trapped thus easily. An old man, bent and white-bearded, supplanted the tourist, so that police and detectives were likewise baffled. Yet Davis, his former captor, was on the track. From what source that man gained his information will never be known, suffice it to say that one day he appeared at the door of a small hotel, and accosting an old gentleman who stood without, asked if he knew anything of a certain man, who might or might not have retained his original name of Anson, and who was "wanted" by the English police—offering the very man whom he was searching for a large sum to reveal, if he could, the whereabouts of the escaped convict. With an unconcerned

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air the latter denied all knowledge of him!

Yet ere long direct information set the police once again on the right scent.

Thinking things were becoming too hot for a longer stay, Anson decided to leave France, important business having detained him longer than anticipated.

Then commenced a most strange and exciting chase across Europe: brain matched against brain, cunning against cunning, the gaol-bird always just ahead of his would-be captor. Frontier after frontier was passed with a skill which spoke well for the influence held by either man, till at the boundaries of Russian rule, Anson finally baffled his pursuer by assuming the dress of a widowed lady, and acting as such in every particular, a close veil effectually shielding the face from which beard and whiskers had long since been removed.

In due time St. Petersburg was reached, where the brotherhood to which the ex-convict belonged received him as Mrs. Forsham, with marks of respect elicited by such a well-planned escape.

This society had, along with many similar institutions, headquarters in the Russian capital, where funds were ever at hand to assist those flying from justice in all quarters of the globe.

Anson immediately set an investigation on foot to discover the whereabouts of the girl Neta.

This young woman was one of the most reckless of her class, ever to the front in any and every illicit transaction which might be going forward. Some months previously consternation had overwhelmed her associates owing to her disappearance. It was rumoured that in some way she was connected with a plot against the reigning monarch's life, which indeed was most probable for one whose whole existence had been devoted to intrigue; yet whether her body had been engulfed by the Neva as an outcome of some public or private vengeance, or whether Siberia had claimed the luckless woman for mining purposes was never correctly ascertained. Anyhow, Anson was disappointed, and spent many months in vain search.

In St. Petersburg he resumed the character of an English gentleman, and

such the authorities believed him to be, though in truth his time was fully occupied with intentions such as by no means befitted the rôle he had assumed. At his instigation many a wild plan was set on foot, and generally carried to a successful termination, the secret police never gaining the least inkling as to the man's true character.

Returning one dark evening to his lodgings, a man, clad in heavy cloak and large muffler, touched him lightly on the shoulder, whispering, with a voice full of meaning: "A friend awaits thee at Tomsk; go immediately!" and again vanished whither he had come.

Anson was too stupefied to attempt pursuit; which, indeed, would have been fruitless in the murky atmosphere; besides, for a moment he thought that at last the law had clutched its victim, and was greatly relieved to find himself mistaken. Pondering on this strange occurrence, and with new-born hope rising high, he reached his abode, and before retiring determined to undertake the journey to Tomsk. True it was a large place; but then the man's message almost pointed to someone who would be expecting his arrival there; and at last, fully determined, placed such belongings as were needful in a small valise, and completed his plans for travelling next day.

Of the journey, little description is necessary, save that it was long and arduous. Having arrived at last, and making a small hotel his resting place, Anson set out for a walk along the Oby, whose dreary banks spread away, like snakes, in the far distance.

It was evident his arrival had been observed, for, passing through a dingy and ill-lit portion of the city whither the walk had led, a girl collided with him as if by accident, and instead of apologising muttered, "Follow me," and at once continued her walk. Edified by the thought of a probable meeting with Neta, Anson pursued the guide through a labyrinth of streets till she finally stopped before a large and dreary-looking mansion, and, opening the door, entered without further ado. Leading the way down a passage, lit by one solitary lamp, she unfastened another door at the further end, and

bade her follower enter. The change from outside darkness to a brilliantly-lighted apartment for a moment dazzled the man's eyes; yet as the vision cleared he became aware that he was caught in a trap, and cursed himself for being so foolish as to allow this girl to mislead him.

Who the score or so of armed figures gathered in the room might be Anson was unable to guess. All wore black cowls, and long hoods of the same material reaching to the ground. At the further end was a small dais, and thereon sat one who appeared to be chief.

On entering two men had placed themselves on either side of their prisoner, and it was evident from the menacing looks and gestures of his captors that all attempts to escape would be futile. Realising this, he submitted to being bound hand-to-hand, at the same time declaring himself of English birth and good family, vowing his country would avenge this seizure of one of its citizens. No notice was taken of these remonstrances, save that several of the hooded figures raised their heads and appeared to scan their captor closely. For some while silence prevailed, broken only by the scratching of many pens: for every man appeared to be busy at a table which ran the length of the apartment. Save for the brilliant chandeliers, ceiling and walls were destitute of ornament; a rich carpet covered the floor, and the dais and table, with the addition of some two dozen chairs formed the furniture.

Anson had been standing in the midst of this room, trying to determine what course would be best to pursue, but his cogitations were abruptly ended by a sign from the seeming chief, whereon his guards conducted their prisoner to the foot of the raised platform. Without lifting the cowl, which entirely covered head and face, the man in authority next proceeded to address these questions to the ex-convict:—

"You will please answer all I ask immediately and correctly! You are an Englishman, and have this day come from Petersburg?"

"That is so."

"You are a member of the secret

police, and came to Russia as Mrs. Forsham?"

"I came to Russia in disguise for reasons of my own. I do not belong to the secret police."

"Speak the truth! You have lately been engaged in tracking a certain Neta Olioif, in the interests of the police?"

"I did so, but for my own interests."

"Why do you lie? You have been closely watched of late—the only man who dare pursue that woman is at present a convict in England!"

Anson was completely checkmated, not knowing into whose hands he had fallen; it was impossible to admit his real identity as an escaped convict, and equally impossible to assume the rôle of a member of the secret police.

Light began to dawn on him. Surely this must be the terrible "Council of Twenty!" who were dreaded throughout Russia as implacable enemies of every law, and who were known to be the real authors of almost every Nihilist outrage. Yet one false step would be fatal, and a blunder might cost him his life if by chance these men were not those whom he supposed. Meanwhile a reply must be forthcoming. With a despairing gesture he replied: "I am that convict, and have followed Neta because I promised to marry her."

Yet even this bold assertion was denied—calmly and entirely.

"You lie again! In Paris you were seen in conversation with Davis, the English detective, who would for a surety be placed on Anson's track should he ever escape. You were then disguised as an old man, and for some reason had removed the moustache and whiskers that you had hitherto worn. By your own words you are convicted! *Death awaits you as a spy and emissary of the Czar!*"

This last sentence was repeated by all present, and it was in vain the condemned man attempted to speak.

"Silence, liar!" came from one of the guards; while fresh cords were now placed around his ankles.

At a motion from the judge the attendants conveyed their prisoner to an adjoining room, closing and locking the door, with threats of instant death

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should he attempt to attract notice by raising a disturbance.

The apartment used as a temporary place of confinement was far too strong to admit of escape, even if its occupant had not been bound; indeed, seldom could a room be found better fitted to serve the purpose to which it was now put. Again, not a soul in Tomsk knew aught about either the prisoner or his antecedents, saving the bare fact of his having engaged rooms in the town.

voices made it clear that long speeches were being indulged in. The meeting at length dispersed, and footsteps approached the chamber where the prisoner lay; at the door they halted and appeared to be discussing the meeting. Several words, insignificant in themselves yet full of meaning to one acquainted with Russian schemes, reached the listener's ears—"Czar," "railway," and "mining" being often mentioned.



"'DEATH AWAITS YOU AS A SPY AND EMISSARY OF THE CZAR' "

Surely this was a difficult position even for one who had been hunted the greater part of his life with persistent determination.

For several hours Anson lay on the floor listening to the sounds from within the next chamber, from which it was evident that some great plot was under discussion, as the varying cadence of

On the door opening, those who had guarded Anson before again approached, and in an imperious tone the first-comer addressed him, "It is the will of the Council that your life be spared a short while. You will do everything exactly as you are bidden, or else"—and the man produced a revolver from beneath his cloak—"short shrift for you!"

Meanwhile the second guard had been unbinding his arms, while the girl who had decoyed him presently entered with a bowl of food and some wine.

Of this meal the prisoner partook, yet before finishing it a profound slumber overcame him, and in another moment the ex-convict lay stretched on the floor unconscious.

* * *

The drug used must have been of a powerful nature, for when again sensibility returned it seemed as if many days had passed, and indeed the surroundings were strangely altered.

In place of four walls constituting his former prison Anson found himself in some sort of cave dimly lighted by lamps, from the far end of which an incessant noise proceeded, such as resembled the sound of countless woodpeckers. The same weird attendants were again by his side, and supplied their prisoner with much-needed nourishment.

A cowl, similar to those worn by the Council before whom he had been condemned, being then slipped over his head—he was led forward. This covering was supplied with small eyelet-holes, through which the captive was enabled to observe that their way lay along what appeared to be the floor of a newly-hewn cavern, and his surmises in this respect were found to be correct, when they came at last upon a body of men, clad in the same manner, who were hewing through a mass of clay and rock with pickaxes. A similar tool being handed to Anson, he was bidden to take a place alongside the others, and threatened with instant death in the event of breaking silence. Thus enjoined, there was no choice but to submit, and this work continued uninterrupted for many days. Escape was impossible, for he was ever strongly guarded: sleeping by night on the bare rock, and working incessantly through the day, being well fed and looked after in other respects. Day by day the tunnel lengthened under the direction of numberless guides. Day by day—or it might be night by night—that silent body laboured at its task deep in the earth. At last the toilers were bidden to take an upward course,

until evidently the desired level had been reached. On the last night of working there Anson, along with several others, was instructed to carry several large and heavy cases to the furthest point which had been gained, these were placed in a small confined area, and on taking the last case to its destination Anson fancied he heard afar off a distant rumbling, growing every moment nearer and nearer, till at last, with a rattle and roar which there could be no mistaking, *a heavy train passed within a few feet of his head*, separated only by a thin strata of earth from the tunnel underneath!

Then at last the full horror of the scheme presented itself, the meaning of which, even to a hardened criminal, was fraught with dread foreboding. He was in the hands of the Nihilists! There was no longer the least doubt, and their object was to wait their time until a train, bearing, it might be, some royal prince, or even the Czar himself, should be sent to eternity by the subterranean mine of which he had been one of the labourers!

Whatever opinions might have been forming were speedily interrupted by the guards, who proceeded to bind their prisoner once again hand and foot; gagging him so effectually as to admit of breathing only.

"Dead men are best witnesses!" remarked one of the Nihilists, and forthwith their captive was carried rapidly forward down a seemingly never-ending passage, until at last twinkling stars appeared to mark an entrance. Pushing aside some withered shrubs, which served to conceal the place of access, Anson was at once bound tightly on a mule, and his guides mounting others on each side, the whole party pushed steadily forward through the night.

Snow lay lightly over the landscape, but the night being pitch dark save for a few scattered stars, it was impossible to distinguish anything far ahead. Mile after mile was traversed, until at length the light of a small signal cabin appeared in the distance. The two attendants now held a consultation regardless of their captive.

"If Ivan and his men have succeeded

the signalman should be dead ere now, and the red light up against the express!"

"'Twill be a good night's work, should all go well—Russia will tremble when the news is abroad!"

"My comrade, another Czar will soon be wanted!" and he laughed bitterly.

Meanwhile, so dark had it become that the leading mule staggered right across the track of the rails, and the leaders hurriedly dismounting tethered their own animals to a stump, and then led Anson forward still bound to the saddle. After proceeding a short distance there loomed up a signal-post with the red light glimmering steadily far above them.

The captive was then taken down, and his mule dismissed with a sharp cut.

"No need of thee again, friend!" remarked the taller of the guards.

A coil of rope was then passed round Anson's body terminated by a spare length at his head and feet.

Slowly the time wore on, moments of dread to the doomed man, not knowing what dreadful death might be in store. Suddenly was heard from afar that same rumbling, growing ever more and more distinct, until lights of an oncoming train loomed in the distance.

Sharply the brakes were applied, and the engine drew to a standstill opposite the three silent watchers. So thick was the gloom and so darkly were they clad that it was barely possible even the engine-driver could have seen their figures.

Quickly lifting Anson, who by this time was senseless with terror, they laid him crosswise across the engine buffers, and silently tied him in place



"HIS MULE DISMISSED WITH A SHARP CUT"

with the loose rope at either end! Thus was he suspended in air in front of the engine!

Their work completed, one of the men turned to go, but the other silently severed portions of the taunt rope above Anson's feet and head, at the same time hissing in his ear, "No longer shall Neta cleave to *thee*!" and in a moment was gone.

A few minutes and a shrill whistle announced the resumption of the journey, and ere long the train was fully under weigh. Curiously enough the stoppage seemed to have provoked no commotion; possibly because those on board were unwilling to awake the Imperial sleeper.

Whether it was the great heat of the engine, or the blast occasioned by her quick passage through the air is uncertain, yet the doomed man was soon fully alive to his position.

Death seemed certain: for already the remaining strands of rope were cracking beneath the strain. Yet an agonising thought came uppermost in Anson's mind: surely he would be blown up by the mine of his own composing! Nearer came the spot, where he knew the explosion must occur, and quickly the remaining seconds of his life ran out—nearer and nearer Ah! there was the hillock which marked the place! They were approaching it! They were on it O God! it was passed, and no sign of a catas-

trophe! Yet, as the heavily-laden train thundered on strand by strand the rope gave way, until at last but a single thin cord was left above his head. There was one chance—and one only! He might possibly swing clear of the wheels; and the hempen rope breaking beneath his feet at the same time might land him bound, yet alive, by the side of the track. And this is what happened: With a snap the last strand gave way, and that beneath his feet breaking a second afterwards shot him forth, grazing the oncoming wheels, far into the darkness!

Down, down, down! Surely that dark structure high above must be a bridge Down, down! Ah! he was falling rapidly towards a river, some two hundred feet below! He struck it with a great splash! A dim vision of a happy home in boyhood Again the great alarm-bell of the prison was clanging over the moors The waters close over him Convict Anson is face to face with his God!

* * * *

All the world knows how, but for information reaching the police at the very last moment, the Czar would have long ago joined his fathers! Yet a single man only was captured, as with match in hand he awaited the train's approach to fire the dynamite!—a living example of Russia's terrible enemies,

THE NIHILISTS!



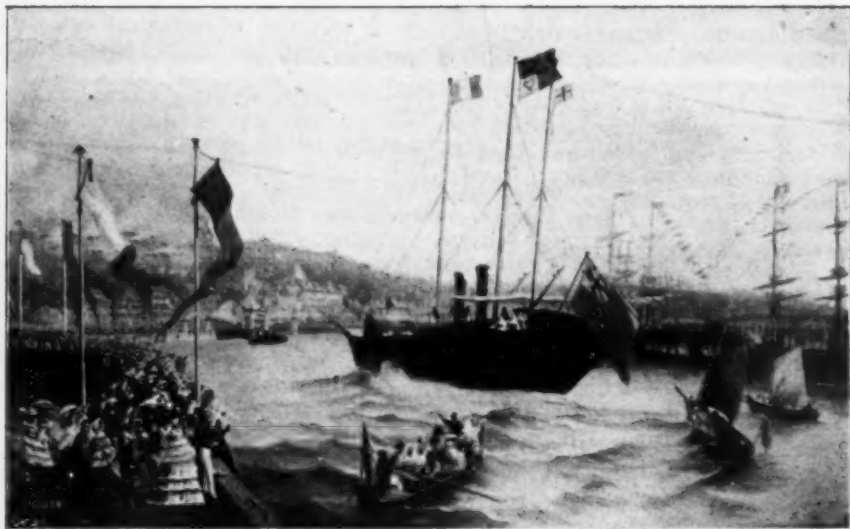
IN MAY-TIME

WHERE shall we go to-day?
Where shall we fare together?
Nay; there is only one way to stray,
Out in the full Spring weather.
Roses get ripe in May,
And yellow-bills pipe in May—
And there where they merrily peep and play,
There shall we go together!

Breezes finger your hair, my love,
Dear as gold to a miser.
Once I said you were fair, my love,—
Now I am growing wiser:
I turn from words to the blooms and birds
For a name, for a note to suit you;
Yet none is meet for the joy I greet
When my soul and my sight salute you.
I watch the world with its flowers unfurled;
I hear the songs of the season;
But back from Earth and its maze of mirth,
I look to you for a reason.
Everything's new to-day, my love,
Clad in a youthful glory;
Everything's new in May, my love,
Saving the first true story.
Oh, the sun in our eyes ashine,
Hiding our ways hereafter!
Oh, the sun in your heart and mine,
Luring our lips to laughter!

What shall we ask to-day?
What shall we ask together?
Nay; there is only one prayer to say,
Out in the full Spring weather.
Roses get ripe in May,
And yellow-bills pipe in May . . .
But, dear, since they falter and flee away,
Pray we remain together.

J. J. BELL.



ENTRY OF ROYAL YACHT INTO PORT OF BOULOGNE

The Queen's Two Visits to Boulogne

ONE IN 1855, THE SECOND IN 1899

WRITTEN BY COSMO CLARKE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ON the occasion of the Queen's second visit to the town of Boulogne, it is interesting to recall to mind some of the events that took place in 1855, when for the first time Queen Victoria, who was accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, landed at the Port of Boulogne, on their way to Paris to return the visit that the Emperor Napoleon III., with the Empress Eugénie, had paid to them at Windsor. The date fixed for their coming was the 18th of August.

On the 17th the Emperor arrived in Boulogne, where he stayed at the Hôtel Impérial. The town was splendidly decorated in readiness to receive the august visitors on the morrow. French and English flags waved from every

window, and the harbour was gay with bunting displayed from all vessels and yachts. On the quay a magnificent kiosque had been erected, where the Royal visitors were to be received on landing. Before the entrance to the railway station a superb arc-de-triomphe was built, with the words "Welcome to France," in gold letters, surrounded by a génie, bearing in its hands the word "Civilisation." The whole was beautifully decorated with escutcheons, trophies, and banners, with flags of both nations intertwined.

The reception-room in the interior of the station was a marvel of artistic arrangement. About half-past one the booming of cannon announced that the Royal Yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," was in sight, and in a few minutes she steamed into the harbour amidst the acclamations of the thousands of people

who filled every available space on the two jetties and quay.

Many strangers had come from different parts to be present on the solemn occasion. The Emperor stood on the landing stage awaiting the august visitors. As the vessel came to her moorings, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, appeared on deck, and responded graciously to the Emperor's salute. A movable bridge, richly decorated, was placed from the quay to the upper deck, and the Emperor at once went forward to meet Her Majesty, whom he embraced. As the Queen landed, she smiled, and bowed gracefully to all who were near her, and gave her hand to *Maréchal Baraguez d'Hilliers* before stepping into the carriage. The Princess Royal occupied the seat beside her, and Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales sat opposite. The Emperor rode on the right of the Royal carriage, and *Maréchal d'Hilliers* on the left.

The troops presented arms, and the bands played "God Save the Queen," as the *cortège* started for the station.

As the Queen passed under the *arc-de-triomphe* great enthusiasm prevailed, the ladies who occupied the tiers of

seats erected near cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, while their elegant toilettes added to the brilliancy of the scene. On their arrival at the station the Royal party were met by Baron James de Rothschild. The Queen addressed a few gracious words to those standing near her.

The Emperor conducted Her Majesty to the Royal Saloon, and amidst enthusiastic cries of "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Prince Albert!" "Vive l'Empereur!" the train started for Paris. On the return of their Majesties, some days later, the Emperor again accompanied them.

The town of Boulogne presented the same fairy-like aspect as upon the Queen's arrival.

The news that their city would again be honoured by Her Majesty filled all the inhabitants' hearts with pride and satisfaction. The decorations and illuminations were on a scale of magnificence unknown in the history of Boulogne. The railway authorities had transformed the station into a veritable fairy palace.

At four o'clock the road leading from the station to the *Hôtel Impérial* was lined with troops; *Maréchal d'Hilliers*, with his *état-major*, and the town and



REVIEW OF TROOPS ON THE SANDS

railway authorities, were waiting in the salon de reception.

At five o'clock a *salve d'artillerie* announced the arrival of the Imperial train.

As their Royal Highnesses alighted, cries of "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Prince Albert!" "Vive l'Empereur!" broke forth with indescribable fervour.

The Prince of Wales was wearing the national Scotch costume, and Prince Albert that of an English Field-Marshal.

Amidst the greatest enthusiasm the Royal carriage drove to the *Hôtel Impérial*.

From there an imposing spectacle offered itself to the view of the Royal visitors. On the sands before them the 40,000 men who were camped in and around Boulogne were drawn up awaiting the review before their departure for the Baltic.

The Queen, in her open carriage, with the Princess Royal by her side, and the Prince of Wales on the front seat, drove to the sands, escorted on either side by the Emperor and Prince Albert. Her Majesty looked with much sympathy upon the brave fellows as they marched past, doubtless thinking they were soon to fight side by side with her own soldiers in the Crimea.

At eight o'clock a dinner of seventy persons was served at the *Hôtel Impérial*, and at eleven o'clock the Royal guests drove slowly through the line formed by the military on their way to embark. The streets and harbour were splendidly illuminated. The Emperor, Prince Napoleon, *Maréchal d'Hilliers*, and Colonel Fleury accompanied the Queen for some distance out to sea. As the "Victoria and Albert" left the shelter of the jetties a magnificent display of fireworks seemed to announce the farewell of the town of Boulogne to the august travellers.

The Queen's second passage through Boulogne, which was announced for Thursday, March 9th, was postponed until the following Saturday on account of the unfavourable state of the weather. On all previous visits to the south of France Her Majesty has travelled in the Royal Yacht from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, and thence, by the Western

of France, to Nice. On this occasion a saving of five or six hours sea was effected by the adoption of the Folkestone-Boulogne route.

The "Calais-Douvres," the vessel chosen to convey Her Majesty across the Channel, is the largest of the fleet, her length being 324 feet. Her horsepower is 6,452. She was built in 1889.

Mr. Willis—the general manager of the joint companies, the South Eastern and Chatham and Dover—handed over his personal responsibility at Boulogne to Monsieur Sartiaux, the manager of the Northern of France Railway.

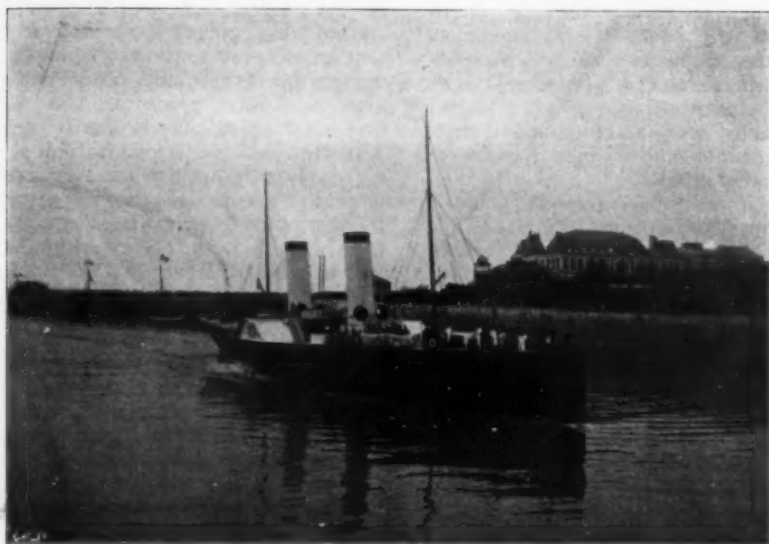
All the arrangements for Her Majesty's comfort were carried out under the personal supervision of Captain R. Stevens, the South Eastern's representative at Boulogne.

In deference to the Queen's wishes and express desire to respect the mourning for President Faure, no public demonstration was indulged in.

The side of the quay where the landing stage is situated was kept entirely private, only the authorities and a favoured few being allowed access to the Quay Chanzy, which was occupied by the military.

The weather, which in the early morning was damp and foggy, gave place later on to spring-like mildness and brilliant sunshine, thus bearing out the well-known tradition of Queen's weather.

The arrangements made for Her Majesty's comfort were perfectly carried out. An inclined plane, which formed a covered gangway, was joined by a movable bridge, which could be lowered on to the deck for the convenient passage of the Queen's wheelchair. At the opposite end the gangway gave access to the Royal Saloon. The whole was handsomely covered in crimson velvet relieved by gold strappings, the richness of which contrasted pleasantly with the green of the palms and plants, which seemed a fitting harbinger of the soft climate to which the Royal traveller was bound. At two o'clock everything was in readiness. In the immediate vicinity of the landing stage the 8th Regiment of Infantry were stationed, under the command of Colonel Solard.



THE "CALAIS-DOUVRES" ENTERING BOULOGNE HARBOUR

The floral offerings to the Queen were placed in the Royal Saloon. They consisted of a handsome and artistic spray of orchids and roses sent by the Mayor and Municipality, another by the *Chambre de Commerce*, and a third by the English colony resident in Boulogne. Shortly before the arrival of the "Calais-Douvres" another beautiful offering, consisting of a gilt basket containing mauve and yellow orchids, was sent by Baron Alfred de Rothschild; also some baskets of splendid strawberries.

But the most interesting gift to the Empress-Queen was that presented by the Mayor of Boulogne, the Municipality and Corporation, consisting of copies of two paintings which are exhibited in the Boulogne Museum and Art Gallery, representing her Majesty's first visit to Boulogne in 1855. The subject of one is the entry into the port of the Royal Yacht; and the other that of the Review of the Troops on the sands, at which the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal were present.

At 3 o'clock the booming of cannon announced that the "Calais-Douvres" was in sight. A salute of twenty-one guns

was fired, and a few minutes later the vessel drew up alongside the quay. The band of the 8th Regiment played "God Save the Queen," while all heads were bared.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her son (Prince Leopold), the Duchess of York, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein were on the promenade deck. Presently the Queen left the saloon that had been built for her, and seated herself on a chintz-covered chair on the deck, from where she could see the thousands of souls who lined the opposite side of the quay. Here she remained while she received the distinguished officers and others who were honoured by a presentation. Among those so favoured were General Jearmerod, Vice-Admiral de Maigret, Captain Fieron (French Naval attaché in London), Monsieur Alapetite (Préfet of the Pas de Calais), Monsieur Sartiaux, Consul Payton, Vice-Consul Farmer, and the Mayor of Boulogne (Dr. Aigre), to whom, with a gracious smile, the Queen said in perfect French, "I am happy to find myself in your town, where I remember so well coming in 1855." To which the Mayor replied, "It is a great honour for

me to present your Majesty, in the name of the town of Boulogne, our respectful homage. Your Majesty's first visit is well remembered by all. May I be allowed to wish your Majesty a pleasant voyage and pleasant return?" The Queen acknowledged these words by a graceful bow.

This interesting ceremony could be seen from the opposite side of the quay by at least fifteen or twenty thousand people. Little cheering was heard, but the respectful silence was most imposing as the Queen contemplated the multitudes that had congregated to see her arrival.

The time for departure had come, the Queen's chair was lifted on to the bridge by her Indian servants, and from there wheeled easily up the gangway to the Royal Saloon, where upon entering Her Majesty's glance fell upon the photo-

graphs offered her, which must have afforded her pleasure, for she at once sent an equerry to thank the Mayor for the happy inspiration. The Princesses also took their places in the saloon, the band again played the "National Anthem" as the train started slowly for the Gare Centrale, where large crowds were massed to see the departure of the Empress Queen, who, for the first time after a lapse of forty-four years, passed through the town of Boulogne which had so delighted to do her honour, when in the zenith of her happy wife and motherhood she had come to gladden with her gracious presence all beholders, who were only prevented out of deference for her kindly wish to respect the national mourning for President Faure offering her a welcome that would have equalled, if not surpassed, that of 1855.



THE ROYAL TRAIN LEAVING THE QUAY

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With Her Majesty's Mails

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS



HE postal system of the country may be taken as part and parcel of the railway, for the G.P.O. would indeed be a short-lived institution should it ever strive for independence.

In the year ending March 1894, we were informed that the number of letters, post-cards, book-packets, circulars, samples, newspapers and parcels sent through the Post Office was 2,796,500,000, and that the bulk of this was transmitted by rail.

It is true that in the Parcel Post system the railway has to face a formidable competitor, for the Royal Mail coaches, a revival of the good old times, ply on no less than eight highways out of London, because it is found to be both a cheaper and more swift means of transit for this "expansion of trade"—the Parcel Post.

A writer on railway lore goes a step further and ventures to warn shareholders that the time may come when passengers will be accepted as parcels, having been subjected to an official stamp before embarking on the coach—they would, in fact, be conveyed at "owner's risk."

It is not generally known that the pneumatic tube plays a very important part of the G.P.O. system, more particularly as a night-messenger in the newspaper office.

It is claimed that atmospheric air never loiters by the way to play marbles or "cod'em," neither does the tube puncture or in any way lay itself open to the temptations and various hindrances

which meet the experienced Press messenger or thirsting reporter.

The railways advertise, and are more than anxious for your custom. Parcels are collected free of charge, and possibly—not often—delivered in a state of chaos, free of contents.

Speaking of advertising reminds me of an accusation brought against a famous biscuit firm, to the effect that although the managers stoutly denied the charge of thus pushing their wares, it was proven, and that without a doubt, that not only did they imprint their name upon every biscuit, but in addition, made the public swallow it.

The whole world, it may be safely asserted, feeds from its postbag: if these rations are stopped, business, enterprise and progress are at a standstill, or worse.

How many of us picture the weather-beaten driver in charge of either mail coach with its steaming "three in hand," or the frizzling engine-man in charge of the Travelling Post Office Down Night Mail, upon whose care our morning post depends; and yet it is to these faithful servants of the Government (not public, as they'll tell you, if you proffer a bent halfpenny across the Post Office counter) that we owe so much.

But our object is briefly to explain the ingenious mechanism which the G.P.O. adopt, upon all the principal trunk lines of the United Kingdom, for the transmission of letters and the like.

The first illustration depicts the stationary post office at Bletchley Junction, the only one of its kind to be found actually on the platform of a station, but being so important a centre for the exchange of mails, the L. & N.W. Ry. Company found it expedient to control an institution of the kind.

This particular company, be it ob-

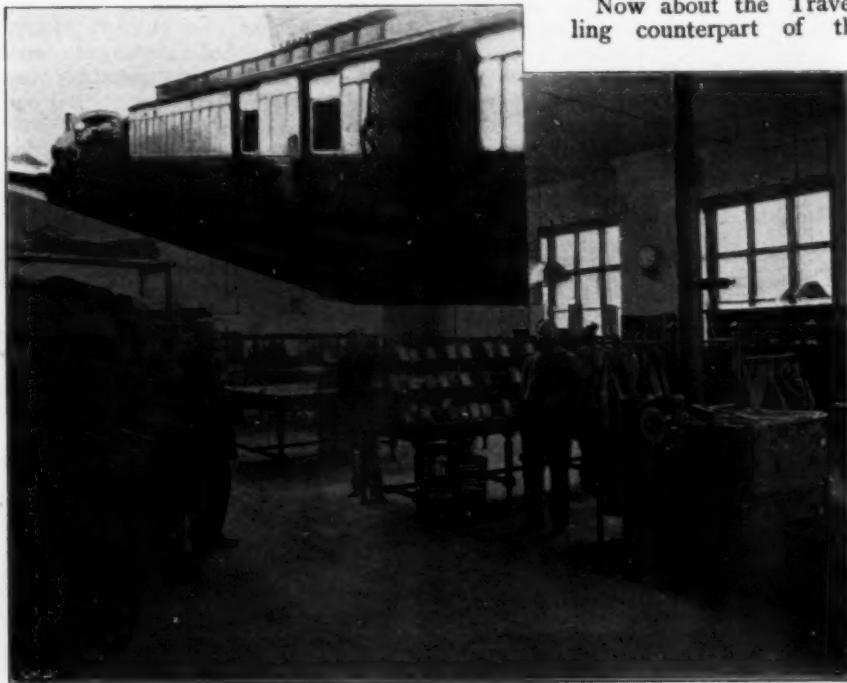
served, is THE Royal Mail route *par excellence*, providing as it does the special weekly American mail trains, and also the Irish.

The genial post-master stands to the right of our view, and within arm's stretch we may notice various interesting impedimenta, such as mail canvas bags awaiting their consignment from the sorters' tables in the centre, tall baskets for the reception of umbrellas, wicker bird-cages, or a pot or saucepan which, like the widow's cruse, never fails to

our illustrations were secured, the speed is proved to be over a mile a minute : but for all that, the double exchange goes off nightly, and in the case of the weekly "specials," to which reference has already been made, by day too, without a hitch.

The apparatus at Bletchley has recently undergone a change, and we find that while it has been moved about half-a-mile from its former position, the other side of the junction, we also notice that the apparatus is of the latest and most approved pattern.

Now about the Travelling counterpart of the



THE STATION POST OFFICE AT BLETCHLEY JUNCTION, L. & N.W.E.

supply molten sealing wax for the purpose of official stampings upon the canvas letter-bags.

Above we notice the counter part of the station post-office.

This is the T.P.O., or Travelling Post Office, which dashes headlong in the hours of dark from apparatus to apparatus, for the purpose of both delivering and picking up mail bags without a stop ; in fact, at Bletchley, where most of

post office. There may be two or any number of bogie letter cars on the mail, and these are united one to the other by means of covered gangways giving the appearance of one long saloon.

We notice a net on the exterior of the carriage, and also some iron brackets fastened flush with the side of the vehicle, as is the case when the apparatus is thrown out of action.

More about this contrivance later.

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MAIL MEN PACKING "POUCHES"

We pass inside the vans, and observe that the whole is lighted by a double row of gas-lamps from the roof. There is an open passage along the centre of each van, while on one side are empty canvas letter bags hanging in thick clusters, and on the opposite side runs a sorting table parallel with the entire length of each car, having at intervals numerous canvas wells for the reception of all halfpenny stamped matter.

Above this table are pigeon-holes innumerable from end to end, piled one above the other. Beneath the sorting table are folding seats, resembling little music-stools, but a letter sorter never had time to test one yet.

Long before this night mail quits its terminus the postal cars become choked with myriads of letters, and the sorters set to work directly they embark to gorge and disgorge both bag and pigeon-hole.

If then we are to travel on the L. & N.W., our departure is made from Euston, and it is but a few minutes before Watford is passed, where we find the first apparatus for catching and exchanging mail bags in readiness.

But it is at Bletchley, one of fifty-three stations on the system, where the heaviest bags are both dropped from the postal vans and received; therefore we will accompany the scarlet-coated mailmen who are just starting from the post office, with their canvas letter bags

shouldered in readiness for the mile which they have to foot to the apparatus.

It is on the "Down" side where we find all the tackle, the "Up" side merely having a small receiving net to catch the drop from the mail, without giving anything back in exchange.

We notice as we draw near that the apparatus is out of action, the lofty brackets or "standards" being reversed inwards from the line, and the receiving net closed, the iron barrier which is close to and runs parallel with the rails leaning against another of wooden construction.

The two mail-men have no time to lose, so they set to work at once to enclose the sealed canvas letter bags in stout leather casings or "pouches."

The weight of these pouches, when made up, must not exceed 50 lbs.; but then as many as nine such packages can be hung up for the mail nets to sweep off, seeing that each standard provides three spring catches whereon separate pouches can be hung.

One net is sufficient both on the ground and on the mail, as however many pouches are hung out from the stationary standards or even mail van, they are all of them bound to come in contact with the one receiving net.

The standards are next turned round with their precious burdens swinging aloft in mid-air, and the receiving net thrown open and propped up by means of a stout metal cross-bar which bears

the full brunt of successive blows from the mail-van standards, thus releasing the pouches.

The net itself, of a size known as ten feet (and this is one of the largest to be seen), is of very formidable proportions; and so it need be, when we picture the shock received as the mail, travelling at seventy miles an hour, hurls nightly into the net something weighing quite three-quarters of a hundredweight.

The train itself at the moment of the double exchange fairly staggers under the blow, and for the moment seems to halt, for proof of the concussion is readily understood when it

shooting in and rolling down from the net would fairly damage anybody.

Simultaneously with the dropping of the net, the hinged standards are let down by a cord from the side of the car with the leather-wrapped bags dangling and scudding a few feet above the fast-vanishing track.

The supreme moment then arrives, and mails are exchanged, but with such rapidity that the eye fails to follow the double movement which takes place. Inside the car, you are conscious of a tremor from stern to stern of the saloon, and a bang and a crash.

If you are standing near the ground apparatus, you are conscious of hearing a series of sharp cracks, above the roar and grinding of the express, almost like the report from a volley of rifles, as one after another the nets pick off their complements, and nothing but the vanishing tail-lights of the mail are left to view.

Properly speaking, the mail vans should always be coupled next the engine, both as a guide to the mail-men in charge of the ground apparatus, and also for safety to passengers.

Horrible catastrophes have occurred before now, when the mail-van, with its net, and appurtenances, has been run in some other portion of the train—that is, anywhere but next the engine. In more than one

instance a passenger has leant too far out of the window, when his head has come in violent contact with the huge pouches swaying on the standards of the ground apparatus, whilst if the mail-van had been run in its proper place these pouches would have been picked up before a passenger carriage could reach them.

The sorters, and there may be as many as twenty or more in the night mail, are some of them specialists at their work, while others take it in turns to have a ride as a change from the routine at the G.P.O.

An apparatus inspector who has been completely through the "mill" was telling me of the "sea-sickness" from



ALL READY, AND ALL OVER

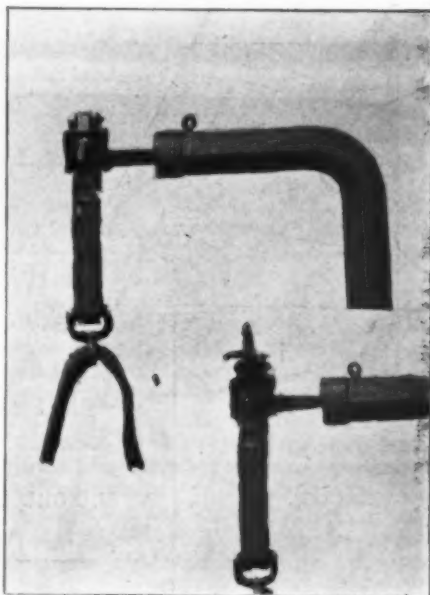
is mentioned that the rails, which are laid parallel with the apparatus, require special attention, inasmuch as the line is periodically pulled round out of truth, entirely due to the impact which the long mail car causes (and the net is always at the end furthest from the engine) as courtesies are exchanged.

As soon as the mail comes in sight, within 200 yards of the apparatus the net is sprung by a lever in the car, and this operation is automatically announced by an electric bell, which continues to ring in the postal van until the catch is taken, and the net closed again as a warning to the sorters to give a wide berth to that end of the car where the net is situated, for the huge pouches that come

which at first all sorters invariably suffer. They are for a time completely prostrated, while it takes about three weeks to acquire one's "mail-legs."

The overseer in each sorting-car is responsible for the carrying out satisfactorily of all the many operations which require assiduous and unremitting attention. For example, the night mails would seem to afford increased difficulties by way of knowing where and when to precisely set the van nets and drop the pouches, for, as it has been pointed out, should either of these operations be effected before or after the right moment, a long list of casualties may be the issue.

However, an experienced sorter can tell by ear to within a few yards as to whereabouts he is, and whether the moment has arrived for exchanging mails, his hearing being guided entirely by such sounds as the peculiar reverberation noticeable when rushing through a cutting, the roar when the mail burrows into a tunnel, or shoots under or over a bridge. It is true that there are other "cues" to act as a tell-tale, such as large



THIMBLE STRAP AND SPRING ATTACHMENT ON STANDARD, CLOSED AND OPENED.

white-washed landmarks close to the various ground *apparati*; but these are only useful for day mails.

It is the inspector's duty to make a round of surprise visits, both to attend to the apparatus, which frequently requires repairing, and to, perhaps, see that the line adjoining receives some extra ballast owing to its displacement; or again, to see that the mail-men pay some sort of attention to the various regulations drawn up for the safety of both themselves and the mails.

A rather common mistake at one time was to hang up a pouch with its proportionate length sideways, instead of lengthways and parallel with the line. As a consequence, the mail net has struck the pouch, and, ripping up the tough bull hide, fairly scattered the contents and all to the four winds—odd scraps of paper were found for over half-a-mile up the line in too small a portion to make it worth the while of a professional scavenger to collect.



THE DOUBLE EXCHANGE IN ACTUAL WORKING



WRITTEN BY DOUGLAS M. FORD. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

PREFATORY NOTE

THE ceaseless stream of passengers moving along Holborn, passes, on the south side of that great thoroughfare, some ancient houses, which, perhaps, constitute one of the quaintest remnants of Old London. A passage-way cut through the block gives entrance to "Staple Inn." On sullen December days, with the trees of the inn black and leafless, the cobble-stones wet and slimy, and fog cloaking the buildings with its depressing garment, doubtless most people would think it a place of gloom, to hurry through and leave behind. But there is an old-world charm about the inn on summer days. Birds are chirruping in the boughs, the leaves are rustling, and on the bench below tired humanity can rest awhile. The tumult of Holborn comes with subdued sound into the quiet inn, and even those on business bent, who hurry across the flagged footway, are sensible of a fleeting moment of peace and quietness. On the other side of the southern archway there is a pleasant show of turf and flowers; an antique clock records the passing

hour; and one half resents the assertive presence of the towering modern structures which, on this side, are closing in on the time-worn buildings. Turning to the right, a short terrace brings you to some iron gates. On the other side of these lie Southampton Buildings and Chancery Lane. The foot-passenger finds himself once again amid the rattle and hurry of busy life. He has passed, in a few moments, across a tranquil oasis, which, doubtless, will soon be obliterated by the spread of modern bricks and mortar.

Lawyer though I am, I plead guilty—what a legal phrase that is!—to a sentimental reverence for "Staple Inn." And, perhaps, it is not surprising; for not only were some five-and-thirty years of my business life spent within its precincts, but those years, half of the allotted three-score and ten, represented but a small portion of the period during which my firm had offices in this quiet place. Established by my great-grandfather, on the maternal side, in or about the year 1740, the practice was passed on to my grandfather, John Richard Humphreys, whom I well remember.

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His partner was one Ward, an able conveyancer and manager of humdrum business; and later still, I myself became a partner in the firm, which for many years was carried on under the style of Humphreys, Ward & Marden. The first Humphreys, founder of the business, was a solicitor of great ability, especially well versed in criminal procedure. His son, my grandfather, was no less able, and the practice in former days was in its way unique, and one of the most lucrative in London. A whole house in the inn was needed for the accommodation of the partners and their staff of clerks; and as the years rolled on, there were heaped in the low-pitched rooms, buried in lockers, stuffed into scores of tin boxes, and stowed in the very cellars of the building, a vast accumulation of briefs, instructions, memoranda, correspondence, journals, drafts, and legal papers of every sort and kind. Many of these papers it was my task to go through before the final dissolution of the modern firm. I had at that time two junior partners; each went his way, one to the City, the other to New Inn; while I myself, worn by a very active life, and in indifferent health, was happily enabled to retire from practice altogether.

Since then, in my leisure, I have put together the materials for this and other records of certain of the more remarkable cases in which I or my predecessors played a professional part. I have found abundant data ready to my hand. In the days of the older partners, the firm had a notable connection amongst members of the aristocracy, country gentlemen, London merchants, and miscellaneous clients. Not only so, but other solicitors, quiet-going provincial lawyers for whom the firm were agents, often, too, conveyancing practitioners in Lincoln's Inn Fields, sent to "Staple Inn" the business, sometimes strong in human interest, with which their own limited experience unfitted them to grapple. In dealing with cases such as these, of course I cannot speak from personal knowledge. It has simply been my province to weave the stored materials into the form of narrative. Thus, it was my grandfather whose notes and papers will enable me to shape the strange story of a double marriage, never yet made public in all

its detail. It was the more or less connected manuscript of William Jones, a surgeon, who, as a witness, preserved an account of a certain riverside tragedy, which at the time excited enormous public interest; and it is largely from the journal of John Phineas Henshaw, a confidential clerk of the old firm, that I am enabled to frame the tragic and startling story now to be printed in these pages as "The Clue of the Lost Locket."

Henshaw was one of the most useful clerks the old firm ever had. He was an odd-looking man; already elderly when I came up from the country to spend the last year of my articles in London. The other clerks treated him before his face with considerable respect. Behind his back he was generally referred to as "J. P.," not so much because he was John Phineas as by reason of something magisterial in his manner. Indeed, he often showed marked aptitude for criminal investigation, and I remember that the steadfast look which he bestowed on me when first I took my seat at a table in his room (henceforth my allotted place for a year or two) made me feel as if I were in some sort a criminal myself. His manner was always decisive, and, when business pressed, extremely testy. As to his appearance, the undergrowth of hair had gone from his narrow head, and he had a habit of smoothing down the long hairs which were trailed across from a parting low down on the left side that was the subject of much surreptitious joking in the office. So much for Henshaw himself, and now for

HENSHAW'S NARRATIVE.

Man and boy, I was in the office of Humphreys, Ward & Co., the famous firm of solicitors, for over forty years, and in all that time no more terrible case came into our hands than that of poor Lord Arthur Waltham. I have double cause to remember it most vividly, for not only were the circumstances of the whole tragic business such as to remain indelibly impressed upon the memory, but the case occurred when Mr. Humphreys himself was at Bath, trying to cure a sharp attack of rheumatic gout; for thus it came about

that much that he, the head of the firm, would have dealt with personally in the ordinary way, fell upon me to do, in his absence, as the senior and confidential clerk. There was only one other partner in the firm just then, but without wishing to speak disrespectfully of a dead and gone employer, it must be owned that that other partner, Mr. Barham Ward, was not a man for a matter like the Waltham case. He could draw a deed, or settlement, however full of trusts and provisos, as well as any solicitor in London, but when it came to sifting evidence, and weaving webs of proof about some cunning criminal—well, Mr. Humphreys was the man for that!

It was Mr. Ward, however, who drew the codicil to Lord Arthur's will, and it was with that same codicil ready for signature that I went down West one morning, early in the month of May, when the trees in Staple Inn were in full leaf, and London looked as cheerful as it always looks at that fresh season of the year. His lordship was a widower (a stately, handsome, old man, rather haughty in his bearing), and his London residence was in Norfolk Street, Park Lane. Lord Arthur's family was one of the highest in the land, but he himself was by no means wealthy. The house in Norfolk Street was but a little place, although, I make no doubt, very highly rented, as all houses are in that fashionable part.

In order that the reader of this record may the better understand what follows, it should here be stated that the house aforesaid consisted of a basement and four floors (including the attics) of two rooms each. In the basement were the kitchen and the usual offices, with a small pantry at the back. On the ground floor two dining-rooms, one quite small (over the pantry); on the first floor a drawing room and a small library; on the second floor his lordship's bedroom and dressing-room, and above, the servants' sleeping-rooms. Only three servants were kept, the cook, Alice Haynes, the housemaid, and Adolphe Robilliard, his lordship's valet. Two of these servants were well known to me; for sometimes Robilliard, a smart young Swiss, would come to

Staple Inn with messages, or business papers, and at others, if I were sent to Norfolk Street, Lord Arthur might be out and while waiting his return the housemaid or the valet would come and chat with me. The former, Alice Haynes, was a pale-faced girl with reddish hair and a rather singular expression, yet not uncomely. She was often laughing, and very merry in her ways.

Imagine, then, my bewilderment and horror when, as I approached the house that cheerful sunny morning, the door flew open and this Alice Haynes, ghastly to the lips, came rushing out as one demented, and uttering shriek on shriek. On the instant windows were raised and heads put out; people who were passing quietly along the street turned and stared, and some of them came hurrying



"UTTERING SHRIEK ON SHRIEK"

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back, until there was a wondering group about the woman vainly questioning, and trying to quiet her. It made one's blood run cold to hear those awful screams and look upon her face! When, presently, she realised who I was, she seized me by the arm and dragged me towards the house. The cook and the valet had now come to the door and everyone was asking what had happened? But the girl had by this time in some measure recovered a sense of what was fitting, and turning her back on the people clustered round the steps, she only gasped in my ear, "Come and see! His lordship! Come and see!"

Now over this part of the case I cannot linger. The reader will have guessed, as I guessed then, with deepest dread, that the very worst had happened. For what could it mean but death?—suicide or a murderer's hand; death either way; And so it was. For when I and those who followed entered with faltering steps Lord Arthur's bed-chamber, the truth was plain. There lay his lordship, cold and still upon the bed, a great tranquillity upon his clear-cut face, and a dagger through his heart.

* * * * *

All who read what I am writing here may rest assured that I can have no desire to mystify them needlessly. Such arts as those may be left to the clever writers of romances; but for myself I can claim no credit for imaginative writing. This is but a simple chronicle of facts, and of the strange way in which those facts were ultimately demonstrated. So at once it may be stated that any theory of suicide was quickly negatived. It is true that death had been dealt with deceased's own weapon, an oriental dagger, used as a paper knife, which had been between the leaves of a book by the bedside on that very night. But Lord Arthur Waltham was no self-murderer. The surgeons' examination and the investigations of the police, who were soon upon the scene, made that much manifest. No! his lordship had died by the hand of an assassin, slain in cold blood while he slept. The natural sleep from which he should have opened

his eyes on that bright day had been merged into the long, long sleep from which in this world there is no awakening. It was a cruel deed, and small wonder that, its victim being a man so highly placed, the news which spread like flame, stirred and horrified first London and then the provinces; until from royalty in its palace to the ragged urchins in the street there was but one topic, the crime and, man or woman, its unknown perpetrator.

Plainly it was wilful murder; that and nothing less. Of course, the officers of justice lost no time in minutely examining the house from top to bottom. In the drawing-room everything was in great confusion, and to some extent the dining room had been disturbed. A cloak which had been hanging in the hall was found rolled up and within it were his lordship's gold opera-glasses, a silver sugar dredger, a pair of spectacles, a caddy-spoon and a thimble belonging to the cook. Though the drawer of the writing-desk in the drawing-room was pulled open, nothing appeared to have been taken from it. But in the bedroom certain ivory rouleau boxes, usually employed to hold gold coins, and which in this instance from their size could have held about three hundred sovereigns, were found—empty! At the front of the house there was not the faintest indication of any one having forced an entry, but at the back, upon the pantry door were certain marks that suggested the possibility of some miscreant having there obtained access to the premises. Yet on the other hand the small back yard was so hemmed in by contiguous buildings with high walls that it seemed scarcely possible the murderer could have broken in that way, if he had broken in at all. It was, perhaps, a feasible theory that a house-breaker might have got into the house by the front way during the previous evening and concealed himself in the back yard until the household were asleep. But that was a notion scouted by the police. Too hastily, as some thought, they formed the belief that no practical house-breakers had been at work, that the signs of robbery were for the most part simulated signs, and that

Lord Arthur Waltham had been done to death by an inmate of his own establishment. The inference was terrible. For if the police were so far right it meant that the stain of blood-guiltiness was on at least one of the three who had eaten the bread and taken the wage of the murdered man.

From the first close observation was kept on Robilliard and the two women servants, and each of them was subjected to a series of rigorous questions on the part of the police. It was this system of inquisition which afterwards excited some indignation in the popular mind against the officers of justice, and there is no doubt that the extraordinary character of the crime and the rank of the deceased induced them to leave no stone unturned to find a tenant for the prisoner's dock.

Now the net result of all their investigations was very little. They searched the servants' boxes, but nothing incriminating was found; they pulled up floors and hunted for stolen property; they tore down wainscoting, but nothing was discovered. They did learn, however, from the late lord's bankers, that the rouleau boxes were likely to have contained a very considerable sum, and furthermore it was ascertained that at least one article of personal ornament was missing, to wit, a locket. It was well known, indeed, that my lord had always carried this locket about with him, and it was understood to contain a small quantity of the hair of his deceased lady, to whom he had been devotedly attached.

All this time the wildest rumours and surmises were on the wing. The majority argued that Robilliard must be the murderer; others, however, held that Alice Haynes, if she chose to speak, could throw much light upon the dark affair; not that she was believed to have committed with her own hand this awful crime, but that she was known to have an admirer of doubtful character, who sometimes had visited her surreptitiously in Norfolk Street. The cook, too, whose thimble was found in the bundle of articles ready for removal, was suspected by some of being a party to the crime, and at one period all three of them were actually placed under

arrest. It was found, however, that sufficient evidence was wanting, at any rate as yet, to bring home guilt to either of the women; but the police, still at fault, were reluctant to let all their prisoners go, so Robilliard the valet was retained in custody, and in due course brought before the magistrates. Meantime an inquest had been held, and thereat the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against some unknown person. Then, at last, the mortal remains of Lord Arthur Waltham were laid to rest, amid much pomp and mourning, amongst the bones of his illustrious ancestors. It was after that that my firm came professionally into this complex case, for Lord Arthur's family were determined, if it were possible, that so dastardly a misdeed should not go unpunished, and naturally the prosecution was entrusted to Humphreys, Ward & Co. That, in the enforced absence of Mr. Humphreys, as already mentioned, meant that I, J. P. Henshaw, had to take the case in hand—marshal the facts and instruct counsel for the prosecution. I confess that the business caused me much misgiving, for it is not a pleasant thing to try and hang a man, particularly if in your own mind you are far from satisfied that his hand is really stained with blood. The police clung to their theory, but to me it seemed by no means certain that young Robilliard was the guilty man. Direct evidence there was none. The chain, if chain of proof there were, was purely circumstantial. Nay, more, it was mere inference. The opportunity to commit the crime had undoubtedly existed, but had it been seized by the prisoner? What motive could he have had for such a deed, unless the motive of robbery; and as to that, the police had wholly failed to trace one single article of stolen property, or any considerable amount of money to his possession.

Robilliard's own account suggested nothing that to my mind seemed unnatural. On the Friday evening before the murder his master had come home from Boodle's, his favourite club, at about his usual hour, eleven o'clock. He rang his bell, and the valet had taken hot water to the bedroom; after that he himself went to bed and alleged that

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he knew nothing of what happened in the night. The discovery of the murder was made by Alice Haynes. Now, Lord Arthur was not an early riser, and there could be no question that the servants took advantage of that fact to lie abed themselves. It was the girl Haynes' duty to awake the household, and it was she, in fact, who, on coming down late in the morning of the fatal day, discovered the disordered state of the apartments. In great excitement she then called to the cook and valet, both of whom came hurrying down from their respective rooms. It was the cook, it seems, who suggested that they ought to rouse his lordship, but it was Alice Haynes alone who went upstairs to do so, while the others made a further examination of the premises. The girl knocked at her master's door, and knocked again; at last she looked in, approached the bed, and made the terrible discovery. Instantly she ran screaming out of the room and down the stairs, and thence, still uttering the piercing shrieks of terror and hysteria, into the street itself. It was there I saw her, and of what immediately followed, I have already spoken.

Such was the servants' story. With the sanction of his lordship's family, a very large reward was offered for information leading to the discovery of the missing money and of any other property removed from the house in Norfolk Street. Of course it was patent that if the receiver of the stolen goods could be ascertained, the thief would probably be identified, and if the thief were found he would assuredly prove to be the murderer of Lord Arthur Waltham. Certain it was, however, that after the murder no inmate of the house could have disposed of stolen articles without the knowledge of the watchful constables. The advertised rewards induced no response whatever; meanwhile, however, Robilliard had been brought before the magistrate and several times remanded, but the evidence, though necessarily suspicious, was still so inconclusive that there was no small difficulty in getting him committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey. It should be understood, however, that a *prima facie* case is sufficient to justify

committal, and that it is always open to the prosecution to secure additional evidence and adduce it at the trial, provided the accused is duly notified of what such evidence is to be. In this case all the exertions of the police to secure further evidence were unavailing, and so it came about that ere the trial took place there was increased reaction in favour of Robilliard. More particularly was his cause espoused by the general body of foreign servants employed in London, who presently raised amongst themselves sufficient funds to brief a very able member of the Bar for the defence.

It was plain to see that Inspector Holt, who had charge of the case for the Commissioners of Police, was at his wits' end. At the Woolsack Tavern, not far from Staple Inn, he dined with me the day before the trial.

"Anything new?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"How will it end to-morrow, Holt?"

"Not guilty," he answered shortly.

"You think he is innocent?"

The inspector looked at me scornfully, for though good friends, we often differed. "You know it's not that, Henshaw," was his answer.

"You think him guilty, but you are not sure about our proving it, you mean?"

"Of course that is what I mean; but it is your business as much as mine to see it proved."

"Indeed it isn't," I retorted sharply; "I am not a constable, Inspector Holt."

"No, but your people are the lawyers for the prosecution. And shall I tell you what it is? There are some lawyers who always make the worst of the case they have in hand."

"And there are some police officers who would sooner hang an innocent man than hang nobody at all," I retorted, hotly.

"Come, Henshaw; that is rather strong," he said, quietly. And perhaps it was; so I cooled down and went on with my dinner.

"Pity you took to the law," remarked the inspector, presently.

At that I fired up again and asked him why?

"Too tender-hearted, Henshaw," was his answer.

"Look here, my friend," said I, "it's better to be too tender-hearted than too hard," and thumped the table to emphasise my words. "Now listen to me; you are no more cruel than I am, in spite of what I said just now. We've both seen a lot of the shady side of life. We know how weak men are, and how strong temptation is, and for that very reason you and I are not really so harsh

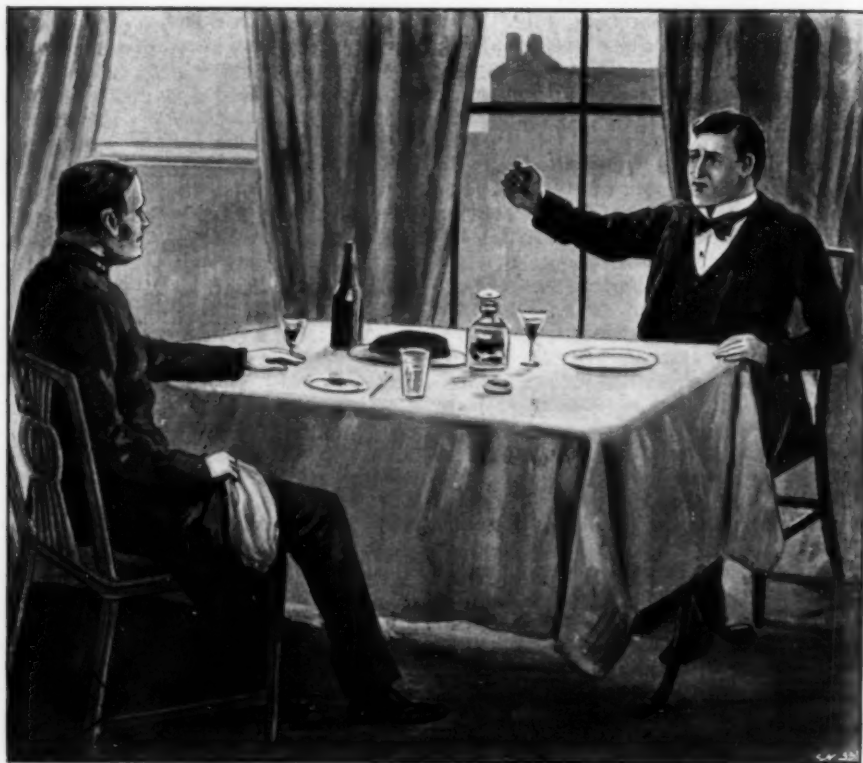
to decide. It would be a different thing if you had traced any of Lord Arthur's property to his possession."

"How can you trace sovereigns that are not marked?" asked Holt.

"That may be; but what about his lordship's locket?"

"Ah! if we could find that! But a locket isn't a big thing to stow away."

"Well," said I, rising, "thank God



"NOW LISTEN TO ME; YOU ARE NO MORE CRUEL THAN I AM"

in judgment as less experienced people seem to be."

"P'raps, so," was his answer, as he tilted up his glass.

"Only we're both of us obstinate and self-opinionated," I went on. "You've formed your theory about this case and you want to make it out. I don't feel so sure the valet is the man, but luckily it's for the jury

the business is nearly over;" and so we parted, to meet in court next morning.

* * * * *

The worry of the case had quite laid hold of me. In spite of Mr. Humphreys' absence and the need for attention to other pressing business which was not in Mr. Ward's depart-

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ment, I had for weeks found it quite impossible to fix my mind on any matter not connected with the pending trial. That night the case haunted me even in my sleep. Sleep, do I say? Why! I scarcely slept at all, and when for three hours or so my eyes were closed, some phase of the grim affair was ever present to my restless brain. The spring sunshine, it seemed, once again lay over the town, and as I neared the house in Norfolk Street the white-faced woman, Alice Haynes, came shrieking down the steps. Robilliard and the cook peered from the open door, and men came rushing breathless down the street with eager questions on their lips. Then, once again, I was hurried up the stairs into the awful chamber, to see the sight that I had never ceased to see since that dreadful morning. And in my dream all this acquired an even more appalling character, for the inward sense of horror was intensified, and new and fantastic adjuncts of the crime, such as I dare not seek to chronicle, seemed to cluster round the victim's bed.

"Do, for goodness sake, wake up!" my good wife was saying when I came back suddenly from the world of phantoms. "Why, what are you dreaming of? You make my blood run cold!"

"I've made my own run cold," I cried, with a shudder. "As late as that?" and in a moment I was out of bed.

* * * * *

It was not without much ado that, with my bag of papers, I forced my way into the crowded court. A trial, that it had been thought to finish on the previous day, was still proceeding. But it was clear that all the interest centred in the prosecution of the supposed murderer of Lord Arthur Waltham. It was astonishing, indeed, and almost terrible to see the eagerness of those who had thronged hither to witness the last scene—or possibly the last but one—in this most tragic story. Peers and ladies of fashion, ambassadors and members of Parliament; high officers of State, and even a royal duke had assembled in the stifling court; and, in-

credible though it may seem, to accommodate some of these, chairs had been placed at each end of the prisoners' dock itself. Nowhere was there an inch of standing room or sitting room to spare. So impatient were the spectators that a hum of conversation went on while the case first before the court was being completed, and it was with a sense of relief and utter indifference to the first prisoner's fate that they heard him sentenced to life-long banishment across the seas, for in those days transportation was the common punishment for many crimes. When at last Robilliard took his place amid this sea of faces, all expectant, his face was the calmest of them all. He seemed as he stood there but a lad, comely and pleasant looking, and in his dress extremely neat and trim. I confess a pang went through me as I looked at him, to think that with all his youth and innocent appearance this young man stood so near to the very jaws of death.

It would be to no purpose if I lingered over the formalities of the proceedings. The prisoner, though an alien, far from his own country and his own people, elected to be tried by a jury of twelve Englishmen, and his plea of "Not guilty" was duly entered. The case was stated by our leading counsel, Sergeant West; and, briefly, the theory he presented to the jury was—that the prisoner and none other was Lord Arthur's murderer; that some time before the crime he had stolen money from the ivory rouleau boxes; that his master, making the discovery, must have taxed him with the theft before he went to rest that fatal night, and that Robilliard, foreseeing dismissal and disgrace, and probably imprisonment upon the morrow, had ruthlessly killed Lord Arthur in his sleep; thereby hoping that the more awful crime would shield him from the consequences of the lesser. All the appearances of robbery in the rooms below, the marks upon the pantry door, and so forth the learned advocate described as the prisoner's device to divert suspicion from himself.

But when it came to the evidence intended to support the above theory, counsel for the prisoner at the bar, with no little skill, began to suggest a different



"I TURNED AND LOOKED AT HER AGHAST!"

complexion for the case. His cross-examination of the female servants suggested that they or one of them, or at least some one known to them, might just as easily have been the culprit. While as to the police, he attacked their conduct vehemently, implying by his questions that their zeal for a conviction had outrun their sense of fairness; that they had in some respects inspired the servants' evidence, and gone very near to fabricating what they thought was needful for a successful prosecution. Thus the war of advocates brought excitement to a pitch by the time the dinner hour was reached, and

then for a brief interval the court adjourned.

As I hurried out a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a woman, speaking with a foreign accent, whispered something in my ear. What she said was so unexpected and so startling that I turned and looked at her, aghast! A little distance off Inspector Holt, a black look on his face, was elbowing through the crowd. My first impulse was to summon him, but on second thoughts I kept the matter to myself. In a few minutes I, and the woman close upon my heels, had pushed through the jabbering throng into the street, and

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ere scarce another word had been exchanged we were in a cab, and driving furiously towards Leicester Square.

I shouted questions at my companion as we rattled through the noisy streets, and she answered in shrill tones with here and there a word of French, which I failed utterly to understand. Presently the cab drew up at a dingy French hotel. We entered, and the woman, Madame Bellart, led the way to a little parlour at the back. The manager was called, a dapper foreigner extremely voluble, and he, by Madame's desire, took out of a cupboard a heavy parcel, wrapped in brown paper and firmly held with string. The woman was about to cut the string, but I swiftly stayed her hand.

"You are sure that Robilliard is the man who brought this parcel?" I asked her, searchingly. Yes, indeed, she was quite sure. Had she not seen him but now standing in the dock, and so on, and so on; pouring out torrents of words which it was difficult to check.

"Bring the parcel just as it is!" I said; and within five minutes we, and the manager with us, were in the cab again, tearing back to the Old Bailey. Arrived there, I sent in a note to Sergeant West, and leaving his junior in charge of the case he came out to us immediately. He heard our hurried story, tested the woman's statement with a few short questions, held the parcel in his hands thoughtfully, then handed it back to Madame Bellart.

"Very strange!" he said, turning to me. "This will settle it, Henshaw." Then (to all three of us), "We had better go into court at once." The police wedged back the crowd and we passed through. All eyes were turned upon us as we entered. A police officer had just stepped from the witness-box, and Sergeant West immediately interposed.

"My lord," he said, "while the court has been sitting a very curious discovery has been made!" Then, amid breathless silence, he narrated what I have just set down, and called Madame Bellart into the witness-box. She placed the parcel in front of her upon the ledge, and as she did so I turned my face towards the dock. The

prisoner's eyes were fixed upon the parcel. An awful change had come upon him. His body was now somewhat bent; his arms hung loosely down; the eyes were sunk and glassy, and his jaw fell slightly as he stared; presently the mouth became compressed, the nose grew pinched and drawn, and the shoulders and chest were raised, as if in effort to repress some violent emotion. After that, the acuteness of mental agony seemed to pass, and he stood as one lost in a lethargic stupor.

This was the evidence of Madame Bellart: She knew the prisoner, but only by the name of Jean. Two years ago he had been employed as a waiter at the hotel in Leicester Square for a month or two. He left and she had lost sight of him until one Sunday late in April, when he had called and chatted for a few minutes, saying he would soon be looking out for another situation. A few days afterwards he called again with a parcel in his hand and asked if he might leave it in her keeping for a week. She consented willingly and he left with her the parcel now produced. She had heard of the murder of Lord Arthur Waltham, but only knowing the prisoner as Jean, very commonly the name by which foreign waiters were called, she had not imagined that the young man whose parcel she had in keeping had any connection with the crime. The police had never made any enquiries at her house (I looked at Holt—Holt looked at me). It was only in consequence of a paragraph in a French paper received that morning which spoke of the supposed murderer having formerly been a waiter at a house in Leicester Square, that it had occurred to her that perhaps the parcel ought to be examined. Thereupon she had come to Court, identified the prisoner and made a communication to the prosecuting solicitors. There was a pause. Once more I glanced towards the prisoner. He had the same lost look. And it came home to me that though I, John Phineas Henshaw, had but done my duty, it was my hand, not Holt's, that was tightening the noose around his throat. And yet there

might be nothing incriminating in the parcel after all. Judge of me as you will, even at that moment I almost prayed that so the fact might be. And yet—that look upon the prisoner's face!

"Open the parcel," said the Judge.

Madame Bellart, with many little exclamations, fumbled at the string, then a policeman standing by the witness-box helped her. Judge, counsel, jurymen, all were silent; but men and women leaned forward, or half rose, and gasps seemed to be coming from the throats of many. A woman, wrought to the utmost excitement, sobbed.

"Silence!" cried the usher. Then the policeman spoke. "Some servant's clothing in the parcel, my lord." People looked into each other's faces, then after a pause, "And this heavy package in the middle of it, bound up with tow or yarn."

"Open it," said the Judge in clear firm tones.

"Gold coins, my lord—sovereigns," said the officer, and he pulled a few from the slit corner of the package, and held them forward on his open palm.

"Will the prosecution profess to identify these coins," exclaimed the prisoner's counsel, whose face was white as death.

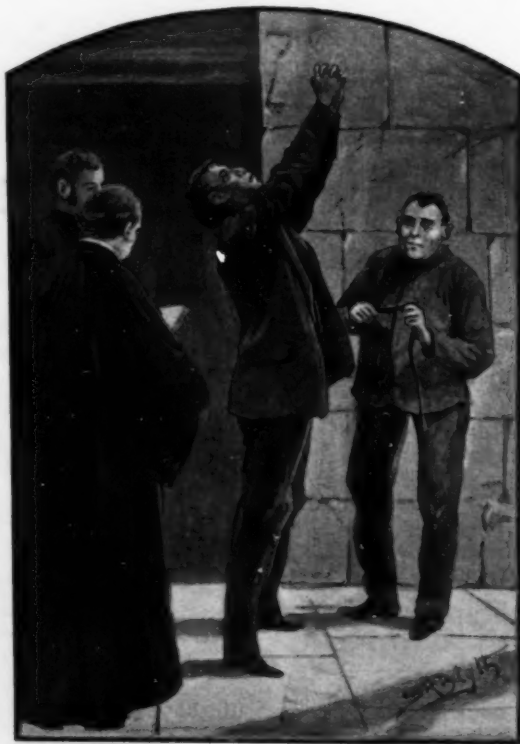
"Wait," said the Judge. Then to the constable—

"Examine the clothing now."

"Not Lord Arthur's clothing obviously," put in the advocate as some of the articles were unfolded.

"Wait, sir," repeated the Judge in sterner tones, "the jury will hear you presently."

"Nothing in these pockets, your lordship," said the constable in a



"RAISED HIS CLASPED HANDS AS IF IN FERVENT PRAYER"

moment. He took up a waistcoat next. "But there seems to be something here!" He drew from the right hand pocket a hard bright object and held it up before the Court.

"What is that?" inquired his lordship, whose sight was failing.

"A gold locket, my lord!"

"Hand it to the bench," said Sergeant West, his face set firm, and as he passed it up himself he looked closely at the shining fatal thing. Then added quietly, "Your lordship will see Lord Arthur's monogram upon this locket."

* * * * *

I, who write these lines, once saw the gallows do its dreadful work, but I was not one of the vast multitude that waited for the warning sound of the prison-bell and watched for Robilliard to come forth from the shadow of the debtors' door and mount the scaffold. Some of this great throng had stood in

the open air all night, so the public journals told us, in order that their morbid curiosity might not be baulked; and it was stated also that above the swaying mass, at every window and on every roof within view of the prison were men and women with faces turned towards the gallows. It was said that, standing for a moment after the executioner had drawn the cap over his face and the noose had been adjusted, Robilliard lifted up his head towards the sky above and raised his clasped hands as if in fervent prayer. Right thankful am I that I was not there to see that final scene. It is enough to remember that in that strange case I myself in some measure helped to bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and humbly did I echo the Judge's solemn prayer (to a yet higher Judge) for mercy on the murderer's guilty soul.



Sheep-dog Trials, and How They are Conducted

BY ANGLO-MANXMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

SINCE the introduction of Sheep-dog Trials in Wales and England, this highly interesting and instructive sport is becoming yearly more popular. The principal meeting is at Llangollen, of which Her Majesty the Queen is gracious patroness, and who expressed great gratification with the work performed, and complimented the shepherds on the possession of such sagacious collies, on her visit there in 1889. Another most popular meet is Parkgate, Wirral, promoted by Mr. Philip Soorn, a well-known exhibitor and breeder of collies, and who also introduced a collie show with the trials, which is visited yearly by thousands of the British public anxious to observe the wonderful sagacity and intelligence of this most popular breed of dogs—rightly designated the king of the canine race.

On a fine day it would indeed be difficult to find a more interesting sight than the highly trained shepherd's dog, or collie, working the little flock of three of the wildest sheep over the course in a most wonderful manner. The friendliness and jovial good humour of the owners of dogs towards each other is a marked contrast to the jealousies so often present at sporting meetings; added to which the fresh air, healthy surroundings, and gay throngs, add to make a thorough day's enjoyment.

It has been argued by many that the present type of show collie is unfitted for work, but anyone who has seen the well-known Ormskirk Charlie, a son of the famous collie Christopher, who

sold for £1,000, working, would readily be convinced of the error entertained on this point. This dog, a winner at almost every trial, is indeed a marvel, and displays such wonderful intelligence that is almost human; his owner has also many other high-bred dogs exceedingly clever at trials.

The arrangements for a trial are very simple, and the cost is not very great. In open classes there are generally five prizes, the first being about £10 down to £1. The trials are usually held on a hillside or large field, extending in one direction about three-quarters of a mile by about half a mile in breadth. The dogs drive the sheep about 1,200 yards. The sheep are the wildest that can be got, usually the small Welsh breed or black or grey-faced Scotch sheep. Each dog has to drive three different sheep, two being from one farm or flock, and the third from another; the same three are never worked twice. This makes the task all the more difficult, the sheep not knowing each other, and when one breaks away it requires considerable skill to get it to its companions again. The course indicated below will better explain.

The shepherd or person working the dog stands at the post (A), from which he is not allowed to move more than six yards; at a given signal three sheep are liberated from the pen (B); the shepherd then sends his dog to the sheep, which are to be driven in the direction indicated by the arrows and between the hurdles; if any of the sheep go outside the hurdles the dog must bring them back and take them the proper course, to the triangular pen of three hurdles



CHAMPION ORMSKIRK CHARLIE. THE BEST HIGH-BRED WORKING COLLIE LIVING

From Photo by USHERWOOD & Co., Nottingham

(C), which has an opening of twenty-two inches, or just wide enough to allow one sheep to enter at a time; he has then to pen them; the time allowed being thirteen minutes from the time the three sheep are first liberated. The worker of the dog is allowed to assist, without, however, touching the sheep when the dog has brought them up to the pen (C). The shepherd works the dog almost entirely by whistling or motions; often the sheep separate at the commencement, the dog has then to collect them together and start with his charge at the proper place. Another difficulty often arises, when one of the three sheep will not move as fast as the others, and perhaps if hard pushed will give up and lie down, in which case it is almost impossible for the dog to make it rise; and if a dog bites or injures a sheep he is disqualified. The competitor may be successful in driving his three sheep up to the pen at the end of the trial; he has then a most difficult task, and the utmost patience and skill is then required, as only one sheep can enter at a time; the other two will often go each

side the pen. It is then the dog's sagacity is shown; he will crawl on his belly like a cat, and quietly drive them inch by inch until he gets them in the opening and the three jostled into the pen.

We will visit the trials now, and just as we arrive No. 7 is called, Mr. Barcroft's "Bob." The sturdy Lancashire farmer, who spends most of his time with his sheep on Scout Moor, takes his place at the post, removes his coat and awaits the signal; up goes the white flag, and immediately three sheep are liberated a quarter of a mile away. "Bob," a white and black old English bobtail, pricks his ears and awaits his orders. "Get away, boy!" Off he rushes, and soon finds his sheep, who look wildly round, giving one the impression they would rush off in different directions. Bob steadies down, looks around for orders; a slow prolonged whistle, and on he goes; the wether sheep stamps his foot and the ewes press closer to him; as the dog comes up they try to separate, but Bob is too quick, and is at their side in an instant; getting them together again, he looks round to see

his master waving his arms; off he goes again, driving his little flock through the first hurdles; here he has to drive them through a gap over a wide dry ditch or watercourse. A sharp whistle and Bob keeps at his task until they are through, when unexpectedly one bolts right into the ditch, from whence it refuses to budge; a hand up and a whistle, and Bob drops like a stone. The other two sheep suddenly stop, look round, and quietly start grazing. A prolonged whistle and Bob quietly crawls on his belly until he gets on the brink of the ditch facing the sheep, who, alarmed by his sudden appearance, jumps up and joins its companions. A loud cheer from the spectators shows their appreciation of this excellent piece of work. Again the sheep are got together, and brought through the second hurdles. Bob now hurries them on, but as he comes to the next obstacle off rushes one of the sheep outside the hurdle. That whistle again, and Bob drops as though shot; two shrill whistles, and he is up again making a wide circuit to head the stray one, and soon brings him back and

through the hurdles, where he sees his two companions; on they come by signal and whistle, the remainder of the course is successfully accomplished, and the turn is made for the final pen; a cheery "Fetch 'em up!" causes him to hurry, and as soon as they pass the shepherd he moves from his post, and is now at liberty to help the dog. Jonathan knows his work—picks up his coat and stick and places them on one side of the triangular pen and stands the other: Bob has to bring the sheep between the two, a seemingly easy task. The sheep still have a wild look, and despite Jonathan rush wildly past him. Bob at a signal lies crouched upon the grass, giving the trio a moment to settle down, when, up again, he is soon behind them, bringing them up to the entrance of the pen; one enters, when a cheer from the spectators startle them, and off the remaining two go again, running round the pen, eventually the one inside dashing out and joining them. Gradually Bob collects them and brings his charges up again, when they do another circus performance around the



R. G. PIGGIN AND ORMSKIRK CHARLIE PENNING SHEEP

hurdles. Bob at last gets them together opposite the entrance, and drops on his belly three or four yards away. "Shoo, shoo!" says Jonathan, and Bob crawls like a cat foot by foot towards them; gently they move, step by step, until one enters the pen; three feet more and Bob jostles the other two into the pen, and is on his feet in a moment to prevent their exit. Jonathan waves his hat, and a prolonged cheer from the crowd testifies their appreciation of the clever work. So concludes the trial, the clever Lancashire dog has won in nine and a half minutes and is awarded first prize.

Such is a description of an ordinary trial. Although the time allowed each dog is thirteen minutes, the shortest time in which the sheep is penned is not a criterion of the best work; the time occupied in collecting his sheep, keeping them together, and bringing them through the obstacles all have to count; and where a dog bites his sheep or barks to any extent he may be disqualified at once.

Another innovation has lately been introduced at some trials. The shepherd marks three sheep, which are driven among a flock of about a hundred or more, the dog has then to find the marked sheep and bring them from among the others, which he does, show-

ing wonderful sagacity and intelligence in doing so.

In training collies, the young dogs are generally taught by accompanying old dogs. Months of patient toil is required to fit them to compete at trials successfully; young dogs are very wild and apt to overrun the sheep, in which case the shepherd often has to devise a means to hold him in check, which he does by tying up one of his front paws with his pocket handkerchief around the dog's neck, thus leaving the dog only three legs to run on, and it is surprising how soon the dog understands its meaning.

A well-trained collie is invaluable to a farmer or flockmaster, doing the work which would require several extra men to do, and in mountain districts it would almost be impossible to do without him. At a signal from the shepherd this sagacious animal, replete with energy, vigilance and activity, will collect his flock of hundreds and bring them to any place required of him. Inured to all weather, fatigue, and hunger, he may be truly emblematical of content; and the fortunate owner of such an animal possesses the most faithful companion in existence. As Byron says—

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.



GROUP OF WORKING COLLIES

Extraordinary Life Transformations

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FROM NATURE BY JAMES SCOTT



THE smaller kinds of living creatures are generally referred to in an ignominious way as the "lower" animals. This disparaging term is not really deserved by them, for even so far as their habits and intelligence are concerned they display quite as much anxiety and ingenuity in their life-work, from their own point of view, as we do in ours. I have no doubt that if some tremendous class of animals existed, of which an individual were to a man, in size, as a man is to a bee, we should be regarded by them as merely insects of a larger growth than the flies and beetles of our acquaintance. Our vaunted science, art, and literature would, of course, not be the means of earning for us an appreciation from them of our merits as we understand those qualities. We might perhaps be looked upon by such giants as equivalent, intellectually, to ants as viewed by painstaking observers like Sir John Lubbock.

The more energetically a student dives into the dark corners of insect life (to mention the smallest kind) the more convinced does he become that they live in a world that presents to them a totally different sphere to that which we see. That they are provided with senses the true nature of which we cannot conceive is a fact well established among scientists. I will quote one very well known instance of their strange powers. If a reader were to carry through the country, on a summer's day, a virgin female Oak-egger moth in a box, dozens of male moths would arrive and hover around the prison of

the maiden. It has been computed that by the employment of some communicatory sense, the males have often fled from a distance of several miles, thus discovering a probable spouse in a way unfathomable by us.

I have been referring to the intellectual aspect of small life; but in this article I propose to attend chiefly to the description of phases in the formation and bodily growth of the usually despised dwarfs. It is really remarkable that the metamorphoses undergone by creatures of a small size have no analogies in the life-histories of larger animals. These astounding transformations are usual in connection with true insects, and also with some other forms of life.

In reviewing a few of the commoner facts of the kind mentioned—common, yet little-known—I will begin with the one which I think is most established in popular knowledge—to wit the Frog.

Masses of glassy-looking transparent jelly, in which are embedded hundreds of black dots resembling pills, may often be seen floating on the surface of a wayside pond, or a stagnant pool. This is the "spawn"—really the eggs—of the common Frog. That produced by the Toad differs from it by being composed of tremendously long, bundled-up, ropes of transparent jelly containing the germs.

Under favourable conditions each of the black "pills" resolves itself into a minute living ball, provided with a curious tail, the whole article resembling a muddy comet. The bit of life gradually extricates itself from the jelly, and darts about the water with astonishing



MATURE FROG: TADPOLES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT

agility. When it has grown sufficiently to be well-observed with the unassisted vision, it will be seen to possess two goggle eyes, a tiny mouth, and scarcely revealed gills. A representation of the weird creature is given in the left-hand portion of the illustration portraying frog transformation.

In course of time two skinny legs slowly protrude through the back portion of the body, and one can see, in a good light, faint indications of the front legs beneath a piece of transparent skin; but they do not burst forth until the formation and protrusion of the hinder limbs are practically completed.

When the period is reached at which the curious thing owns four fully developed legs, a strange alteration in its general appearance has been taking place. It is popularly supposed that a tadpole's tail falls bodily off at an appointed time. This is quite a fallacy. The truth is that it slowly decays, or becomes absorbed into the body. Its various appearances until final annihilation can be seen in the illustration. The poor tadpole presents a dilapidated spectacle during this transformation, but eventually it becomes completely evolved into a nimble frog, which could squat on a sixpence without encroaching

beyond the silver frontiers. From this moment it continues to grow, and look sedate meanwhile, in the familiar form.

I was under the impression that everybody was acquainted with the transformation scenes which ensue in the life of a butterfly or moth. Recently, however, I encountered a gentleman who was born and spent his youth in the country, who stolidly refused to believe that a caterpillar became transformed into a butterfly; so, on the chance of these notes announcing fresh knowledge concerning our pretty "flutterbys" to some readers, I include among the illustrations one depicting the transformation under attention. The example chosen is one of the ordinary green caterpillars found in large numbers on cabbages. It issues

as an exceedingly tiny grub from an exquisitely shaped egg. Its whole life is spent in eating—eating—eating. It has tremendously strong jaws, the action of which may be appropriately compared with that of the pointed half of a pair of scissors held flat. In the course of its life it grows, incredible as the fact may seem, to a size dozens of times in excess of its original bulk. Should it meet none of the innumerable fatal dangers to which it is exposed, albeit nature has protected it by the gift of a green colour—a colour coinciding with the food on which it travels—it will eventually prepare for its forthcoming transition. Some caterpillars envelop themselves in a silken cocoon; others suspend themselves from branches of trees; many conceal themselves in holes in the earth; but all change into either a butterfly, moth, or beetle. The difference does not take place suddenly. Nature has an enormous amount of "artistic" labour to expend before the finished beautiful production can soar over the scented meadows in the cheering sunshine.

After the caterpillar has lain motionless for a few hours, it so alters in appearance that it becomes a conspicuously different thing. The body

shrinks and hardens, and the colour darkens. Presently it resembles the object shown in the bottom right hand corner of the illustration containing the butterfly.

Several weeks elapse, during which the object (or chrysalis) is practically a mummy. It has now no power of locomotion. In fact, it cannot move at all except to occasionally jerk its tail end spasmodically if it be touched. The pattern borne upon its outside reveals in some measure the shape of the forthcoming wings, which, in addition to the other finery, are evolved from the stored-up matter in the original caterpillar's interior.

A day arrives when from that peculiar and motionless thing there emerges a butterfly, whose wings are rolled up in an exceedingly remarkable manner, and require to be carefully manipulated by the insect before they can be applied to their destined purpose. These wings are covered on both sides with thousands of minute feathers, of various colours, which collectively compose the pretty variegated patterns often borne by these delightful creatures. These feathers adhere to one's finger-tips as mere dust after a butterfly has been handled.

An empty shell, really the altered skin of the original caterpillar, remains, unheeded by the departing creature.

It may be mentioned that whereas the caterpillar *eats* food by *biting*, the butterfly *sucks* nectar by means

of an exceedingly long and slender *trunk*.

Whether the butterfly has any memory of its former existence in the caterpillar state is a matter which will never, of course, be interpreted to us. If it can recall that it was once a mere worm, so to speak, the experience must be a strange one. On the other hand, if there be no memory, then we have before us the astounding fact, however familiar it may be, that one living thing

has two distinct lives—is in reality, *two* living things.

This metamorphosis has been used to illustrate the state of a human being; and, indeed, the comparison is remarkable. It has been suggested that the caterpillar represents man; the chrysalis is equivalent to the corpse remaining after one life has left it; whilst the butterfly may be regarded as pointing to the angelic life hereafter.

I will pass on now to a phase of life transformation which I do not suppose is known to more than one person in a thousand. The quaint crab is the subject this

time. How many people, I wonder, know that when a crab is born it is furnished with a very long tail? Yet such is the fact.

It is, at birth, about as large—or small, I should more appropriately say—as a grain of sand, and needs magnifying before its true form and peculiarities can be ascertained. In the illustration two very young ones are shown in the left-hand upper corner. As will be



COMMON YELLOW BUTTERFLY, WITH CATERPILLAR, AND CATERPILLAR MUMMY THAT BECOMES A PERFECT INSECT

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seen, they are provided with two disproportionately large *side* eyes, whereas the mature crab's eyes are fixed on the front edge of its shell. But the *tail* is the attractive curiosity. The queer little bit of life continues to alter its shape, and when it reaches an eighth-of-an-inch in size (or thereabouts) its form coincides with either of the two objects in the right-hand upper portion of the picture. During this eccentric period the young crab has the power of swimming through the sea. Prior to the early years of this century it was considered by naturalists to be an entirely different and distinct creature. They never dreamt that it was the young larva of the boisterous and angry crab, whose name is applied, as "crabbed," to describe an intolerant and hasty condition in a man.

A crab in a mature form is shown as partly occupying a cockle-shell. In order that a proper idea of the form of the strange little objects could be conveyed to the reader, it was necessary to draw them not too small. As it is, they are somewhat larger in the illustration than they would appear were they exactly over the mature crab, which, of course, eventually grows to a larger size.

Under the circumstances, it must be supposed that the newly-hatched crab

larva is considerably in the foreground, *i.e.*, nearer to the reader's eyes than the mature crab. The creature in its second tailed condition is intended to be at a distance behind those newly-hatched, and yet still in front of the perfect animal. They have a habit of turning somersaults, as though darting after the tips of their tails, somewhat similarly to the practice, often indulged in, of a dog or cat chasing its caudal adornment and never catching up with it.

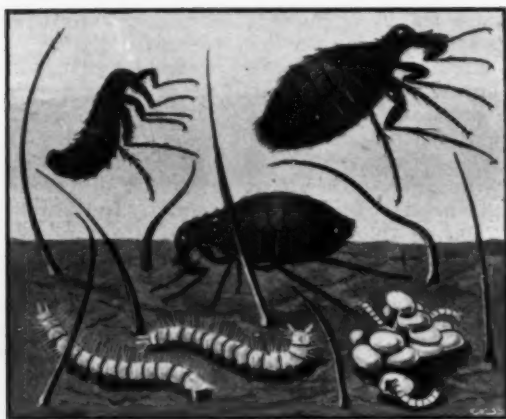
Even the much-reviled house flea furnishes a queer transformation scene, of which few people, except entomologists, are aware.

The mother flea lays six or eight eggs in a batch at frequent intervals. These eggs are very large in proportion to the lively insects, as may be gathered from the illustration, where they have been drawn accurately from life. It is a strange sight to see these eggs *within* a living flea's body, when it is secured to the proper apparatus and greatly magnified. The vibrations of the blood-red internal mechanism of the creature are also apparent at such times through its transparent brown shell.

In passing, it may be mentioned that the male flea is a very small being as compared with its wife. The small



SMALL SHORE CRAB, AND THE SAME KIND OF CREATURE WHEN VERY YOUNG, SWIMMING, FURNISHED WITH LONG TAILS



MALE AND FEMALE FLEAS: BATCH OF EGGS AND GRUBS WHICH
EVENTUALLY TURN INTO THE PERFECT INSECT

jumper in the illustration depicts a male, whilst the larger ones represent females. There is a difference in shape between them, as well as a disparity in size.

From a flea's egg emerges a white grub which, to the naked eye, is but an almost invisible speck. Its body is divided into segments, like that of a caterpillar—in point of fact, its shape is analogous, except for the absence of legs.

There is evidence in the construction of a flea that nature was intending that it should be a fly. It has the rudiments of a pair of wings, as any microscopist will tell you. The flea-grubs do not live on blood. If they did, we might exterminate them quickly, and rid ourselves of a state of things which often threatens to become an intolerable plague. Cleanly people hunt the *flea*, and wonder why successive generations continue to appear. If these people would only search beneath the seams of clothing and in the nicks of any used fabric, they would discover the minute white specks of eggs and the twirling white grubs, only just visible. Destroy these, and the detested, and generally little-spoken-of pests (they are *not* the result of uncleanness) would soon vanish.

The grub, after many days, shrivels

up and turns brown in colour. It is credited with concealing itself in a silken cocoon, but my own observations made with the microscope, show that it is an equally common occurrence for them to pass through their transformation in a nude state, merely hanging on to spaces between the threads of the fabric on which they have lived. Eventually the brown object develops into the perfect insect, whose precise shapes are given in the illustration.

In the drawing the sportive fleas and their offspring are shown playing in the pastures of a human hand. The "trees" are hairs, magnified, insufficiently however, to show their cellular structure.

We Britishers are not so boastful of our fauna as we might be. We praise foreign beetles for their beauty of form and brilliancy of colour, yet we have some magnificent beetles in our own foliage and waters. The largest kind in this country is the one I have chosen for illustration. It is of a tremendous size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches from tip to tip of its outspread wings. These are the dimensions of my living specimens. This handsome brown—nearly black—beetle is comparatively common in the country.

The female deposits her large number of eggs in a papery-looking retort-shaped nest, and from each of these hatches

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out a curious grub, whose shape when fully grown is shown in the illustration. This creeping creature undergoes a change similar to that of the butterfly caterpillar hitherto mentioned before it becomes finally transformed into the large beetle.

As it is a rare sight to see a beetle flying (which they frequently do) I give an accurate portrayal of one in flight. The horny wing-covers are held erect, points outwards, so that the shapely gauzy wings may have perfect and uninterrupted freedom of motion. These wings are usually folded and tucked away beneath the covers, where they are protected from being damaged by the water during swimming, on account

of the peculiar formation of the hard shell.

It is interesting to note that air is as important an element to these beetles and their grubs as it is to us. In order to obtain a proper supply of it, they protrude their hind-end quarters just above the surface of the water, and imbibe air through specially constructed apparatus, which conveys the necessary stimulant to all parts of their bodies.

All true insects undergo similar transformations to those enumerated. Such creatures as black-beetles, spiders, crickets, and a few other kinds are not recognised as insects by scientists. Their life-histories are quite different from those mentioned.



GIANT ENGLISH WATER BEETLES SWIMMING AND IN FLIGHT.
ALSO CATERPILLAR WHICH BECOMES TRANSFORMED
INTO A BEETLE

The Australians' Visit to England

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



VERY little while, and we shall eagerly be following the performances of the Australian cricketers in this country. Their tenth team to visit England set sail in the R.M.S. Ormuz from Sydney on March 15th, and from Adelaide on March 23rd. In the meanwhile, pending their arrival, and the commencement of the season, some interest may be aroused by regarding the constitution of the team they are bringing over. A mere glance at the names of its members should be sufficient to convince lovers of the game that there is a good time coming, and it is very doubtful whether the Colonials have ever been represented by a stronger or more beautifully balanced team. However, it is quite possible that a mistake has been made in leaving out McKibbin, whose destructive "slows" are likely to be missed.

I believe it to be generally admitted, that the Australians mainly owed their striking successes over Stoddart's team to the possession of a more versatile attack. Their men bowled with their heads, whilst our professionals often sacrificed skill and science to a good length. And were further testimony wanting to drive home these conclusions, it need only be added that, although the scoring of the Australian batsmen against Stoddart's team ran extraordinarily high, in the inter-colonial matches of that season, the run-getting fell comparatively low. Unusual interest will therefore be centred, this coming campaign, in the deliveries of Jones, Trumble, Noble, McLeod, and Howell, who, according to all reports may be depended upon to render a good account of themselves.

As to the batting capabilities of the side, it seems to me that, when the visitors put their full strength into the field, they will only lack a fearless hitter of the type of Massie or the late Percy McDonnell, an omission which might prove serious, were a wet season or a portion. In the colonies, where the big matches are fought out to a definite issue, there are no bugbears in the shape of draws, consequently batsmen take fewer liberties. Habit is no doubt a hard taskmaster, but no one need remain its slave for ever and a day, and the forthcoming tour is likely to furnish abundant evidence that Darling, Hill and Iredale can adapt their play to the requirements of three-day matches. That five test matches have been arranged this tour is a matter for congratulation in both countries.

And now just a few comments on the relative merits of the members of the team, our review being conducted alphabetically. It will then only remain to be seen whether they fulfil expectations.

Darling and Hill, the finest batsmen in Australia, are also probably the two greatest left-hand batsmen the world has ever produced. There the similarity between the pair ends, if we except the fact that both men hail from South Australia, and have long enough ago shown a singular penchant for English bowling. Unlike Hill, Joe Darling's specialities are more particularly the dashing off-drive, and the coy cut, and the South Australian can make the bat fairly hum, when you catch him in the mood. Stonewalling or downright hitting come equally naturally to him, whilst he possesses wonderful resources and iron nerves, and is just the man

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step into a breach and save a situation. Confidence and determination are invaluable attributes, and Darling has got them in a remarkable degree. In his first innings against English bowling, he contributed 117, and since then he has strung up many a great innings against us.

S. E. Gregory, the midget of the team, hails from a celebrated cricketing family. The little man is unquestionably the best cover-point in the colonies, and it

possesses every stroke under the sun, always excepting sun-stroke. Paradoxical? Looking over Syd's five feet three of humanity, it seems almost incredible that he can throw a cricket-ball a distance of nearly 120 yards.

Clem Hill must be numbered amongst the wonders of the cricketing world. The youngest Australian player who has successfully scaled the heights of celebrity, he is blessed with a rare fund of patience. Yet woe betide the too enterprising



J. DARLING

From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.

his wonderfully smart fielding which the first instance brought him into prominence. Once in good company, and his batting powers developed so quickly that in 1896 he secured the highest batting average ever held by an Australian in England. Gregory gets the majority of his runs by clever placing behind the wickets, but those who have seen him on his best day, vow that he

bowler who tosses him a short-pitched ball on the on-side. That man must be strangely careless of his bowling analysis, for the destiny of such balls is usually painfully short-lived. They find their way to the boundary with promptness and despatch, although allowed more ways than one of getting there, booking their passage via the "hook," the "drive," or the "glance." Before he



C. HILL

From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.

had struck twenty, young Hill had gained a great reputation in England, and was proportionately worshipped in the land of his birth. Of his play against Stoddart's team it would be impossible to say too much. Dead nuts on fast bowling, he was a father to Richardson, never tiring of glancing poor Tom's fastest balls to the ropes. From this it must not be gathered that Hill cannot cut and drive on occasion. True, his characteristic strokes lie on the leg-side, but he can cut for all that, and his straight drives are not the sweetest things in the world to pull up. Amongst other feats, Hill can claim to have been the first batsman in Australia to aggregate 1,000 runs in a season's first-class cricket.

W. Howell, who made his *début* in the same match as McKibbin, was soon destined to astonish the natives. In his book "With Bat and Ball," George Giffen relates the following amusing tale

of his initial appearance in first-class cricket. In 1894, it appears that Howell was on a visit to Sydney with some bucolic cricketers, and so freely did he hit out in one of their matches, that he was chosen to play against Stoddart's eleven, as it was thought he might prove a second Massie or McDonnell. During the Englishmen's innings, when Stoddart and Brown were well set on a perfect wicket, the young countryman blandly remarked to the captain that he thought that he could get them out, and inasmuch as the bowling was in a tight knot he was given a try as a last resort. Virtue was to be rewarded. Howell promptly clean-bowled both batsmen and three others after them, only forty-four runs being knocked off him. He is a right-hand bowler of medium pace, and gets on a lot of break. His hitting powers may also be said to have developed, and on one occasion, playing against Stoddart's team, he scored ninety-five

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runs in less than an hour. However, as he generally goes in late, he has little time to waste at the wickets.

In F. A. Iredale you have the man of many strokes, the brilliant batsman. Although very liable to be caught in the slips during the first few overs, when once settled down, he takes a powerful lot of shifting. The New South Wales crack will always be remembered as a shining light in the Australian team of 1896, and in the great test match at Manchester played a beautiful innings of 108. The long spell of ill-luck which stuck so persistently to him throughout several weeks of the tour would have completely destroyed the nerves of a less spirited player; but Iredale was not to be intimidated, and after being dropped out of the big match at Lord's, he came into the side again, and within a fortnight had notched four centuries. He also showed very consistent cricket against Stoddart's team, which may be

worth bearing in mind, as his performances were somewhat overshadowed by Darling and Hill. In the long field, Iredale is wonderfully active, and has about as safe a pair of hands as one could desire to have on one's side.

A. E. Johns will again sustain the rôle of understudy to Kelly, and as the inimitable Blackham has quite recently declared that "Johns is the best wicket-keeper in the world," the Victorian may be relied upon to open the eyes of some of our more enterprising countrymen. Last December, in the match between New South Wales and Victoria, his wicket-keeping was declared to be unsurpassed by any previous exhibition on the Melbourne ground, and his figures in that match tell their own tale, for he caught four men, and only allowed one bye to escape his vigilance. He has doubtless wonderfully improved since his visit to England, when he cannot have done himself justice.



E. JONES

From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.

Jones, the fast bowler of the team, has already made his mark on English soil and on English batsmen, apart from which he is considered the finest field in Australia. He certainly lets precious few balls pass him at his post at mid-off, and has in his time brought off some sensational catches. It almost seems a pity that "Jonah," as his friends delight to call him, cannot keep wicket to his own bowling. In England, Jones's action might not always have been beyond reproach, but in Australia in the first match between England and South Australia, it often appeared to constitute a deliberate throw. Thanks, however, to the drastic remedies of the sturdy Phillips, the South Australian found it expedient to resort to his old form of delivery, and so all danger of a serious calamity befalling the visitors is happily averted. When caught in a happy mood, Jones is probably the hardest hitter on the side. There is none of your beating about the bush.

The arduous duties of wicket-keeping will of course be shared by Kelly and Johns. J. J. Kelly is a Victorian by birth; but the great Blackham was there before him, and so, a few years ago, Kelly found it expedient to enlist in the ranks of New South Wales, where his services were soon in requisition. The cricket world has never produced a second Jack Blackham. However, Kelly is an improving player, who has achieved some particularly smart performances during his career, and allows very few balls to pass him. It is recognised that no Australian team would be complete without him. His plucky batting has more than once come to the rescue of his side, and he actually averaged 36.75 in the test matches against Stoddart's team.

The inclusion of Frank Laver in the team came as somewhat of a surprise to most of us. His selection was doubtless due to his grand and consistent batting in two of the matches between the rest of Australia and the Representative Eleven, when he aggregated 243 runs, besides showing himself a useful change bowler. Laver has the reputation of being a grand field, and Giffen regards him as a difficult batsman to bowl to on account of his extraordinary

reach. Murdoch has also expressed a very high opinion of Laver's batting, so that you may depend upon it, the Selection Committee has made no mistake in their estimate of the Victorian. Every little helps, and the inclusion of another new man in the team affords an additional attraction.

There is a familiar ring in the name of Charles McLeod, his elder brother, "R. W.," having made one of the Australian team of 1893. I am sure we all wish the younger brother better luck than attended Bob McLeod, whose play here was of a very disappointing character. The new-comer has the reputation of being one of the best all-round players in Australia. He is a left-handed bat, and in the test matches against Stoddart's team, came out second in both the batting and bowling averages. I am inclined to think that, during the forthcoming tour, he will make his mark rather as a bowler than as a batsman. As the former, he was first given a trial by Victoria, and unquestionably he bowls with resource, even if he does not always pitch 'em up quite far enough. McLeod varies his pace, and tries all sorts of artifices to bring in a verdict of *felo de se* against the "striker," often succeeding in his attempts. Bowling the other day at Melbourne, McLeod took six New South Wales wickets in their first innings at a cost of seven runs apiece, so that he may be said to be in tip-top form. Two methods characterise his batting. He can get runs quickly or slowly, the latter for choice.

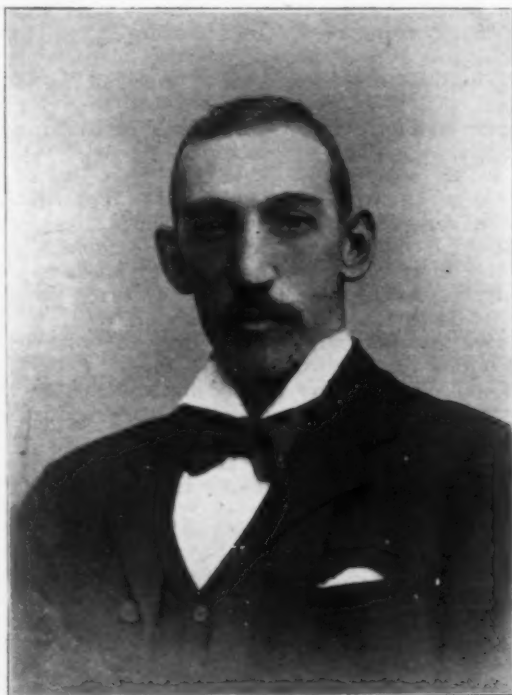
By general consent, M. A. Noble was voted the most formidable bowler opposed to the Englishmen in their last tour through the colonies, and his appearance on an English cricket ground will be eagerly awaited. Standing six feet high, he is a splendid specimen of an Australian. Ranjitsinjhi has written of Noble: "There is something very peculiar about the flight of the ball in the air when he is bowling. He seems to make the ball occasionally curl from the off to the on, and now and then from the on to the off." Already batsmen know to their cost that Noble's deliveries are deceptive, and that he has the knack of making the ball curve in the air *à la* base-ball pitcher; but it must not be

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forgotten that Noble first won fame as a batsman, and a batsman of the front rank. In 1894, he scored 152 not out for Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's team, and in the season of 1896-97, he headed the first-class Australian tables with the splendid average of sixty-eight. Subsequently, Noble has never looked backwards, and a keener cricketer does not exist, or, having been refused leave of absence to accompany the New South Wales team to South Australia and

often enough to possess a sound knowledge of the niceties of play adopted by the majority of our cracks, and his bowling abilities have doubtless quickened his faculties of observation in this direction. He may not be one of Australia's greatest batsmen, but his pluck and bulldog determination render his services invaluable when his side is hard pressed, and a more reliable bowler will not be found in the team. His great height enables him to fetch the



H. TRUMBLE

From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester.

Victoria, he would never have resigned his berth in the English, Scottish, and Australian Bank, in order that he might take part in the tour. A fine forward player, a rapid scorer, he is a most attractive batsman to watch, most of his runs coming from the off.

Trumble's great experience should stand himself and his companions in good stead. Hugh has visited England

ball sharp from the pitch, and his length is to be relied upon as the swing of a pendulum, which may account for his finding English wickets more to his liking than those of Australia. In the slips Trumble can comfortably do the work of two ordinary mortals.

Victor Trumper accompanies the team as reserve man, and I should not be one whit surprised to find this elegant

batsman ultimately figuring in the ranks of the "regulars." I know that his batting very favourably impressed the members of Stoddart's team, Ranjitsinjhi in particular waxing very enthusiastic over the youngster's play, and asserting that he would some day be the greatest batsman in Australia. This is a tall order, but Trumper has youth on his side, as he is only just out of his teens. He gets his runs in graceful fashion, and has twice topped the second century in first-class matches. Over here the New South Wales bat will be given plenty of opportunities of distinguishing himself, and I shall be very disappointed if he does not take full advantage of them.

A man who has come on a lot during the last two seasons is J. Worrall, who owes his selection to his wonderfully successful batting on sticky wickets. He used only to be regarded as a useful all-round player, chiefly remarkable for his fine fielding. Despite his holding the Australian record score of 417 not out, for Carlton against Melbourne University, in February, 1896, George Giffen until a year or two ago was of opinion that "Worrall never indulged the onlookers in the hope that he would make a very tall score in a first class match." Giffen would probably qualify his opinion had he

occasion to write of Worrall now, as the Victorian distinguished himself in the one test match in which he took a part, and has played sound, steady cricket in inter-colonial fixtures of this season and last. He can boast a strong defence, and, depend upon it, is altogether a more reliable batsman than in 1888, when he visited England as a member of M'Donnell's team. "Wisden" of that year summed him up as "a batsman of the rural or bucolic type. He must be a descendant of that village wonder who hit bloomin' 'ard, bloomin' 'igh, and bloomin' often. But Worrall is degenerate, he certainly hits hard and high—and seldom." Well, we shall see what we shall see. By the way, in the old days, Worrall earned some renown as a change bowler.

In conclusion, let us wish our friends and rivals a *bon voyage*. It is quite possible that before the close of the tour, we may find their fellow countryman, A. E. Trott, assisting them in some of their more serious trials of strength. Who can tell? If any of the test matches should happen to be decided on a wet wicket, then Trott's inclusion might prove invaluable. On Major Wardhill devolves the management of the team, a responsible position he may be relied upon to fill to everybody's satisfaction.





THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHISTLING OMELETTE

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL. ILLUSTRATED BY
SYDNEY ALDRIDGE

CONCEIVE my position. Night was falling very shrewd, with rain coming up black from the sea. I could hardly see my way a yard before and not at all behind, and the moor was full of break-neck places hid among the heather. I had no impulse in me but just to sit down and swear, only the moor seemed too lonely for my own voice. I was a fool to have left Plymouth on such a day of cloud-rack and coming storm. There seemed nothing a man might do for shelter. I roamed the moor like a lost sheep, and I believe I would have welcomed a prison-breaking convict from Princes Town, so lonely was I. My flask was empty of comfort, there was never a match in any pocket of my coat, and I was sorely hungry. There seemed no chance of succour, and I was beginning to think I should spend a merry night alone upon the moor, when I ran hard up against the stone wall of a house. The house stood up alone in the middle of the moor, with no garden or fence to shield it, and I felt my way round, no great distance, till I came to a door, upon which I beat lustily. The door opened and the light ran out of it, cutting the darkness with a golden knife. I heard a voice asking me to

enter, but at first I could not see from whom it came because my eyes were blinded. When I had gone in and was seated by the fire, I saw my entertainer was a man well set up and of a good carriage, but curious in face. It was difficult to determine whether he was a young man or an old one. His hair was grey, verging on white indeed, and his face was lined, but his eyes were a young man's eyes and his skin was healthy and clear. The room itself was furnished like a monk's cell. The floor was bare of carpet, there were no pictures on the walls, and there were only three articles of furniture, two chairs and a table, all of massive build, clamped to the floor.

I never saw such an empty room. A few books lay about the floor, and a shelf on the wall bore some eating utensils and a loaf of bread. I was beginning to thank my entertainer, when he started violently and began to tremble.

"You will think my request a strange one," he said, "but believe me, I am not mad, and you would confer a favour upon me. Might I ask you to place your walking-stick in the further corner of the room."

I was taken aback by his request and his evident discomposure, but I could not afford to quarrel with the warmth and chance of supper, so I did as he

desired, looking at him in amazement. When I had returned to my chair by the fire and he was at the other seat by the table, he apologised and said, "My request will seem very strange to you, sir, and this bare room and lonely dwelling-place must also have aroused your wonder. I can explain them both, and have nothing to hide, and if you

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHISTLING OMELETTE.

Aylmer Facinorious was a young musician of some promise and of a sunny, happy disposition. Throughout his life he made it his business to be always pleasant with himself, and though his earnings were not far from meagre he



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE LIGHT RAN OUT OF IT"

will help yourself to any food and wine that is upon the shelf, I will tell you my story. First, however, I will replenish the fire."

He took a log from a pile by the hearth—I noticed he handled it very gingerly—and placed it on the flames. Then he told me the following story.

kept a bright face, and when he could not afford to purchase a cigar vowed that there was nothing like a pipe. He lived in Chelsea among the artists, and in the evening at winter time, in some big studio where the firelight flickered on the walls and his friends sat silent, he would often sit at the piano and improvise sound-pictures for them or play to them some

dainty dance of old gold and green by Grieg.

Among the circle of artists with whom he lived there were two girls who shared a flat together, and with one of them, Audrey Anderson, he fell violently in love. Audrey was ready to be won, and promised to marry him, but as she had very little money, and Aylmer had none at all, it was obvious that they must wait.

Wait they did for more than three years, and at the end of that time, though they were more in love than ever, they were both as poor as before. They wanted to be married very much, and the sacred and close communion of husband and wife seemed the only thing in the world; but as neither of them were very brilliant at their work, they could not find a way to the most modest *eldorado*. Hope deferred made their heart—for they had but one between them—very sick indeed, and Audrey began to grow pale and to fret. Aylmer, in desperation, produced the trashiest of songs, which, despite the large numbers that he could easily produce, still failed to bring him any prospect of a sufficient income.

One evening, bright and fair to most of the world, but very gloomy to Aylmer, after a weary and fruitless round of visits to music dealers, he turned into a little restaurant in Soho. Audrey was in the country, and London seemed more than usually grim and unfriendly to the young man. A chance in his wanderings brought him by this place, where he had often been very happy with his sweet-heart over a simple dinner and a bottle of cheap claret.

The small room upstairs was almost empty, for it was early, and Aylmer noticed only two people as he pushed open the swing doors—an old gentleman who was a *habitué* of the place and a stranger who sat at a table by the window. As the night was rather hot and the window was open, Aylmer took a seat at the same table, and after a minute or two found himself in easy talk with his *vis-à-vis*. The stranger, a tall, thin-faced man with a mass of red hair pushed back from a singularly high forehead, introduced himself at once as Mr. Paul Bullo, scientific investigator, late of Kansas City and now of London.

He seemed to take it for granted that their friendship was a settled thing, and plunged at once into an animated conversation on a variety of intimate subjects. He told Aylmer all about his early struggles in the Western States, how he had worked at any job that he could find in order to feed and clothe himself, while all his spare hours and many of his nights were spent in ceaseless scientific experiments. A small invention connected with the working of railroad signals had brought him enough money to send him East, and he had become a workman in Mr. Edison's laboratory. From this point his progress in scientific knowledge had been very rapid, and at the age of thirty-three he found himself one of Edison's right-hand men, and possessed of a reputation that made him known to the first scientific circles of Europe.

It was a few years after this that his uncle, Rupert Hocker, met with a violent death at the hands of his own workmen who were out on strike, and left him the whole of his immense fortune and a partnership in the great pork-packing industry of Hocker, Sweetman and Bock, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Bullo had immediately sold his share in the business, as he inherited from his mother's family a suspicion of Jewish blood which made him disinclined to be prominently connected with the bacon trade. Possessed at last of the means to gratify every desire, he had spent ten years in extended travel round the world, visiting in turn every laboratory and scientist of repute. Then, when near upon his fiftieth year, he had settled in London to spend the rest of his life producing new inventions and elaborating those which he had already conceived. He told Aylmer all about his house in Bloomsbury Square, and the many strange conceits that it contained. He said that with his marvellous system of electrical machines he needed but the assistance of a cook and engineer to supply him with every detail of modern luxury, and told how, by the pressure of a finger, he could gratify his ear with the sweetest music, or dream for a space to the sound of life-like imitations of singing birds. Sometimes he would please his eye with moving pictures caught by the camera from all

the countries of the globe. His house was his own world to him, he said, and he rarely went out among men save on those rare intervals when the noiseless forms that flitted across his picture sheets seemed to shame him into the confession that even the happiest of recluses must now and then rub shoulders with mankind.

He told the story of his life in a brisk and graphic manner, eating and drinking meanwhile with a rapidity and precision that were almost mechanical.

Aylmer listened with extreme interest, rarely interrupting the course of the narrative save for an occasional exclamation of surprise and wonder as Mr. Bullo detailed with extraordinary lucidity his invention and working of some new engine or apparatus. At the end of his recital the American paused, seeming to invite a return of confidences, and Aylmer, who was greatly attracted by the man's personality, poured out the details of his own life struggle, his love, and the apparent hopelessness of the future.

When he had finished, and the little restaurant, which during their talk had been crowded, was now empty again, Mr. Bullo spoke.

"And now," said he, "our dinner has been much spoiled by our talk; will you join me in an omelette which they make for me according to a special recipe of my own. I can promise you that you will like it."

Aylmer acquiesced, and in a few minutes the patron himself appeared with the omelette which he placed before Mr. Bullo in a manner which was at once deferential and awe-stricken.

"Would you oblige me by cutting it," said Mr. Bullo, "It is a conceit of mine to prefer my guest to do that duty on the occasions that I have this particular dish."

Aylmer drew the knife, quickly across the steaming omelette, when suddenly it emitted a loud strident whistle, and rearing itself upon its end began to pirouette daintily round the dish.

"A little invention of my own," said the millionaire in a delighted tone. "You see it is quite simple," and capturing the spinning confection, he withdrew a tiny glittering object. "This is all," he said;

"your knife surprised the mechanism, and you see the result." I have made an especial study of mechanical jests as applied to cooked dishes, and frequently amuse my friends in this fashion. Last Christmas Day, I had a plum-pudding, out of which, when opened, mechanical dickie-birds, painted to represent the feathered songsters of all countries, flew to different perches about the room and warbled for upwards of twenty minutes. It was a pretty prank. And now I must be upon my way. Here is my card. Should you feel inclined to visit me, I have a plan which with the aid of a little courage on your part may place you in a position to be speedily married." He summoned the waiter, and, despite Aylmer's protestations, insisting on paying the bill for the two dinners, left the room very quietly.

Three times was the young musician in imminent peril of being run over as he made his way to Piccadilly Circus to find his omnibus. The indefinite promise of the millionaire following on the wonderful stories that he told, produced an extraordinary exhilaration in Aylmer's mind, and he drifted through the crowded streets realising nothing but the beautiful future he was planning in his own thoughts. At last, after the pole of an omnibus had grazed his shoulder, and he felt the hot, strong breath of the horses upon his cheek, he pulled himself together, and as a relief to his feelings was extravagant to the extent of a long telegram to Audrey. He smiled to see how the amatory wording of it stiffened the good post-mistress's cheek to a frigid displeasure.

He judged it best not to be too impatient in his visit to Mr. Bullo, and it was not till nearly a week had passed that one wet, clammy summer's evening found him on the doorstep of the house in Bloomsbury Square. The door opened suddenly, and Aylmer was confronted with a large hall somewhat bare of furniture. As there was no servant to be seen, he stood upon the threshold for a moment not quite knowing what to do, until he saw an arm of wood shoot out from the wall bearing in its fingers a card with the legend "Up one flight of stairs and the first door to the right." He followed the directions nervously,

bearing in mind the many mechanical pleasantries of whose existence about the house Mr. Bullo had apprised him. He reached the door, and as his foot touched the mat it opened and he walked into a room entirely bare of furniture, save for one arm-chair by the fire, in which Mr. Bullo was sitting. The latter welcomed the young man with a great show of enthusiasm, and pressing a knob in the elaborately carved mantelpiece, caused a panel in the wall to swing back. Out of the opening another arm-chair ran upon wheels, easily and noiselessly, while it was followed by a small table bearing bottles and glasses.

"Here is sherry," said Mr. Bullo, "or if you prefer it, spirits. Supper will be ready in one minute, and you must be contented with a cold feast, for though I thought you would come to-night, I could not be certain of the hour." They fell to talk, and Aylmer was presently astounded to see a band of rats run quickly across the floor and disappear

into holes that opened to receive them. They were pursued by a pair of magnificent cats, and Aylmer could hear the rattle of the mechanism as they nosed about the holes.

Mr. Bullo clapped his hands. "You must excuse me," he said, "for my childishness in thus forcing my wonders upon your notice, but they are so dear to me, and it is such a pleasure to have a new audience for their exhibition."

In a few more minutes there was a faint sound of a bugle coming from the lower part of the house. Mr. Bullo stamped his foot twice, and almost immediately the floor parted in the centre and a magnificently appointed table covered with the choicest of viands rose into sight. "I must apologise once more," said Mr. Bullo, "for this somewhat antique device, which smacks, I admit, of the Christmas pantomime, but I have tried in vain to invent a new one which should work with the like simplicity. At any rate, here is supper."



"THEY WERE PURSUED BY A PAIR OF MAGNIFICENT CATS"

They both did excellent justice to the feast before them. Never in his life had Aylmer tasted such delicately cooked foods or sipped such rare wines, so that when the supper-table gave way to another loaded with fruits, sweets from New York and Paris, and the most expensive kinds of cigars, he was in the best possible humour to accede to any proposition, however hazardous, that his host might put to him. During the meal itself nothing extraordinary had taken place, but at dessert, Mr. Bullo's face took on once more the deprecatory smile that Aylmer had begun to recognise as herald of impending wonders. Leaning forward he appeared to touch some spring concealed among the flowers. Immediately a little fountain tinkled in the centre of the table, music from a hidden orchestra floated about their ears, while upon a great silver dish three bananas rose upon end, and began lustily to buffet themselves upon a pineapple, which, throwing out long tentacles, defended itself sturdily from its foes.

"Well," said Mr. Bullo, "I have played the magician enough. Now, come into my study, which is entirely free from mechanical tricks, and we will talk over the plan that I am about to propose to you."

The study was a small room, very comfortable, and Aylmer, who was beginning to experience a nervousness whenever he saw Mr. Bullo stretch out his hand, was relieved to see the whisky and tobacco produced without any appeal to science. The millionaire lost no time in opening the subject.

"At Lower Edmonton," he said, "hard by the cottage where the late Mr. Charles Lamb wrote many of his instructive essays, there is a house. This house is my property, and on it I have spent five years and many thousands of pounds. It contains, and I am not boasting, the most perfect products now existing of applied mechanics. It is, sir, a *trick-house*!"

Mr. Bullo's voice had quite lost its earlier tone of banter, and he looked very shrewdly at his young guest as he continued.

"The tricks are not of the same pleasant and harmless nature as those with which I have this evening enter-

tained you, but are in some cases serious attacks upon the person, and many of the things that may happen in this house are sufficient to try the nerves and courage of the bravest and most alert man who should venture to pass a night there. In fact, no one has ever done so since the machinery has been in working order, and I am prepared to offer £20,000 to the man who shall stay in that house three whole days and nights and come out alive. None of the traps I have laid are necessarily fatal. It is a fair bet. A brave man against the products of a scientist's brain and twenty thousand pounds if he wins. Do you take me, young sir? and do you think there is any one who will pit himself against my brains for so large a sum of money? Yourself, for instance. You have no money and yet you are very anxious for marriage. Will you go to my house, and try for the £20,000? As you stand, what is your future? It is the worst of all penury, genteel penury. If you marry, your love may make you happy for a time despite the odds, but you are a man of the world, and you must know the inevitable end. A family, possible sickness, a sordid struggle for life, and gradual starvation. Now look at the other picture—the 'bid for freedom' let us call it. Three bad days and nights—possibly not so very bad, as I may be over-confident of my machinery—then the £20,000 for you when you come out; nearly £800 a year, marriage, and lifelong happiness with Audréy. Come, I will give you three days to decide. You need not be afraid of being defrauded. Everything shall be in order; my solicitor will draw up an agreement for us to sign. To-day is the seventh, on the tenth I shall expect an answer. I think you will be my man."

Aylmer was silent for quite ten minutes. The clock ticked feverishly, seeming to hurry rather than to measure time; and Mr. Bullo, crouched in his chair, was watching intently, an extraordinary brilliance in his eyes.

"You say that none of the tricks are designedly fatal; you give me your word on that?" the young man said at last.

"I pledge you my word of honour!" said the millionaire, jumping up with

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outstretched hand. "The scheme sounds wild and mad, I own, but it is my hobby. I have always been madly fascinated by machinery. If you went careless and unprepared anything might happen, but going as you do, awake to every chance, you have no business to be killed. You'll get badly frightened, no doubt, but that's all!"

"I suppose you won't give me any idea of what may happen?" said Aylmer.

"That wouldn't be fair!" answered Mr. Bullo, with a chuckle. "I cannot do that! I will say, however, that there is nothing like pasteboard ghosts or tricks with limelight. Everything is purely mechanical. It is simply a big mechanical joke; rather a dangerous one, perhaps, but then there is a big compensation. But wait a minute, I will introduce you to Mr. Willy, my engineer; he has been my right-hand man in carrying out the scheme."

He pressed a bell, and in a few seconds the door opened and Mr. Willy appeared. He was a small man, broad, and brown of face, with extremely deep lines round his eyes and mouth. His eyes, which twinkled incessantly, were bright blue, and as he spoke the Welsh accent rapped sharp and crisp upon the ear. He was wiping the oil from his fingers with a tattered cloth as he entered the room, and he apologised to Mr. Bullo for his grimy condition.

"Look you, sir, I have made her fly at last," he cried, and producing a mechanical owl from one of his capacious pockets he cast it up in the air. The solemn bird circled twice round the room, and then perching on the mantelshelf said "Mister Willy" three times, and in the most natural manner in the world.

Mr. Bullo ran to it at once and patted it lovingly. "Thank you, Willy, thank you!" he cried, "we shall soon have the whole animal kingdom. I have an idea for a giraffe which—but I forget. There is more serious work toward. Let me introduce you to my young friend, Mr. Aylmer Facinorious, who is very likely going to stay at Lever Lodge and try for my guineas."

Mr. Willy shot a quick, cunning smile at his master, but the latter's face did not move. "Tell him, Willy," he

went on, "that he isn't going to be killed, only frightened and perhaps a trifle bruised,—eh, Willy?"

Mr. Willy fumbled with the piece of cotton waste that he still held in his hand, and looked from one man to the other before he answered. All his movements were very quick and jerky and the especial twinkle of his eye and the endless quivering of his shoulders gave him the appearance, which was quite false, of a nervous man. "Oh no, sir," he answered; "believe me, sir, indeed there will be no danger of life whatever."

"Very well," said Aylmer, "I will let you know, Mr. Bullo, before the week is out. I have not to my knowledge ever made an enemy. I am, therefore, disinclined to believe that you should have any wish to take my life. It is, as you say, Mr. Willy, a great deal of money, and I am a fairly desperate man. The possession of this money would ensure the happiness of my life, and I think that I shall go to your house. Well, I will say good night. Thank you very much, Mr. Bullo, for your most excellent supper and the entertaining evening that you have given me. Mr. Willy, I have no doubt we shall meet again. Good night."

When he was outside in the open air he drew a deep breath and turned once to look up at the gloomy house. All the windows were brilliantly lighted, and he could see, sharply silhouetted against one of the blinds, the black figures of Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy, each holding a wine-glass. At the same moment the sound of loud brazen music, mocking music it seemed, came out over the square. It was a sudden flourish of trumpets, and when it ceased he could hear the panting of a gas-engine in the cellar.

He set himself to walk home, for at this time the omnibuses and trains had ceased running and he had no money for a cab. The wet mist which he had left outside when he entered the house was now gone, and the pavements were bright and clean as his footsteps struck echoes from the flags. He enjoyed his long walk, and as every step took him further from Bloomsbury he felt the more determined to brave the un-

known terrors of the house at Edmonton, and the more certain that he would come victorious from the ordeal. There were but few wayfarers at that hour of the night, and when, at Hyde Park Corner, the dawn came, he stood and watched for a while.

He slept but little and sat alone all the next day waiting for Audrey, who was coming home in the evening. He had made up his mind that he would tell her nothing of his dangerous purpose, but would pretend an engagement to play at a provincial concert to explain his three days' absence. He felt supremely confident in himself, but as the hour of his sweetheart's coming drew nearer he found it hard to repress a feeling of nervousness, a fear of some untimely accident that should take him for ever from Audrey. At six o'clock he went to Paddington, and presently the great engine glided majestically into the station at the head of its train. By a lucky chance the carriage in which Audrey was drew up exactly opposite where he was standing, and in a moment his lady was in his arms.

Neither of them could ever see why they should not embrace in a station. As Audrey herself said, "We love each other, so what *does* anything else matter?"

When they were in the cab Aylmer forgot everything for a time. To have her little slim hand in his—with the tyranny of a lover he had made her take off her glove—to be close to her in a little world of their own, to watch her sweet face all aglow with tenderness and trust, this indeed was the great thing in life.

"Darling," he said, "love of my heart, I can think of nothing but you. Oh, I have wanted you so. How splendid when we shall always be together for ever and ever. It's awfully strange, but I don't want any companionship but yours—just to be with you, that is all."

Then Audrey asked him the question that she always asked him because it was so sweet to hear his protestations. "Darling, will you always love me—when I am old and ugly, even?"

So for half-an-hour they prattled like children, hand in hand. They at least

knew the best life has to give. To them, though they had little else, was given the supreme and inexpressible joy.

The cab spun rapidly through the pleasant streets of the West End, and the drive came to an end all too soon for the lovers. Aylmer gave up Audrey to Miss Chilmaid, the girl with whom she lived, and, promising to be back later in the evening, went home to a solitary dinner. It was not until after they had been together for more than an hour that he dared to tell her of his prospective absence. The thought of lying to this sweet, good girl was horrible to him, and when at last he summed up enough courage to announce his concert engagement at Ipswich, and the probability of his being away for three days, it was with bald words and a blushing face.

Audrey said very little. She was sorry to be parted from him so soon again, but engagements of any sort were rare and had to be welcomed with considerable joy. Soon afterwards they said good night, and Aylmer wrote to Mr. Bullo accepting his challenge in the matter of the house, and suggesting a meeting on the following day for the drawing up of a proper agreement. He said that on the day after he would be ready to go to Edmonton. He received a telegram from Mr. Bullo in the morning, and at three o'clock was closeted with him in the private room of Mr. Hartley, a solicitor, in Chancery Lane.

The formalities were few and quickly despatched, so that by half-past four Aylmer was once more in Mr. Bullo's house. It had been decided that he was to go to Edmonton at once with Mr. Willy, and to dine in Bloomsbury Square before setting out.

Dinner was agreeably free from mechanical pleasantries, and at eight o'clock Mr. Bullo rang for Mr. Willy, and the three went into the study for a final drink and cigar before the commencement of the adventure. At half-past eight Mr. Bullo rose from his chair, and, going to the young man, shook him warmly by the hand.

"The time has come, my young friend," he said, "let me thank you

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again for your acceptance of my wager. You are a man, I can see, and I doubt my machines will frighten you but little. We shall see, and believe me, Mr. Facinorious, it will be with the greatest pleasure that I shall hand you my cheque on Friday. Now I commend you to the guidance of Mr. Willy. He will leave you in Lever Lodge and will set the machine in action. At midnight exactly on Friday. Au revoir, Mr. Facinorious, and good luck."

They were not long about their journey, for Mr. Bullo's carriage whirled them quickly to the station and the train started immediately. When they arrived at Edmonton, Mr. Willy explained that the house was close at hand, and they set out for it on foot. Lever Lodge was a square and compact building of not at all a forbidding aspect, standing in a pleasant garden that was surrounded by a red-brick wall.

Mr. Willy walked with Aylmer up the gravel path that led from the garden gate to the front door, and, turning the lock with a latch-key, showed the young man into a brilliantly lighted hall, and then, bidding him a good evening, banged the door behind him.

THE FIRST DAY.

Aylmer paused for a moment irresolute. The hall was large and almost bare of furniture. The very emptiness of the place seemed sinister, and cold fear suddenly claimed the young man as her own. Through a tall window opposite to him he could see the moon floating peacefully among soft clouds, and the mellow sound of lowing cattle came at intervals over the fields. He was seized with a frantic desire to get out into the world, and, turning back, he shook at the door. There were no apparent means for opening it. Locks and bolts it appeared to have none, and he was forced to accept the situation and realise that he was really a prisoner in this house of fantastic horrors. He stood there, his stick poised as in self-defence, while the loud ticks of a tall clock seemed to mock him with their cold regularity. Nothing happened, and he remembered that Mr. Willy had told him he would

find food and wine in a lower room, and that, should sleep oppress him, there was a sleeping chamber prepared upon the upper floor. He walked a little down the hall, placing his feet very gingerly.

A rack fitted with clips for sticks and umbrellas stood against the wall, and he placed his stick in one of them. To his unutterable surprise, as he did so, the stick was caught up by the clip and struck him two violent blows upon the face.

He stumbled back smarting with pain and fell against the opposite wall. His walking-stick, a light malacca cane, fell back into the rack with a rattle and the vestibule was as silent as before. The unexpectedness of the thing frightened him for a moment, but he soon remembered that it was not very dreadful after all. He resolved to try and unravel the mystery, and very carefully he went up to the rack and quickly grasped the cane. To his surprise it came out quite easily, and when he felt the clip he found it apparently a fixture with no trace of anything unusual about it. Puzzled and smarting, yet admiring the cleverness of the apparatus, he walked down the hall in search of food.

He came to some stairs which led downwards, and tightly grasping the banisters, for he had thoughts of a possible trap-door beneath his feet, he went down to the bottom. The stairway and the passage at the foot of it were all brilliantly lighted by electricity. There were several doors in the passage, and while he was hesitating which he should open, his eyes fell upon one of them to which a card was nailed bearing the words "SUPPER. FIRST DAY."

He opened it without mishap, and a comfortable room discovered itself with a cold supper neatly set forth upon a table in the centre. Everything looked particularly inviting. Aylmer began to remember the genial eccentricities of the millionaire, and to think that possibly there was not much in the wager after all, and that this might be but a fantastic method of doing him a service.

He sat down with much satisfaction before a bottle of sherry and a cold duck, making a very hearty supper. Only

one mechanical pleasantry disturbed his feast, and this partook of the nature of a comedy, and did not fail to afford him some amusement. About half-way through the meal the mustard-pot—a handsome utensil of silver—opened its lid and remarked something that bore a suspicious resemblance to Mr. Bullo's "twenty thousand pounds," and then, with a sudden cackle of laughter, shut with a click.

Thoughts of the phonograph immediately came into Aylmer's mind, and his suspicions became a certainty when he found that the pot was fixed to the table. After supper he found some excellent cigarettes on the mantelshelf, and seating himself in a roomy chair was soon enjoying the luxury of the post-prandial tobacco. His mind was mellowed by his meal, and he allowed his eyes to wander lazily round the handsome room. He was pleased to see a small piano in the corner, with a richly carved case of ebony, and when he had finished his cigarette he went over to it, thinking to pass an hour pleasantly with Chopin.

He began a nocturne of which the first few notes were struck entirely upon the base and treble notes, leaving the central octaves untouched. Then, when he touched a black note in the centre of the instrument the first attempt upon his life was made by the hellish ingenuity of Mr. Bullo. As his finger descended on a key in the very centre of the board a sharp report sounded in his ears, and he felt something like a red-hot iron touch his cheek, while simultaneously a quantity of smoke curled out from a carved boss in the front of the piano. His cheek began to bleed profusely where it had been grazed by a bullet, and with a sick horror in his veins he staggered to the table and poured himself out a glass of wine. Had the aim of the concealed pistol which he had unconsciously fired been directed an inch more to the right his brain would have been penetrated, and he would have been lying a corpse upon the carpet!

He sat down again upon the chair, and began to realise to what he had pledged himself. His former cheerful thoughts were violently dispelled, and

he began to see with [unmistakable] clearness that he was in a house of horror, from which it was unlikely he would ever emerge. Little things in Mr. Bullo's manner came back to him with a new significance, and were made plain in the light of his recent experience. He felt sure that he was doomed, and with that thought came the thought of his love, Audrey. The anguish was unspeakable. He had said a long farewell to those dark eyes and small caressing hands. His fingers went to his watch-chain, where he had fastened a little golden cross which she had given him.

As he sat still with bowed head, grasping the charm, he began to repress and control the agony that was surging over him. His pain began to condense in his soul and turn to strong purpose. At length he rose up proudly, still grasping the little cross. "I will be a man," he said out loud, as if challenging the watchful engines which lay waiting all around him. "If I die, I will die as a man; if I live, Fortune is kind to me. Even if I die I shall see Audrey again somehow, and it's not long to wait."

Then with a firm step and smoking a fresh cigarette, he left the room and went up the stairs into the hall. His manhood had come back, and he felt prepared to endure and contend with anything. He saw by the clock that it was very late, and the excitement of the day had left him weary, so he determined to find a bed and sleep. Accordingly he mounted the stairs warily. When he reached the top of the stairs he looked back into the hall, and even as he did so the electric light faded away as if he were being watched by some unseen intelligence. The landing on which he stood was still lit, and resolutely suppressing fear he walked round it, surveying the closed doors in turn. On the door which was to his right hand as he ascended he found the following label:

BEDROOM. FIRST NIGHT.

He stood upon the mat hesitating whether to go in or not, when there was a rattle in the lintel. Turning sharply towards the sound, he saw a little shelf

had fallen down on which was a note addressed to him by name. He took it up and found it ran as follows:—

MY DEAR FACINORIOUS,—You are no doubt by this time thoroughly frightened, and imagine it is my fixed intention to kill you. Now listen. There is no reason why you should die. I do not deny that there are plenty of possibilities that you may unwarily fall into one of the many traps set for you. That is a part of the wager between us—a wager which is a fair and above-board one. On the other hand, I assert with absolute sincerity that by unceasing watchfulness you may win the wager unharmed. I am not, I repeat, the bloody-minded monster you imagine me to be. Yours, BULLO.

Aylmer read this note with great care. It gave him new courage and he remembered that after all it was his own choice that he was there. The proud resignation that had sustained him gave place to hope, and he began to experience something of the joy of contest, the pleasure of pitting his brains and cunning against the grim and lifeless adversaries awaiting him on every side.

He opened the bedroom door with great caution, and finding the room within was dark, struck a lucifer match upon his heel. Then he saw a gas-bracket by the fireplace, and, advancing slowly towards it, he turned the tap and held the match up to the burner. There was a sudden hissing noise, louder than the ordinary sound of rushing gas, a slight pop as the gas ignited, and a long rod of light flashed out at him, hitting him on the shoulder.

In a moment his coat and shirt were a mass of flames. The flame went right through the fabric of his clothes, and scorched the skin beneath, before he could rush back out of its path. Directly he had done so, and was crushing out the life of the fire with one of the bed coverings, the jet of gas flashed back into the bracket, and the room was dark for several seconds. Then the electric light began to glow from a globe in the ceiling. The pain from the burn was intense, and he sank down on the bed, too conscious of the physical sensation to be very clear as to what had happened. When the first agony was over, and he could suffer with more equanimity, he felt that, despite his resolutions of caution, he had been very foolish.

Had he examined the gas-bracket in

the first instance, he could not have failed to notice the nozzle which directed the jet of gas, and the unusual appearance of the burner would have warned him from tampering with it. Perils menaced him at every step, and it was only by an almost superhuman prudence that he could save himself.

When he thought of Audrey, his courage became strong again, and the sense of absolute power and resolve that sometimes comes to a man in great peril calmed his nerves. He fell asleep, still thinking of her, and though his wounded cheek and scorched shoulder were very painful, he was little awake during the night.

THE SECOND DAY.

The morning was flooding the room with sunlight when he awoke. He could not believe himself to be in peril. The decent, comely room, with its bath full of water standing by the bed, the sun pouring in at the window, the song of the birds in the garden outside, all combined to make the events of the night before seem some evil dream, which had fled before the sun. His injuries were better, and in every way he felt a man again. At the same time, he could not but think that the ingenuity of Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy would have foreseen this, and that it behoved him to be very much upon his guard.

He got out of bed, and carefully examined the bath. It was one of those shallow saucer baths, and it seemed as if nothing could possibly be wrong with it. Standing by the side was a cork mat. His first idea was that possibly the liquid in the bath was not water at all, but some acid which might burn him. He put the tip of his finger into it, but found it to be unmistakable water, both to taste and touch. Then it occurred to him to move the bath close to the window, as there seemed some companionship in the birds and green trees outside.

When he caught hold of the rim of the bath to pull it along he found his prudence rewarded. Something was not quite right, for the bath was fixed to the floor and would not move. When he made this discovery he stepped back, one foot resting upon the cork mat. He fancied for a moment that the mat gave

as he trod upon it, and simultaneously he heard most unmistakably a sharp metallic click. He knelt down by the mat, and after an attentive examination found that it had sunk a quarter of an inch into the floor.

He had a strong knife in his pocket, and inserting it in the crack at the edge of the mat was able with its aid to prise it up. It lifted like the lid of a box and disclosed a trough in the flooring full of wheels and shining metal bars. Aylmer could not repress a smile of satisfaction. To find some of the hidden machinery, to see the veritable agents of the trickery, seemed to rob the place of half its terror. These sudden and mysterious occurrences had all the horror of their mystery, and even to have surprised the secret of one of them was a signal victory.

He looked carefully into the aperture, wondering what new attempt upon his life its contents would betray.

It appeared that the pressure of his foot upon the mat had set in motion a lever which had withdrawn a bolt at the end of the trough nearest to the bath. The explanation flashed upon him at once; the bottom of the bath was now held in its place by the frailest of supports sufficient to sustain the weight of the water, and had in fact become simply a trap-door. He resolved to test this, and leaning over the edge of the bath struck the bottom a heavy blow with his fist. There was another click, a rush of water, and the sheet of tin gave way and disappeared with a loud, echoing rattle, laying bare a smooth shaft which seemed to go right down to the cellars of the house. As he leant over he could feel cool air upon his face. The discovery was unnerving, but there was a great exultation in it. Carefully skirting the pit he went to the window and looked out. The window was barred outside, but he could see a large and shady garden full of fine trees and pleasant lawns, as peaceful a place as a man might care to walk in. He resolved to open the window and inhale the morning air with its scents from all the lavender and wall-flowers below.

He had just unfastened the catch and was about to push up the frame when he stopped suddenly. To open a window

was so ordinary and simple a thing that he had forgotten his caution. After some consideration he raised it very slowly, carefully avoiding the open space between the sill and the rising window. It was well that he did so, for when he had raised it some two feet it broke away from his hands and fell back into its place with a heavy clang. Had his hand or fingers been beneath they would have been very badly crushed if not entirely amputated. He had half expected this to happen and it did not startle him very much, so with a superior smile—for he was growing very confident—he took up a light bedroom chair and smashed the glass, letting the delightful air stream into the room.

When he had enjoyed it for a time he went cautiously downstairs into the hall. The clock was striking eight as he came down the stairs, and as the last note died away a card made its appearance on the top, bearing the following legend:—"BREAKFAST. SECOND DAY. Will be served in number five on the lower floor. Water may be boiled and tea made without any danger!"

This announcement seemed to promise a truce, and he went carefully down to the passage where on the first night he had supped. He passed the room with the piano, the door standing open as he had left it, and a faint smell of gunpowder still hanging in the air. Number five was comfortably appointed, and the materials for breakfast were upon a table by the window. When he had finished an excellent meal, which was considerably enlivened by the graceful dancing of a penny roll to strains of music which proceeded from an ostensible box of sardines, it was close upon nine. As the hour struck there was a whirring, humming noise, and from an aperture which opened in the wall protruded the mouth of a large metal trumpet. Aylmer rightly concluded that the instrument was connected with a phonograph. It gave him the following message in jerky, metallic accents:—"Mr. Bullo presents his compliments to Mr. Facinorious, and begs to inform him that he is free to walk in the garden for an hour unmolested. Before ten strikes Mr. Facinorious must be back

in the house, or the door will close and the wager be lost!"

A second after the instrument had made an end of speaking, and while the trumpet was slowly going back into the wall, the window, together with the space of wall beneath it, swung open in the manner of a door, and the garden, full of scents and brilliant as a pane of stained glass, lay open for him to walk in. It was inexpressible joy to walk in the garden. As his feet trod the sweet grass of the lawns, and he heard the summer wind dealing delicately with the leaves of the elms, he wept tears of pure relief. Every sunbeam was a smiling ray of hope, he felt sure that before long he would hold Audrey in his arms. There was something of her in every pleasant aspect of the garden. The house itself, seen through the trees, wore such a comfortable presence, and seemed to have such good pride of itself that he would not believe it could be sinister. His body alone remembered. The chatter of the birds seemed to laugh at fear and to dispel it. He consulted his watch frequently in order that he might not be late, and when it showed five minutes to the hour he entered through the opening in the wall. As the gong of the clock beat out ten the window swung into its place, and he was a prisoner again.

The problem before him was how should he spend his time. It would be madness to explore the house, and yet did he remain still in one room it was almost certain that Mr. Bullo would have provided for the contingency. It was idle to suppose that he would be allowed to avoid danger in that way. He resolved after much consideration to go back to the bedroom. He imagined that he had, in all probability, unmasked its worst horrors, and that he would be safer there than anywhere else. When he came into the hall he saw his stick still in the rack, and conceiving that it might be useful he took it out. The clip turned under his hand, endeavouring to repeat the blow which had assailed him on the first evening. This time, however, he was well prepared and easily prevented a *contretemps*. He went slowly and quietly up the stairs, and when he was a yard or two from

the door he stopped, suddenly arrested by the sound of some one moving about the room. The door was half open, and tightly grasping his stick he peeped in. An extraordinary sight met his eyes. From the pit in the centre of the bath projected the top of a steel ladder, and busied at the mantelpiece, with his back to Aylmer, was little Mr. Willy. Aylmer realised that he had found the engineer in the very act of preparing a new trap, and that it was of great importance that he should not himself be seen. Mr. Willy had a bag of tools, and taking a spanner from it he began to unscrew a bolt at the corner of the great mirror which was over the mantel. When he had taken out two screws the glass swung open on hinges, revealing a cupboard in the wall. In the centre of this space, which was entirely filled with machinery, was a large circle of polished steel from which projected four tubes like gun barrels, which he noticed pointed directly at the pillow of the bed. When he had carefully oiled and cleaned the bars and wheels Mr. Willy went again to the tool basket and took from it a brown-paper parcel. Untying the string, he disclosed four rods of dull steel, each about a foot long and with arrow-heads of the same metal. Taking a dart the engineer rammed it into one of the tubes which projected from the disc, obviously compressing a spring as he did so. When only the head of the dart was visible there was the sound of a catch falling into its rest, a half revolution of the wheels below, and the missile remained in its place.

When he had loaded each of the four tubes in this way the engineer took out a large key. In the corner of the aperture there was a clock face, and moving a finger on an index dial to the hour of two, he wound up the machinery. Then, with a little chuckle of satisfaction, he swung the mirror back into its place, and gathering up his tools slowly disappeared into the shaft. Aylmer advanced into the room as Mr. Willy's head went down out of sight, and though he did not dare to peer into the pit, he could hear the engineer moving in it like a rabbit in its hole. He realised the ingenuity of the hellish



"BUSIED AT THE MANTELPIECE, WITH HIS BACK TO AYLMER,
WAS LITTLE MR. WILLY"

device at once. At two o'clock in the morning, when in the ordinary course of events he would have been peacefully sleeping, the mirror would swing noiselessly aside and the heavy javelins would be discharged at his defenceless form. His luck was stupendous, for had he not actually seen the preparations no power on earth could have prevented his death.

It was a new idea to think that Mr. Willy, and possibly also Mr. Bullo, were present superintending the progress of their experiment in person, and it was not a pleasant one. For aught he knew

his every action was being scrutinised, his every precaution noted and provided for. Still, there was but a day and a-half more to be endured, and he was warned against what he expected would prove to be the greatest peril of the night. The afternoon passed entirely without incident. He did not go into any of the other rooms until eight, when a card on the clock in the hall informed him that dinner was served in a room upon the first floor.

He found the apartment without difficulty, a handsome panelled place with a ceiling of oaken beams. It was

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the finest room he had yet seen in Lever Lodge, a kind of studio one might have supposed, or perhaps designed for the game of billiards. A small round table was spread with cold viands, and he sat down to it with appetite. He wondered if Mr. Bullo had arranged any pleasantry with the table furniture. So far all his meals had been the scene of some small and harmless mechanical joke. Accordingly when a large willow pattern dish ran away with a handsome silver table-spoon, he laughed merrily and appreciated to the full this practical illustration of the nursery rhyme. It was, he thought, a kindly humour of Mr. Bullo's, and he laughed again to find himself playing the part of the Little Dog in the childish drama. His amusement was short-lived. The chair which he was occupying was one of those "study chairs" in which the seat is supported by a screw which allows it to revolve at the pleasure of the occupant. He had tried it carefully before sitting in it, and had examined it all over for something suspicious, finding nothing in it that was untoward.

As he was reaching over the table for a cigarette he found himself wrenched suddenly round, and spinning with inconceivable rapidity, the chair rushed up towards the ceiling. The unexpectedness of the whole thing paralysed his forces, and his head was within a foot of a big beam and in a second more would have collided violently with it, when he leapt from the chair and fell. He was thrown with tremendous force full on to the table, completely smashing the woodwork, and he sank, stunned and giddy, among the *débris* of the dinner, and bleeding from half-a-dozen cuts.

He made desperate efforts to keep a clear brain, but it was impossible, and in a few seconds, he entirely lost consciousness. It was hours afterwards when his senses came back to him, and, full of pain, he crawled away from the wreck around. His watch showed him that it was three o'clock in the morning, so that he must have been lying motionless where he had fallen for some six hours. Every bone in his body made protest as he moved. The wounds upon his hands throbbed painfully, and the burn upon his shoulder

began to trouble him again. At all costs he felt that he must sleep, and, desperate of consequences, he sought his bedroom. When he entered, he saw that the mirror was hanging out from the wall and that the tubes upon the disc were empty. He turned at once to the bed and found, as he had expected, that the darts had been fired. Three of them had penetrated deep into the pillow, and a fourth was buried in the mattress and had only been stopped by the iron of the bedstead beneath.

He was in too parlous a state both of mind and body to care much what happened, and throwing himself upon the end of the bed, he sank into a heavy stupor, in which even the fear of that fearful house could find no part.

THE LAST DAY.

Once more the morning came with all its summer splendour, and once more it found Aylmer more hopeful than he had been the night before. He noticed, nevertheless, that his hands shook very much, and he started at every trivial sound. He also found that he had a curious disinclination, a physical disinclination, to touch anything. His hand, stretched out to grasp the bed-rail or a chair, drew itself back without any order from his brain.

In going through the hall on his way to breakfast, he found a letter in the box upon the front door. It was an ordinary letter from the outside world, and he had never been so pleased with a postmark in his life before. It was addressed to "Aylmer Facinorious," and was in the handwriting of Mr. Bullo. It ran:—

MY DEAR FACINORIOUS,—Only one day remains to you, and at twelve o'clock to-night I hope to hand you a little cheque that we know of. Till then be brave, and believe me I have no more sincere wish than that you will be perfectly successful. I must, however, warn you that—as you will no doubt expect—this last day will be the time of greatest trial, of most imminent danger. Also, if you will allow me to give you a hint, I would advise you not to stay too long in any one place.

BULLO.

After breakfast Aylmer was afforded the opportunity of a walk in the garden, and then, as the door in the wall closed on him, began the last terrible hours of the ordeal.

After the plain warning of the lette

he did not dare to remain in the breakfast room, and yet to move about seemed almost equally foolhardy.

It was then that all his confidence finally left him, and he could call no manhood into his brain. He felt that all his former escapes had been vain, that the last act in the drama was at hand, and that the very walls would fall in upon him and crush him rather than let him escape.

His face began to change quickly as the overmastering horror of his position left his brain and went for the first time into his blood. He crept about the house like a hunted creature, tapping the walls and doors with tremulous crooked fingers and laughing softly to himself. A sick thirst began to sand his throat, and his eyes to lose their human look. The letter had utterly unmanned him. With the suddenness of a blow, the terrible strain of the last two days had now its swift effect. He became a piteous, timid thing but little resembling a man as he stole softly round the house. Deep furrows showed themselves in his grey face, his lips scrabbled meaninglessly.

As the hours went on he moved faster and faster, finding it impossible to remain still for a moment. Ever and again he would howl like an animal and beat upon the walls, careless of results. Nothing whatever happened. No single occurrence broke the monotony of fear. About eleven o'clock, when he knew that his trial would last but another hour, his sanity left him. He felt sure that he had but a few minutes to live, that some swift secret stroke would destroy him before midnight.

He ran from lighted room to lighted room, as if something were pursuing him, whimpering as he ran. Mr. Bullo faded from his mind, and he only knew that he was afraid.

The millionaire had indeed inflicted his last and most fearful horror. There were no more traps in the house, the machinery was all out of gear and the dynamo in the engine-house was stopped and cold. The place was safe for a little child to ramble in, but fear had come to it more surely and completely than before.

When Mr. Bullo and Mr. Willy opened the front door at midnight, they found Aylmer lying motionless upon the floor of the hall.

* * * *

Thus ends the tale told me by the young gentleman in the house upon the moor, but as the acquaintance begun in so casual a manner has since ripened into a firm friendship, it needs that I



"HE RAN FROM LIGHTED ROOM TO LIGHTED ROOM"

say another word or two. Aylmer stayed another fortnight in the lonely house, until his nerves had recovered tone, and Audrey, who was staying at Princes Town—I found her to be the dearest girl—visited him every day. At the end of that time they were married, and both myself and my collaborateur were invited to the wedding, which was a pleasing function. When Aylmer's rich relations found that he had twenty thousand pounds, many of them died and left him large sums, so that he is now very rich indeed. The failure of a famous bank unfortunately deprived Mr. Bullo of his vast wealth. Hearing of this, Aylmer very kindly offered him the position of gatekeeper

at Compton, his country house in Hertfordshire. Bullo gladly accepted, and his mechanical pig George, which can sing a comic song in the broadest Hertfordshire, is extremely popular with all the country side, and a never-failing draw at the village penny readings. Bullo is never tired of relating how when the Prince was shooting in the neighbourhood he asked to see George, the mechanical pig, and expressed himself as pleased with the merry toy.

Of Mr. Willy I can say nothing that is good. He has a small competence, and lives in Bristol, where he spends all his time in the society of a fair florist, who is addicted to the vice of gambling. I do not wish to speak of him.



The Good Old Times at the Antipodes

WRITTEN BY A PAKEHA. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

BY a *Pakeha* I mean a white New Zealander. In old times the Maori called us all *Pakeha*, and divided white men into two classes: one was *rangatira*, or gentleman; and the other was *tutua*, or nobody. "The good old times" in New Zealand were those days when the Maori had, and right gallantly maintained, the right to class us as such, and to act accordingly. They were great days—perhaps for the Maori they may yet come again.

I was speaking of class distinctions—a man who came to New Zealand to trade or to buy provisions, flax or other things, was eminently a *rangatira*; while a runaway sailor, with no clothes worth stealing, and pretty tough eating as a rule, was a *tutua*, or nobody. The highest honour bestowable upon a white man was to make him *Pakeha Maori*, or full-blown member of a native tribe.

In those good old days, seventy or eighty years ago (what history we have crowded into the interval!), whalers and trading schooners from Sydney and other places used to drop into the harbours on the splendid sea-board of New Zealand for various necessities and "trade." It was a standing rule among them that nettings were to be kept up to the lower tops while at anchor, and that not more than half-a-dozen unarmed natives were to be allowed on board at once.

These were the days when the natives paddled their own canoes, laboriously carved with stone implements from the heart of the giant Kauri. The *Pakeha* ship was indeed a puzzle. When she was seen flitting along the coast the Maori

would follow for many miles agaze at the wonder of her. She had vast wings, yet she didn't fly, but moved over the face of the deep at the *Pakeha's* will, and was not afraid of the *taniwha*, monsters with which the native imagination peopled the ocean. All this could pass, however, if it were certain she had "trade" aboard. The Maori wanted first muskets, then blankets, tobacco, and rum.

Very keenly did they discuss these matters around the fires of an evening—the possibility of getting them by legitimate trade, or even resorting to their canoes on some still night, and stealing the whole show. However, this was generally considered as bad policy; it might frighten away these winged birds of ships altogether.

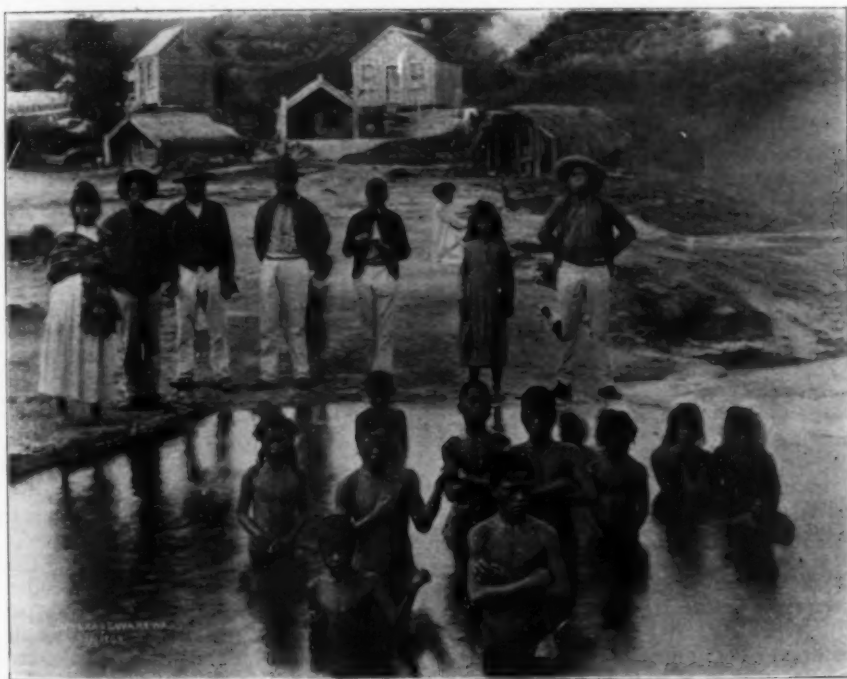
They traded chiefly in flax for the "commodities" before mentioned—a ton of dressed flax for a musket, and half-a-ton extra for ammunition. Prices ran very high in those good old days, but it was death if you got no muskets. Sometimes the market was very much strained, and the Maori were hard put to it for "trade."

However, a demand for tattooed heads for European museums sprang up, and a supply was created forthwith. A *Pakeha* Maori of great note relates how he discovered this when present at a meeting of two friendly tribes:—

"The speeches of the orators were not very interesting," he says, "so I took a stroll to a little rising ground at about a hundred yards distance, where a company of natives, better dressed than usual, were seated apart. They had the best sort of coats, and had feathers on

their heads, which I already knew 'commoners' could not afford to wear, as they were only to be procured at some hundreds of miles to the south. Concluding that they were magnates of some kind, I approached that I might introduce myself. I stepped into the wide circle formed by my new friends, when one of them bowed to me in a very familiar way, and I, not to appear rude, returned the salute. Just then a breeze of wind came sighing along the hilltop;

two, so as to take in a full view of this silent circle. I began to feel at last as if I had fallen into strange company. I began to look more closely at my companions, and to try to fancy what their characters in life had been. One had undoubtedly been a warrior; there was something bold and defiant about the whole head. Another was the head of a very old man, grey, shrunken, and wrinkled. I was going on with my observations, when I was suddenly



AMONG THE WARM SPRINGS AND GEYSERS

my friend nodded again, and his cloak blew to one side. What do I see, or rather, what do I not see? The head has no body under it! The heads had all been stuck on slender rods, a cross-stick tied on to represent the shoulders, and the cloaks thrown over all in such a natural fashion as to deceive anyone at a short distance; and a green Pakeha, who was not expecting any such thing, to a dead certainty. I fell back a step or

saluted from behind by a voice with 'Looking at the 'eds, sir?' (it was one of the runaway-sailor type of Pakeha—evidently a *tutua*, or nobody—who was just then hanging about the place). 'Yes,' said I, turning round quickly.

"'Eds has been a-getting scarce,' says he.

"'I should think so,' says I.

"'We ain't 'ad a 'ed this long time,' says he.

"'The Devil!' says I.

"'One of them 'eds has been hurt bad,' says he.

"'I should think all were, rather so,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'only one on 'em; the skull's split, and it won't fetch nothing.'

"'Oh, murder! I see now,' says I.

"'Eds was very scarce,' he explained, shaking his own 'ed.' 'They had to tattoo a slave a bit ago, and the villain ran away, tatooin' and all.'

"'What?' says I.

"'Bolted afore he was fit to kill,' says he.

"'Stole off with his own head,' I suggested.

"'That's just it,' says he.

"'Capital felony!' says I.

"'You may say that, sir,' upon which I bid him good evening, and walked away, feeling the bump of combativeness decidedly small in my own 'ed' the while."

To return. It was this interest in the curio market of Europe, and their interest in the "shippin' news" of other folks, that led to the decay of the Maori. Hitherto they had been warriors from their youth, waging their inter-tribal wars from generation to generation with undying hate. The Maori lived to fight, just as they say that nowadays your workman, over yonder in England, lives to strike. Those who were lucky enough to know the Maori before he donned his first pair of trousers aver that he followed the profession of arms with a discipline, and a skill and cunning, which would have done honour to the historic nations of the East. Their valour was invincible—save by other Maori. They practised the arts of fortifying, entrenching and mining with great cleverness; and their artifices in besieging the strong "rahs" or hill-forts of the enemy were endless. But, after all, their great glory was the open fight, man to man, with spear, club and tomahawk; and the sight of a thousand stark-naked warriors rushing in perfect order to the attack, calling on the names of Hauraki or Tiki Whenua—departed great ones—was vouchsafed only to those who lived in "the good old times."

With the advent of the irrepressible trader and his muskets there came a revolution. The open fight was useless against a tribe possessed of muskets, so they quickly changed their tactics, and speedily became bush-fighters of the first water. (We have old pensioners among us still who will swear for the "price of a pint" that in whole campaigns of the Maori wars they never saw a native.) The struggle to get enough flax or other goods to exchange for arms soon made itself felt. It was death to be without muskets—your next-door neighbour tribe would rake up a prehistoric "vendetta," fight, kill, and annihilate you, collar your friends for slaves, reap your harvests, and go home in triumph. But it came to be only slower death to get the coveted weapons—the tribe must go and dwell among the flax-swamps, neglect the crops, and let the youths run wild, while the flax was cut and dressed by day and by night, till the merciless ship was filled, before they could possess their treasure. Such life, and the state of unrest co-existing with it, told very heavily—it was the beginning of the end.

Another step, too, was your taking possession—you big Englishers—in the name of "Queenie Wikitoria," about the year 1840 A.D. It is credibly stated that this was done, not, of course, from any desire of "territorial aggrandisement," but to prevent the ambitious Frenchman from doing so.

Land companies sprang up—and they stank in the nostrils of the independent Maori. Who gave their surveyors permission to survey tracts of country among his eel-fisheries, and the thrice-sacred burial-places of his forefathers? And by what right were fences and houses put up on land indubitably his?

Their muskets were turned on the settlers promptly. Then came the red-coats—and the Maori wars commenced. Soon the Maori learnt to scoff at these, and would let their baggage and ammunition go scot free when at their mercy, since collaring it would spoil the sport and shorten the game which they considered the only one worthy of grown men.

When there was no real fighting to be done—not a redcoat to be heard of

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for miles around—two villages would get up a sham fight, of course with loaded weapons, and meet in the evening to talk it over. "Ah," says one old man, "I nearly potted your brother-in-law this afternoon!" "Oh, but you

successfully carried on—in the opinion of our politicians. Captain Grey was soon known among the Maori affectionately as Kawana Kerei—which is "Governor Grey" Maorified. Under his firm hand there grew order out of



SUSAN—A HALF-CASTE GUIDE AT THE HOT LAKES

should have seen me make that boy of yours skip, up in the fern yonder."

When Sir George Grey, then plain captain, appeared on the scene as governor, we began that process of "making history" that is still being

chaos, and he framed a "Constitution" for the country when it became self-governing.

Christianity had made some progress: religion had been with the Maori a means to an end, and if he could enlist

a higher superstition on his side than his own he was nothing loth.

The famous old Pakeha Maori before mentioned once had the command of a lot of young bloods in a tribal war, subordinate to a very heathen and practical chief of great experience. Before the fight began the latter comes up to the Pakeha Maori and says, "Look here, young fellow! I've done the incantations and made it all square with my God. But you say you've got a God stronger than mine, and a lot of our young fellows go with you; there's nothing like having two Gods on our side, so you fellows do the proper business with Him, and then we'll fight."

"Could anything have been more business-like?" remarks the Pakeha. "But I was quite stuck up; for though I could have repeated a prayer from the Liturgy myself, my worthy converts, who, as usual, and rightly and philosophically, looked upon religion merely as a means to an end (*i.e.*, killing the greatest number of enemies) could not produce a line of Scripture among them. There was an awkward pause; our old commander was furious. Suddenly some one discovers that he has a hymn book in his possession. General exultation! 'Now,' cries the old chief, 'foaming at the mouth with excitement, 'go down upon your knees (I know that's the custom with your God) and repeat the charm after the Pakeha. Mind you don't make a mistake, now, for if one word is wrong, the whole thing will be turned topsy-turvy, and we shall be thrashed.' Then," concludes our veracious Pakeha, "having repeated the hymn word for word after me on our knees, I and my converts charged, and walked into the Amorites no end."

The "means to an end" covered the militant religion of the natives. However, in peace-time a certain series of weird superstitions hung over the country. It was the superiority of the superstitions of the white man that attracted them first, hence the common idea of the Maori having the unsought honour of being "a wonderful example of the thirst of noble savages for the truths of Christianity."

Before the white man's day, with his wars, his land questions, his huge borrowings, and his "experiments" in socialism, the Maori ruled according to his light by laws that were heirlooms, along with the strange weird tradition of their supposed immigration, and the beautiful, if barbaric, legends that grew up round the now famous wonderland of the Lake-country.

"Muru" was a fine old law, quite in the spirit of those good old days. As a rule a Maori did what he liked, always provided that he was able, or that he was willing to take the consequences. "Muru" was legal retaliation for injury, best explained by an illustration.—A warrior of the village has a little son, "a broth of a boy," and the family, in fact the whole tribe, look upon him as so much reserve capital: when they are old and their hands have lost their cunning, he and his like will fight as they do now. The warrior has a nurse (I wonder if the servants were as much trouble then as now), and this nurse has apparently "kep' company" with a young fellow who is engaged cutting fern on the outskirts. One day, while flirting with him, she allows the boy to fall into a fire and get so badly burnt that henceforth there is no further hope of him ever handling spear or club. The father knows what this means to him, and hopes for the best. The friends of the family get to hear of it, and form a "taua" or party to revenge the prospective injury done to the tribe, through the father employing a careless nurse. They swoop down upon his home, ransack it from "garret to cellar" (figuratively speaking), clear out all his goods and chattels, ignore the cries of his wives, and finally detail a warrior of about the same standing as the miscreant to lick him well with a club. Their mission finished, the party of friends decamp. The offender looks about him, and finds he has nothing left but the strained affection of his wives. But his honour is saved, wherein is the beauty of "muru." By the completeness of the robbery and the zeal of his oppressors, he knows he was truly what he thought himself to be,—a man of reputation and standing, a citizen of no mean city, so to speak. Had he

been a nobody, a mere *tutua*, no one would have cared if all his children were burnt. But for him, a man of rank and a good soldier, the likely father of good soldiers, to lose one of them in infancy—he felt he deserved punishing. So he emerges with flattered vanity; and perhaps, deep down, a resolve that when “*murū*” is exacted from some one else he’ll be there. That “*murū*” was truly a good law.

bale it out.” This was a tremendous “*tapu*,” and, the victory won, no one durst take it from him, unless, of course, his following was so weak that they could not possibly back up his claim in a rough-and-tumble for it. In peacetime a chief may be passing a settler’s door, and begs a mug of water—glasses being rare in the good old days—drinks the water, and shivers the “best iron-stone” to atoms on the floor. Of



A CORNER IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Then there was the greater and more spiritual law of “*tapu*.” It shadowed the whole land; ancestral burying-places were “*tapu*,” or sacred, and so were the persons and property of chiefs—and your property too, if they took a violent fancy to it, sometimes. In war-time “*tapu*” was most useful. A warrior would “spot” a fine canoe, belonging to some of the enemy, and would “*tapu*” it—say, thus: “That canoe—my skull shall be the baler to

course, the settler is furious, and will have the law of him. But he is reminded—a cup from which a chief has drunk is henceforth for no common mortal. One can imagine the outrage to Maori feelings, seeing our soldiery tramp, in war-time, through their ancient burying-grounds, and their most sacred objects defiled by the touch of the uncaring white man.

And now we Pakeha, born and bred under the shining Southern Cross, look

back on the sixty years of our possession, and can scarcely imagine that the sites of our growing cities and fertile fields were but yesterday the battle-fields of a race of cannibal warriors, of fine but utterly benighted instincts.

The remnant of the race is still independent—in nowise slaves to the white man. It seems regrettable that they did not possess earlier the arts of reading and writing, or an upholding mythology such as was evoked by the old-time nations of the East. We should tell a different story of them then.

Even now many of them have but a very dim vision of the "Great Spirit," whose "mana," or prestige and power, we have told them, far eclipses that of any of their own gods. They surely, and even rapidly, fail before us—more's the pity. We have taken away the old war-spirit, and the necessity of patient labour, for the fashioning of canoe and fighting weapon. In return, what have they? The gospel, rum, tobacco, a

couple of native members of parliament; and, last, a shining example of the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race, with a faint idea of the far-off majesty of our "Queenie Wikitoria."

Surely Macaulay meant it to be a *white* New Zealander who was to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from his cold stone seat on London Bridge.

There is yet some remedy possible, and I would that some great *rangatira* over in England could be persuaded that in this dying race there yet remain the makings of a soldier. We have all been long acquainted with the deeds achieved by Sikh, Goorka, and Soudanese under our teaching. Why not take the Maori in hand, and give him once again something to live for? If the colonies must have a standing force, here is raw material most promising. If not needed there, we know the Maori nowadays would not hesitate to follow our flag anywhere.

This is an age of bye-products, not to be wasted. In the Maori we have a valuable one. Why waste him?



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"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS"

From Photo by H. C. SHELLEY.

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ADA REEVE AT THE AGE OF 4.

Miss Ada Reeve at Work

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY all true lovers of "burlesque," in the modern acceptation of the term, the reappearance of Miss Ada Reeve upon the London stage some few months ago, after an absence of about two years in Australia, was hailed with enthusiasm. An actress for this class of work who is endowed by nature with the requisite amount of good appearance, and has in addition youth, talent, and above all a sense of humour, is not to be found every day. Many have good looks, some have youth, but very few have either of the other necessary qualifications. There are certain drolls who take advantage of personal peculiarities, either of figure, voice or gesture, to raise a laugh successfully; they cannot however, be recognised as humourists in the true sense of the term. Of our comedy actresses several can be really funny without going to the length of

making themselves grotesque; but upon the light musical stage we cannot recollect any one in recent years, with the exception of Miss Florence St. John, and of course Miss Nellie Farren, who could be genuinely amusing without having recourse to absolute caricature. Miss Reeve is, however, the brilliant exception to this rather depressing rule. Naturally gifted with a charming appearance, an expressive face, a pretty, flexible voice, and a most fascinating manner, she has come to be, and will we hope long remain, the reigning queen of burlesque in London.

Belonging to a theatrical family, she has had the advantage of a thorough stage training from her very earliest years, and now, at about the age at which other young ladies are contemplating their debut on the stage as Juliet, or in some other equally unassuming rôle, she has reached the summit of

her branch of the theatrical profession. Her father was a well-known provincial actor, and her mother was at the time of their marriage, an actress. Their daughter may therefore without exaggeration be said to have been cradled in the theatre, and it is small wonder that the work comes to her almost as a second nature. When she tells you how thoroughly she enjoys acting you find no difficulty in believing her; it would be quite impossible for her to have such an entirely spontaneous manner upon the stage if it were otherwise. Though her theatrical career already covers a period of several years she has not, after all, a very great deal to tell about it. Her first appearance was made as Little Willie Carlisle in "East Lynne," the play that has brought more tears to the eyes of sympathetic audiences, and more money to the pockets of provincial managers than, we believe, any other. She had then reached the ripe age of six, the company with which she appeared being that of the well-known actor Mr. Frederick Wright, senior, who is himself the father of a talented family some of whom, with Mr. Huntley Wright at their head, have since taken high places on the burlesque stage. It was in a very different line of business they were being trained, however, at this time, though no doubt the schooling these young persons and little Ada Reeve then went through has been of inestimable value to them in later life. Whether the latter has ever had any desire to soar to the dizzy heights of the more flamboyant realms of the drama we do not know, but at any rate she has not, up to now, had any opportunity as far as we know of exercising such a bent if it exists. Her early début was followed by some years of touring, a succession of children's parts, mostly in sensational drama, being undertaken by the youthful player. At the age of eight she first appeared in pantomime at the Pavillion Theatre, Mile End, her small person being disfigured into the likeness of the Old Man of the Sea in "Sindbad the Sailor," Miss Bessie Bonehill undertaking the part of the great naval hero himself. In addition to her reputation as an actress she soon made a name for herself as a panto-

mimist, and this engagement was followed by a regular series, one or other of the provincial or suburban houses claiming the services of the little artist every Christmas.

About the last of the childish parts she played was that of the Italian boy with Miss Fannie Leslie's touring company in "Jack in the Box." In this character she was pronounced by the critics very successful, and continued playing it for some very considerable time. It was at about the date of the expiration of this engagement that it became rather perplexing to know in what manner it would be best for the young actress to employ her talents. The usual child part in a play is that of a small brat with a lisp, and for this type of character she was getting too tall, while she was not yet sufficiently grown up to impersonate even that most abominable of stage conventions,—an *ingénue*, much less a distressed or designing heroine. There were, however, a lot of little brothers and sisters at home to be thought of, so that she could not remain idle, but it was exceedingly difficult to know where to place her. In this quandary the happy inspiration of allowing her to continue her artistic probation in the music-halls was eagerly seized.

Then followed, according to Miss Reeve's own account, what was for a short time one of the most disappointing periods of her life. It may be that her estimate of what was the extent of her powers at this time is not sufficiently high; but, as we had not the pleasure of seeing her then, we are not in a position to form an opinion for ourselves, and must take the actress at her own rather modest valuation. An admirable dancer, possessed of a clear, if not a large voice, and, with some years of excellent stage training at her back, it might be imagined that any difficulties with which she would have to contend in appearing as a variety artist were for the most part overcome before the outset of this part of her career. This she says was not altogether the case. Her début in the music-halls was made at Gatti's at Charing Cross—"the Arches" as it is called by its frequenters on account of

its being built underneath the London Chatham and Dover Railway Station. On the very same stage many another performer who has since risen to affluence and renown has for the first time faced the footlights, and it would have been small blame to little Miss Reeve if she had thought she was going to bound at once into the position of a popular favourite. But conceit is not part of her nature, so she was saved a slight disappointment which might otherwise have damped her courage. Though far from being a failure, her new calling was not, by her own account, quite as easy to her as might have been expected after her somewhat lengthy career as a child actress. Instead of its all being of service to her, she very soon found out that there was a great deal of her theatrical training which she would have to unlearn before she could hope to make a great name for herself in the halls. Her method was not sufficiently self-assertive, and though her efforts were pronounced "very nice" and "very pretty" there was a lack of enthusiasm in those who praised her which soon obtruded itself upon the notice of the young lady. This sort of thing could never be tolerated for a moment by such an aspiring soul, and in a very short time she was hard at work ridding herself of such tricks as seemed most detrimental to her performance. Instead of depressing her this task seems to have added more zest to her efforts, and before long she found she was earning fresh laurels. Though the commencement of a music-hall career, as indeed that of any other, must necessarily be rather up-hill work, even after the first difficulties are overcome, the genius of the young artist soon began to make itself apparent, and there was never any lack of engagements.

It was not till two or three years after she took to the music-halls that her first really great success was made. This was with a song of the hoyden type, with the refrain, "What do I care!" which immediately took the music-hall audiences by storm. It was an impersonation that had not been given before with any resemblance to life, and it has certainly not been

excelled since. Though the song itself is not of any unusual merit, the irresistible abandon of the singer, and her manifest enjoyment of the performance, carried the audience with her. Her eyes sparkled with fun, her laugh was mischief personified, and you felt she really did not care one button for the authority of any one on this earth. One has often seen this sort of thing



ADA REEVE AT THE AGE OF 16.

From Photo by THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

entirely spoiled by the self-consciousness of the performer, but there was no suspicion of the sort here, the whole being a genuine triumph. So popular was the catherine-wheel with which she made her exit that we believe, were she to appear in the East End even now, no matter if it was in an entirely different sort of impersonation, she would be greeted with shouts of "Over, Ada!" for the sake of old times. A recent revival of the song at the Palace Theatre shows that Miss Reeve's rendering has

lost none of its charm during the five or six years since we last had the pleasure of listening to it.

We recollect another song of the same type as that just described, which was, we think, its contemporary, and related the adventures of a young lady in the absence of her papa and mamma, in giving which the artist was equally happy. Other highly successful songs followed, of which "I'm a little too young to know" was probably the best; but it is the two hoyden songs which somehow seem the most firmly impressed of our early recollections of the performer.

After her reputation was once thus firmly established everything went merrily. Her services were soon at a premium for pantomime as well as for music-hall, and the manager who could secure them considered himself lucky. An engagement in New York was accepted about this time, and though, like all true artists, horribly nervous when she made her first appearance before the American public, "What do I care!" triumphed on the other side of the Atlantic as it had done here, and the young artist had no reason to regret her visit to the States. The fact that she is still affectionately remembered there is evidenced by the tempting offers she has lately received to pay them another visit, and the enormous salary that is offered her as an inducement to do so.

Brilliantly successful as she was at the music-halls, one always felt that it was for the theatre Miss Reeve was designed by Providence. She has few equals on the variety stage, still fewer superiors, but at the theatre she is at present without a rival. It hardly came as a surprise, therefore, when in the summer of 1894 it was announced that she had been engaged by Mr. George Edwards for the Gaiety Theatre. As has already been said, she had only taken to the music-halls when there was no place

for her at the theatre proper, and though she had won fame and good fortune in them, she was glad to return to the regular stage. At first, it looked as if there would be some difficulties to be encountered if the engagement was accepted. The managers of the music-halls were naturally anxious not to part with one of their most popular stars. However, when they had announced their intention of keeping her strictly to the terms of her contracts, and had drawn themselves out in full array of battle, it was announced, to their dismay, that the young lady was still a minor, and that the contracts themselves were only so much waste paper. This being

so, the minor herself was able to trip off to the Gaiety with a light heart, leaving her opponents entirely discomfited. After a short preliminary tour with Mr. Edwards's London company in the burlesque of "Don Juan," Miss Reeve made her appearance at the Gaiety in the title rôle of "The Shop Girl" on its original production. But although she was leading lady, the part as

originally written did not give the actress full scope for a display of her talents. Whenever a chance was afforded her, notably in the duet over the perambulator, her performance stood out as one of great excellence; but "Bessie Brent" was, after all, but the shadow of a character, which did not afford a real opportunity to any one of the many ladies who afterwards played it. Though no doubt the skill of the artist would soon have overcome these initial difficulties, this was not to be. The part soon had to be relinquished on account of a pantomime engagement which could not be avoided, but which she was not, after all, able to fulfil to the end on account of illness. This illness prevented her resuming her place at the Gaiety, when the run of the pantomime was over, so the "Shop Girl" had to find other interpreters for the remainder of her successful career.

When she was well enough to re-



ADA REEVE AT THE AGE OF 17.

From Photo by VERNON KAYE.

appear, Miss Reeve was engaged to take the part of "The Countess Acacia," in an attempt that was being made to bolster up the ill-fated "Baron Golosh" at the Duke of York's Theatre. The piece was, however, in such a moribund condition when she joined the company that even her vivacity could not succeed in giving it fresh life. After a week or so, difficulties arose with the management, the "Countess Acacia" threw up her part, and, we believe precisely two nights afterwards, the theatre closed its

that the actress got a real chance of distinguishing herself in a part that afforded her any adequate scope for a display of her powers. The character of Mademoiselle Julie Bonbon in "The Gay Parisienne" gave her an opportunity of showing what stuff she was made of. It proved to be, to quote the late Mrs. Keeley, "not stuff, but silk." When she was first informed that she would have to play the part entirely in broken English, it is small wonder that the intelligence was rather a shock



ADA REEVE AT THE AGE OF 19.

From Photo by DRAYCOTT, Birmingham.

doors. In the following autumn, that is the autumn of 1895, an engagement was accepted to appear at the Criterion as the *café chantant* singer in "All Abroad," which was not a very brilliant piece, but had a successful run. In this, Miss Reeve managed to make a hit with a rather indifferent song, "The Business Girl," which save for her treatment of it would in all probability have passed unnoticed, but as in the end the great attraction of the performance.

It was not till the spring of 1896

to the actress. Indeed, she says she told the management that she could not, but only received the reply that she must, and accordingly did with great *aplomb*. Her knowledge of French is, she owns, decidedly limited, which must have made the task doubly difficult to her, but she came through the ordeal with such flying colours that it led to her being engaged for a similar part in "Milord Sir Smith" on her return to England at the end of last year. The wisdom of the management in select-

ing Miss Reeve to play the "Gay Parisienne" was amply proved by her success in the part. The brilliancy and *verve* of her acting, singing, and dancing were of immense value to the piece, and undoubtedly one of the main reasons of its prosperity. The character required a certain style, which its exponent most admirably supplied. Where another actress would have ruined her effects by too much grimacing and action Miss Reeve was singularly happy in giving the requisite amount of expression and movement without for a moment overstepping the mark. The whole performance was marked by a vivacity which seemed boundless, but was, nevertheless, kept well within the line until the part required that it should have full fling. Unfortunately, for herself and for the management, after she had been playing this character for over a year a breakdown in her health again forced the artist to give up acting for a time. It was as a remedy for this illness that a sea voyage was ordered, and a trip to Australia was decided on. This tour, which was, as far as London is concerned, much too long, has only recently come to an end, and there remains very little more to be said about Miss Reeve's career. After a short time, her health having been fully restored by the difference of climate, she was again busily engaged in the pursuit of her profession. During the two years she was abroad a round of parts was played, which included "The Gay Parisienne," "The French Maid," and others, as well as that of principal boy in the Melbourne pantomime. The whole tour was a great success from beginning to end, and the artist cannot speak too highly of Australian audiences. The people of Melbourne, she says, take longer to get to like you than those of Sydney, but when you have once established yourself in their affections they cannot have too much of you. The Sydney audiences, on the other hand, though their admiration is more quickly and easily secured, have the reputation of being fickle. As far as the young actress herself was concerned she had only the report of others to rely on—for her, Sydney had as lasting a welcome as Melbourne.

When it was at length decided that she should return to England, though she was, in spite of her successes elsewhere, nothing loth to do so, Miss Reeve was, she says, rather nervous lest she should find that the London public had forgotten her during her long absence. This doubt must have been short-lived, for before she had set foot on shore offers of engagements were beginning to be deluged upon her. She was at once secured for a special "turn" at the Palace Theatre, a thing which is not to be scoffed at; and when she found that her services were also required to play leading lady with Mr. Arthur Roberts, the actress must have begun to realise that her fears that she might be over-looked were groundless. The praises with which she was greeted on her reappearance, by both press and public, are still fresh in every one's memory. We never recollect a more unanimous burst of applause from the newspapers. Though they were nearly all agreed in damning the piece in which she appeared, no one had anything but praise for the artist—praise, too, that was as sincere as it was general. She had gone away the most promising actress on the burlesque stage, she came back to us with the promise more than fulfilled.

Her success is not in the least to be wondered at. There is a delicacy about her style that is extremely rare with English actresses, and, indeed, when one seeks for any one with whom to compare her, one has to go across the Channel for an example. She has a lightness of touch which is seldom to be found even among actresses of higher comedy, and is hardly ever to be discovered on the frivolous musical stage.

When we say she must be compared with French artists, we do not mean, of course, the artists of the music-halls. She has nothing in common with the inanities of an Anna Held or a Liane de Vries, or with the clever though rather nauseous methods of Yvette Guilbert. Her style is more akin to that of a Chaumont or Judic than to that of any artist of to-day. She is vivacity personified; but her exuberance of spirits is not thrust upon you. Every

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movement of the eyelids, every inflection of the voice means something. She is all go and sparkle, but never noisy, and though she can give a dash of the gutter-snipe at times, which is irresistible, she gives only that spice of vulgarity which is an additional charm to an actress of her calibre.

It has been said with justice that to Miss Reeve should fall the place at our

impossible. It is useless to seek for an affinity which does not exist; there is, in fact, nothing in common between them. With Nellie Farren, who always played burlesque boys, it was the humour of the Cockney, of the street Arab that triumphed. It would be quite impossible to replace her. On her retirement from the stage the particular rôle in which she excelled



ADA REEVE, PRESENT DAY, IN "MILORD SIR SMITH."

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS.

theatres vacated by Miss Nellie Farren. Though we think there is no one better fitted for the position, it must not be imagined that the young actress would fill it, or attempt to fill it, by using the same means as her predecessors. Their methods run in entirely different grooves. It has been sought to compare them; but to try to do so is to attempt the

ceased to exist. She was, in fact, an actress of old-fashioned travesty, who by dint of her own genius alone had kept alive a type of piece which would otherwise have become extinct long before. With her it was to the last brilliantly successful, her marvellous vitality never allowed it to flag, and had she continued to act up to the present

time it would be the same. But, unfortunately, she has not been able to, and could she come back to us now, after the time which has elapsed her most inspired performance—though we hardly like to say it—would now seem a little old-fashioned—a trifle worn. And this would be not because the actress had changed one whit, but because audiences have changed entirely, and require something of an altogether different kind. With Ada Reeve it is quite another thing—to her travesty is unknown. There is no turning into ridicule what has been done in the past; she does not even amuse us with an echo of to-day, but with a hint of to-morrow. She does not satirise what we already know, but sets us laughing at something new which we did not expect—she is, in fact, essentially modern. It is impossible to take one's eyes off the

almost fragile-looking girl as she acts, dances, and sings with all her heart and all her body; one is charmed not only by the rare gift of absolute union of voice and gesture, but by an element of surprise in all she does. It is by this that the public has been captured, and the public is right. At times with Ada Reeve the ridiculous touches the sublime, and by something quite indescribable burlesque becomes fine art. She is an artist, too, who is in touch with any audience, and can produce an infinity of effects on their feelings. She retains her hold on her hearers by her constant good-humour, which is not only apparent but real, and by the personal amusement she takes in amusing them. In short she is that very exceptional being—a really fine artist, and for what she attempts has no equal at our theatres to-day.



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WRITTEN BY H. PARK BOWDEN. ILLUSTRATED BY G. F. DODSHON



HE iced claret was deliciously cooling, and as he took deep draughts of the beverage, Captain Gary's heated face began to regain its usual easy complacency.

"There wasn't a breath of air stirring this afternoon, even up in my exalted position!" he remarked, glancing from the window of the inn parlour at a huge spherical form, the captive balloon which was under his management during the aerial reconnaissance of the little Canadian city, now completely invested by the American forces.

"Could you glean anything fresh?" asked the dark-haired waitress. She put the question in a tone of easy interest, but the glance she turned on him was charged with keenest anxiety.

"No, my pretty, they keep steadily repairing the mischief our shells worked," he answered, withdrawing his gaze from the balloon and watching her with appreciative eyes. She was a striking-looking girl, tall and slender in figure, with a lissom daintiness of bearing. Her face was of rare brunette beauty, delicately yet firmly moulded, and revealing a self-reliance and reserve beyond her years and station, characteristics that whetted the captain's admiration to a dangerous point.

"Was that Major Kemp in the car with you?" she asked, beginning to peel a lemon.

"Yes, sweating and puffing like a grampus! But he has finished his mapping now—and to some purpose too; the plans have enabled General Hammond to put his finger right on the weak spot in their works."

"Then I suppose he will soon make an attack on that point?"

"Just so, there's nothing to be gained by delay, and a good deal to be lost. This fever is working awful havoc among our men."

"Poor fellows, how wretched it must be for them!" she exclaimed with profound pity, adding passionately; "how glad I shall be when all this is ended!"

"Well, the beginning of the end is pretty near, I guess—as near as to-morrow night!"

"To-morrow night?" she repeated, turning pale to the lips; "is the attack to be made then?"

He nodded gaily.

"And if a certain little stratagem I have suggested to old Hammond works well, the city will soon be in our hands!"

"A stratagem of yours—why, how clever you must be! Do tell me all about it!" she exclaimed with well-simulated admiration.

"You are a true daughter of Eve," he chuckled, "but it will take more than fair words to draw that from me! Give me the kiss you have so long refused me, and the secret shall be yours!" And starting to his feet, he went to her side, seized her hands in his, and bent invitingly towards her. She shook her head,

in her downbent eyes, he widely misinterpreted.

"Ay, give me a fair kiss, lip to lip, and by my soul, I'll tell you all!" he promised, bringing his face still nearer hers.

She drew her breath quickly, then suddenly raising her head, she lightly



"RELEASE ME!"

flushing and paling beneath his ardent gaze.

"No, I cannot!" she exclaimed under her breath.

"Then my lips remain locked," he said decisively.

Irresolution brought the ebbing colour back to her face in a bright wave.

"And—if I do, you give me your word of honour that you will tell me?" she said slowly, her bosom heaving with an emotion that, not seeing the expression

touched his lips with hers. At the touch he caught her in his arms, returning the kiss again and again.

"Cease—release me, or I will call Mrs. Todd!" she gasped, trying to wrench herself free.

"You little simpleton, you are trembling like a bird!" And with a short laugh he released her, and returning to his chair he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"And now, your promise," she said curtly.

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He shrugged his shoulders, and sent a wreath of smoke curling to the ceiling.

"Know then, most imperious one, that to-morrow night I shall make an ascent and discharge some bombs within their northern lines; then under cover of the noise and confusion these will cause, our men will storm the weak spot near the north-west angle and no doubt will carry all before them!"

"The stratagem is worthy of you," she said, her lip curling with irrepressible scorn even while it paled to ashiness. But before he could notice her agitation she turned abruptly away, and began clearing a table at which some officers had lunched.

He smiled indolently, and observed in an aside,

"There certainly is a strong affinity between the feline and feminine natures. First the purring and velvety caress, and then the sly and sudden scratch."

This failing to provoke any repartee from her, he said peremptorily, "Do leave that table alone, and tell me the meaning of that unbecoming little frown!" And as she passed near him, he caught at her hand and held her prisoner.

"I was wishing for what I shall never have, I am afraid," she said frankly.

"Faith, but you shall have it if it lies in my power!"

At his impulsive words an eager gleam lit up her eyes, and a quick flush suffused her clear, dark skin.

"Now that is a promise, Captain, and I shall hold you to it," she said with an air of arch gaiety.

"Certainly, you little witch; and now what is it—not the half of my kingdom, I hope!" he laughed, squeezing the slender hand she had allowed him to retain.

"No, sir, only the half of your car! I have so often wished to make an ascent," she answered, looking down on him with a smile that would have made any man eager to do her pleasure. But he shook his head with a grimace.

"It is out of the question. I need not say how delighted I should be to fulfil your wish, my charming Cynthia, but the higher powers would never countenance such a thing."

"But the higher powers need not

know anything about it. We could make the ascent at sunrise, while they are still wrapped in slumber. I will bring a basket with me, and we will have a picnic breakfast in mid-air. Do say you will take me!"

He looked up into her flushed face with an amorous smile.

"Who could resist so sweet a pleader—not I for one, if I am court-martialled for it!" he avowed, slipping his arm round her waist. But breaking from him, she seized her tray and hastened from the room.

* * *

"The last night I shall pass here," said Cynthia to herself, as some hours later she locked herself into her little, pent-roofed bedroom. Placing the lamp on her primitive dressing-table, she went to a wooden trunk in the corner of the room and took from it some writing materials, and a small jewelled watch.

"Eleven o'clock—where shall I be this time twelve hours?" she wondered, placing it where she could note the lapse of time. "But I am glad and thankful this hateful part of mine is nearly played out. What would Basil think of me if he only knew I had touched that man's lips with mine!" And with a pained look on her face she drew from her loosened bodice the miniature portrait of a man about twenty-five. The strongly-cast features, healthily brown complexion, and earnest expression, combined to convey the impression that he was a man of fine physical and mental qualities, a man who would act fairly and squarely by all men—and women.

"O Basil, Basil, how will it end? What shall I find—you, or death?" she exclaimed under her breath, meeting with passionate yearning the straight, honest gaze of his grey eyes.

With a shivering sigh, she returned the portrait to its hiding-place; then drew a chair to the table and began to write.

"The Golden Beaker,

"Hickory Hamlet, June 28th, 1895.

"My own dear Basil:—

"If you ever receive this, it will be under circumstances that will fill you with amazement, for, all going well, I shall drop it from the balloon that has

been spying on you for the last week. But I must hasten to explain, or you will think all this anxiety has turned my brain. At the beginning of the month I heard that the American generals were blockading your brave little city, and I knew that I should not even have the comfort of hearing from you. Oh, Basil, the silence and uncertainty were intolerable, I felt that I could not remain passively at home—that I must get as near as possible to you. And then, while reading an account of how the outskirting villages were deserted and ransacked, I saw that a Yankee sutler had taken possession of an abandoned hostelry, near the American Camp. And so I saw my opportunity of getting near you, and knowing a little of how things were going: I could ruralise myself, and apply for the post of waitress. I knew my father would not hear of such a proceeding, so I told him that I was restless and unstrung and needed a turn of travelling to set me to-rights. My travelling ended here, where, under the name of Cynthia Burr, I was promptly engaged by the sutler, Silas Todd, an honest-looking man, with a motherly sort of wife.

"Before I had been here a week, your sortie took place. Shall I ever forget the horror of it, the fear that you were in the midst of that awful carnage? and then, the dread that I should find you dead or dying on that horrible field—for directly after the retreat Mrs. Todd and I hastened there with brandy, etc., and did the best we could for the poor fellows. And then I learnt from one of your wounded men that you had not been in the sortie, but had been left in charge of one of the batteries.

"Since that day I have lived in constant dread of another engagement, and now one is imminent; for this afternoon I learnt from the captain of the balloon—who, of course, takes me for a simple waitress, greatly flattered by his coarse compliments—that they are going to make a feint and real attack to-morrow, Thursday night. It is their intention to discharge bombs within your northern lines, and under cover of the noise and confusion they will storm a weak spot they have discovered—by means of the balloon—near the north-west angle. And it is my intention to try and frustrate

this mean scheme by a simple ruse. I have expressed to Captain Gary a great desire to go up in his balloon, and have befuddled him into promising to make an ascent with me early to-morrow, before the officers are about. I have told him that I will pack a basket and bring with me, so that we may have breakfast in mid-air. And the wine I shall take for him, his favourite Hermitage, will be drugged. Now don't be shocked, Basil, but remember that all is fair in love and war—and both elements justify me! As soon as he is senseless, I shall slip the cable securing the balloon, and make the best use I can of the aeronautical knowledge I gleaned last year, while visiting my uncle Sherwood, who, I think you know, makes a hobby of ballooning. If only this south wind continues, I have no doubt all will go well; and even if it does change, I shall make the venture on the chance of finding a favourable current in the higher regions. When I am well over your fortifications I shall drop this letter, with a request that it may be at once taken to you or some commanding officer; and I shall also explain who I am, so that they may not fire at the balloon when I make my descent. This is my ruse for capturing the balloon and apprising you of the enemy's intentions.

"Oh, Basil, the thought that in a few hours I may once more feel your dear arms around me fills my heart with joy, and will give me courage through it all.

"And now, dear heart, good-bye.

"Yours for ever,

"LENORE D'ARCY."

"Yes, it does look rather formidable, but we have the key of the situation now, and the place is as good as in our hands!" declared Captain Gary, as from an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet he and Lenore d'Arcy directed their gaze towards the far-stretching ramparts and redoubts of the Canadian fortifications.

At the Captain's boastful assertion the girl's downbent eyes fairly blazed, but their indignant fire soon gave place to apprehensive gloom, and she slipped her hand into the pocket where she had secreted the momentous letter to her lover. If only it were safely in his hands!

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Yearning for a glimpse of him, she once more raised the field-glass to her eyes. But her intent scrutiny was of no avail; she could not distinguish his well-known figure. And with aching eyes and heart she laid down the glass.

"Look, my pretty, the mist has cleared off the lake," said her companion, and turning her head southwards, she saw the sea-like expanse of Lake Ontario sparkling beneath the newly-risen sun. A few diaphanous folds of mist still lingered under the wooded bluffs of the near shore, concealing from her the stately old home from which she had gone forth so bravely on her forlorn hope.

Drawing a deep breath, she looked away to where the Thousand Isles broke up the wide sweep of waters into many a foaming rapid—the isles in whose leafy coves she and Basil had so often lingered in sweetest seclusion. The delicate lines of her lips softened into a wistful and lovely tenderness.

"A penny for your thoughts, my pensive Cynthia!"

Turning with a start, she found Captain Gary watching her curiously.

"A penny!" she repeated with light derision; "'My mind to me a kingdom is,' and you would have me betray it for a penny!"

"At least tell me this much, imperial one—is your kingdom ruled by a king, an all-conquering lover?" and he stroked his moustache with the complacent conviction that he himself held the dominion in question.

"Ask me that question this evening, and I may answer it." She spoke with an indifferent toss of her head, but her heart quailed within her. "This evening"—where would she be then?

"That promise must be duly sealed!" And in a twinkling his arm was around her and his lips pressed to hers.

With a vivid flush of disgust she wrenched herself free. Then, remembering the hateful part she had set herself to play, she said airily:

"If you don't behave yourself, sir, I shall keep you without your breakfast." And turning to her basket, she proceeded to unpack its dainty contents.

"This is a jolly little meal," he chuckled, drawing the cork of the "*Côte-*

Rôtie." "But surely you are going to join me in this," he added, seeing her help herself to some milk.

"Oh no, I couldn't fancy wine for breakfast. I hope you will approve of the dough-nuts, for they are a sample of my cooking."

"Then they are food for the gods—and faith, I shall imagine myself one, partaking of ambrosia and nectar, with charming Hebe for my cup-bearer."

"Indeed, but you mustn't expect that of me; I am much too hungry to wait on you!" she laughed, her eyes brilliant with feverish excitement as she watched him pour out the drugged "nectar."

"To Hebe's starry eyes!" he toasted, and tossed off the wine with gusto.

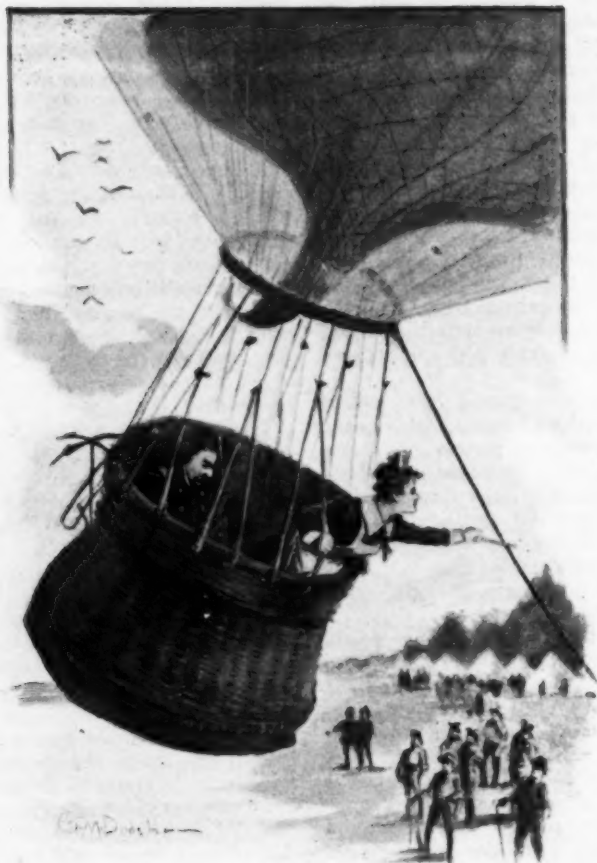
Every nerve now strung to the highest pitch, she buttered a roll and made an attempt to eat.

Presently she saw with relief that a heavy drowsiness was replacing the admiring boldness of his glances. A few minutes later, muttering something about his head being as heavy as a cannon-ball, he leant it on the edge of the car, and was soon in a deep sleep.

And now, with fast beating pulses, she realised that the time had come for decisive action.

Bracing her nerves to meet the sudden launch into space, she slipped the cable. Swiftly as an arrow shot from a bow, the freed balloon clove the air in its upward course—though for the moment it appeared to Lenore that the camp and entrenchments were sinking down, down, down, leaving the "*Dauntless*" suspended in perfect quiescence. But having made a few ascents with her uncle, she knew that this strange subsidence was only an optical illusion, and in nowise affrighted she turned and severed the noose confining the neck of the envelope, thus giving a safety vent to the gas. And then she saw a great cumulus cloud apparently swooping down upon the balloon. The next moment it was enveloped in thick mist. Gradually the dim light brightened, and emerging above the cloud, the "*Dauntless*" soared into the illimitable space of the celestial regions, now flooded with the golden refulgence of the rising sun.

Lenore anxiously waited for the balloon to find its equilibrium, for she



"BRACING HER NERVES TO MEET THE SUDDEN LAUNCH INTO SPACE, SHE SLIPPED THE CABLE"

feared it would surmount the favourable south current that was driving the clouds below. At last the "Dauntless" paused in its upward course, gently descended nearly a hundred feet, and then the rolling clouds below appeared to be suddenly arrested in their course, and she knew that the balloon had yielded itself to the current that was propelling them.

Her feeling of relief was quickly dispelled by an ominous creaking overhead, and on looking up at the silken envelope of the balloon, she saw that it was distended to its utmost. Quick as fear, she seized the valve-rope and gave

vent to the excessive dilation of gas. But her alarm and inexperience led her into discharging an undue quantity, and the "Dauntless" began to descend with terrible rapidity.

Turning hastily to throw out ballast, she tripped on the Captain's extended feet, which brought her stumbling to her knees. A movement and low mutter on his part made her fear that this inadvertency of hers would involve the ruin of her scheme; and for half a minute she remained motionless, anxiously watching his flushed face.

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sand, she was startled to find that the balloon was fast descending within the Americans' entrenchments. To add to her alarm, she saw scores of soldiers rushing forward to secure the runaway captive, and she could plainly hear them shouting to each other.

"Dash me, if there ain't a gal in the car!"

"What's up—what ails Gary?"

"By Jove! she'll come to grief if she don't check it."

Before this warning was well out of the man's mouth, her trembling fingers had emptied one of the ballast bags, and the rapid descent was visibly moderated.

"Hi, steady there with the ballast, my gal!" shouted one of the men, as she turned to throw out more sand. But a second bag followed the first with all despatch, and the "Dauntless" paused, hanging as it were in the wind.

"Sharp, now, and cast off the grapple!" cried a sapper, excitedly brandishing his bare, brawny arms. At the same moment the balloon pirouetted lightly, and began to ascend.

An outburst of savage invectives rose from the men.

"Let out gas—pull that rope over your head!"

But the only response she made to this was to discharge a few handfuls of sand; and thus aided in its ascent, the "Dauntless" bore steadily upward.

Despite her anxiety, Lenore could not but smile as she looked down on the blank, upturned faces of the disappointed men. Of a sudden an officer seemed to grasp the situation, and in response to his order some artillerymen rushed to one of the siege guns, and set to lowering the breech.

Seeing the deadly peril now threatening the balloon, Lenore cast out ballast by the bagful, her every sense on the alert for the terrible missile that might rend the balloon and bring destruction on herself and her helpless companion. But, despite her desperate position, her hand was steady and her face calm. This keen contest with danger braced nerve and fibre into the firmest courage.

Boom!

The dreaded report shook the air, and resounded loudly from the silken

dome overhead. But the "Dauntless" continued to soar lightly as a lark; the grim projectile had fallen short of the mark!

But she could see the men ramming down a fresh charge and lowering the breech for a higher aim, so with a quick movement she emptied the only remaining bag of ballast.

The next moment a mist obscured her view of the enemy, and she knew the aerial fugitive had reached the safety of the clouds.

Now that the danger was escaped, the girl trembled from head to foot, and sank faintly down on the seat opposite the heavily breathing Captain.

The next minute, having barely surmounted the cloud strata, the "Dauntless" resumed its horizontal course, and on consulting the compass fixed to the instrument-board, Lenore was relieved to see that she was still drifting with the south current. The aneroid showed her that she was now at an altitude of 5,300 feet.

"I must wait a few minutes before I venture below the clouds again," she said to herself, wiping away the chilly drops that had broken out on lip and brow.

Unwilling to gaze on her drunken-looking dupe, she turned and watched the ever-changing configurations of the clouds surrounding the car. Soon they rose up on each side, commingling again far overhead, so that it seemed the balloon was suspended in a vast archway all agleam with opal tints.

Having travelled for five minutes in this fairy-like fashion, she decided that she must be well over the besieged city; and drawing forth her carefully weighted letter, she rose to pull the valve-rope. What was her dismay to find that it was far beyond her reach! Owing to the whirling precipitation of her previous descent, it had become entangled in the cordage secured to the hoop.

Her heart sinking heavily, she realised that it was now beyond her power to effect a descent; she could only trust to her supposition that she was over the city, and drop her letter hazardous.

As she bent over the side of the car with this intention, she saw a rift in the

clouds below, through which she caught a glimpse of a large square building surrounded by extensive grounds, and this she recognised with joy as the Agricultural College. Scarcely had she done so, when the clouds again blended their fleeciness; but she had received her cue, and forthwith acting on it, she dropped the precious missive that she hoped and prayed would prove the saving of her lover and the beautiful little city. In a twinkling the white packet was swallowed by the cloud, leaving her full of fear lest its journey should end in tank or chimney.

But the die was cast, and with a deep-drawn breath she drew back from the side of the car. And then there confronted her a new and horrible peril—the ethereal archway had disappeared, leaving the balloon exposed to the hot sunshine, the envelope was expanding rapidly, and she knew it could not long bear the strain of the dilating gas. An explosion and terrific downfall must soon take place!

For the first time during her adventure the horror of death set her heart beating in a wild panic.

"I must get the rope at any risk—as well one death as another!" she exclaimed, springing up on the seat. Then, grasping two of the ropes attaching the car to the hoop, she mounted to the edge of the car. Here she paused, half suffocated by the gas escaping from the neck of the surcharged balloon. In the face of this poisonous outrush, it seemed madness to try to climb into the hoop; but deadly as was the attempt, delay was equally deadly. So with set teeth and suspended breath, she firmly gripped the hoop, and by dint of strenuous muscular effort, drew herself up on the stout ring.

But the irrespirable air overcame her immediately, her brain reeled, her grasp relaxed, and she fell headlong into the car.

* * * * *

"Whoa-a, gee-gee, my bonnet is blowed off!" and a pair of tiny hands tugged mercilessly at a pair of ears in convenient proximity.

Thus sharply reined in, Basil Moncton arrested his galloping steps,

swung round and cantered back to where the white sunbonnet lay fluttering among the clover, like some gigantic butterfly.

"We'll soon fix that on all right, Cissie!" he said, lowering his small rider to the ground. And having replaced the bonnet on her auburn curls, he tied the strings with bungling fingers.

"You ain't tired yet, are you?" asked Cissie, looking into his harassed face.

"Not a bit of it, little one, I will gallop you back to the ridge now," he said, swinging her up on his broad shoulders.

A dashing career down the meadow, a flying leap across the brook and a sober jog-trot up a maple-grown acclivity, brought them to the ridge in question. On the other side it gently descended into an extensive peach orchard, a mass of full-headed trees, all flush with ripening fruit. Beyond them rose the wooden gables of the farmhouse, and at one of the latticed windows Lieutenant Moncton directed a look of anxious intensity. It was the window of the room where his beloved Lenore lay betwixt life and death.

Two weeks had now passed since the day when the good folk of this quiet fruit-growing district on the banks of the Ottawa had been astounded to see a far collapsed balloon falling, parachute fashion, into a wheat-field.

Eager hands had soon freed the car from the heavy, pall-like folds of the rent and exhausted envelope and its network. And then were discovered the two insensible passengers, who straightway received every attention kindness could prompt. Their removal to the nearest house—Tenacre Farm—was carefully effected, and the best medical aid summoned from the neighbouring town.

The young officer, who had received no worse injury than a few bruises, was soon restored to consciousness, when he unwisely gave vent to a savage denouncement of the girl who had drugged his wine and filched his balloon.

Thus learning the true state of affairs, the Canadians indignantly completed the destruction of the spy-balloon,

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and treated its captain with open aversion. Indeed, he was glad to take his departure, though more than loath to return to the censure and possible court-martial awaiting him.

As for the girl who had so bravely captured this obnoxious balloon of the enemy's, she became at once a heroine in the eyes of the simple villagers, and her recovery of consciousness was

citement by the news that the besieging army had made a night attack on the city, and had been repulsed with heavy losses. Later on came the thrice welcome intelligence that the siege was raised; for, being completely disorganised by its recent losses and the great mortality caused by the typhoid fever, the American army had been compelled to withdraw its forces.



"AND THEN WERE DISCOVERED THE TWO INSENSIBLE PASSENGERS"

anxiously awaited by one and all. But for many hours she remained in a state of torpid insensibility, only moaning feebly when the surgeon set her arm, which had been broken by the car's violent collision with the ground; and this insensibility was succeeded by the delirium of brain fever.

On the day following the sensational episode of the balloon descent, the village was thrown into yet greater ex-

In the midst of the villagers' rejoicings over these good tidings, a haggard-looking young man, in the dress of a Canadian officer, made his appearance at Tenacre Farm. Giving his name as Lieut. Moncton, he made eager inquiries after the injured lady, who, he explained, was his affianced wife.

Seeing how overcome he was on hearing of the dangerous fever that held her in its grip, Mrs. Hunter, the farmer's

wife, invited him to put up at the farm, and the young fellow had gladly accepted this kind offer. And then he imparted to her the real reason of Lenore having so heroically risked the perils of an aerial voyage. For her letter had been seen to fall in the grounds of the Agricultural College, and had been brought to him in good time for preparations to be made against the enemy's night attack.

Ten days had slowly passed, and now for five hours Lenore had lain in a deep sleep, which the doctor had told them would decide the question of life or death.

All anxiety to ensure quietude on her behalf, the young officer had taken the little five-year-old tyrant of the household out among the orchards and meadows, where her shrill treble and shriller laughter could work no mischief.

And here, while inwardly wrestling with the grimmest fears, he had constrained himself to enter into the child's quickly-varying moods.

"Gee-up! gee-up!" she cried, springing him with her small heels, as he stood watching the window of the room where Lenore lay.

"Where away now, little maid?" he asked, pulling himself together.

"Round the st'awberry beds, and then you can pick me some."

Accordingly, he started off through the shady orchard, where the bees were humming in myriads among the peach-laden boughs.

On emerging upon the broad area devoted to strawberry growth, he saw Mrs. Hunter standing in the kitchen doorway, shading her eyes with her hand, as though looking for some one. Sighting him, she beckoned eagerly; and he bounded towards her, his heart thumping against his ribs in a tumult of suspense.

Then, seeing a cheerful smile brighten her homely features, he knew the dread shadow had passed, and that his brave Lenore was spared to bless his future.



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ALDWORTH CHURCH

The Story of a Great Family

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HOW many people know where Aldworth is, even of those who pass their lives within a few miles of this most secluded village? Probably the authorities of St. John's College, Cambridge, have more or less vague ideas of its whereabouts, for the living is in their gift. The Post Office recognises its existence and provides a postman, who with a light bag makes his daily journeys along its lonely lanes. The members of the South Berks Hunt know its geography, and so do the tradesmen of Streasley, some three miles away. Certain of the riverside visitors even, who spend their holidays in blissful idleness, paddling about the reedy banks of the Thames between Pangbourne and Goring, vary their boating and fishing with an excursion over the downs, and passing through the village, take a peep in at the church, of which, maybe, they

have heard from some antiquarian friend enthusiastic enough to undertake a pilgrimage there on purpose.

But no high road runs through the parish; no telegraph connects it with civilization; no cyclists trust their pneumatic tyres on the execrable tracks that lead one thither. Situated on high ground just at the very edge of the wild Berkshire downs that roll in lonely, undulating green slopes as far as the eye can reach, with a rustic population of a few farmers and the labourers they employ, and no interest outside its own fields and hedgerows, Aldworth lies far from the madding crowd, and in self-contained and contented solitude hides itself and all its historic wonders.

And yet this lonely hamlet possesses what is unquestionably the most interesting church in Berkshire. A church that in its own particular way is without a parallel in all England, and to visit which

no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth, with the Earl of Leicester as her guide, rode on horseback all the way from Ewelme in Oxfordshire, many miles distant.

The church stands by the roadside, in a churchyard thickly strewn with nameless graves and mossy tombstones. The east end is shadowed by a gigantic yew tree, whose bent and wildly tossed limbs, all scarred and maimed, tell of many a generation past and many a

century following the Norman conquest, and marks perhaps some earlier sacred building whose very tradition is now lost.

There is little about the exterior of the building to distinguish it from many another village church of the same period, but let the visitor once enter, and he finds himself straightway carried back to another age; an age of belted knights and fierce Crusaders; high-born dames of stately presence; mighty deeds



THE OLD YEW

fierce storm. A few feet above the ground the great gnarled stem suddenly bulges out all round in a remarkable manner till it measures nine yards in girth; a strange excrescence, caused by the top of the tree having at some distant time fallen down through decay into its own hollow trunk, and there taken root again and grown afresh, distending the old stem as it grew. How old it may be no man can guess, but it is certain that it dates far back beyond the church, which was built in the

and blazoned arms, and a faith and reverence strong and deep, if blind also. Ranged around the plain white walls and under the central arches, sleep the members of a great family; great in deeds and honour, and great in stature and strength of limb. Veritably a race of giants; resting peacefully these 600 years beneath the carven effigies that perpetuate their huge proportions and warlike proclivities. The church is filled with them; six beneath the richly foliated ogee arches of their elaborate

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canopies in the north and south walls; one alone, and two side by side, in the centre of the church; nine in all, of which two are ladies in flowing robes, one a male unarmed, and six warriors in harness, cross-legged, their hands clasping their sword and shield, or humbly folded in prayer upon their breasts.

The most remarkable figure of all is the easternmost on the north wall, representing a knight of such huge stature that he has to be carved lying on his side, with bent body, to fit into his niche at all. If, as is stated and firmly believed, the statues are really life-size, this giant Crusader must have stood seven foot two, and been broad and mighty of limb in proportion. None of the other effigies approach his in massiveness, though the single figure in the centre of the church must be nearly as long. This last is a singularly beautiful piece of work, the armour delicately finished, and the simplicity and dignity of the pose very striking, in spite of the fact of the monument lying broken in three pieces. For alas! the centuries have left their trace upon this quiet family. Neglect, wanton destruction, and the fiery zeal of the fanatic have fallen with heavy hand. Dates and names are scratched and carved upon the stalwart limbs; features chipped and sawn away; arms and legs broken and missing; in one case, that of the unarmed man on the south wall, even the head is gone and nothing but the mutilated trunk is left. Much is marred, yet much remains. The canopies along the walls are intact, and with their crockets, roses, and finials, afford beautiful examples of the Decorated style of architecture; while to the antiquarian the monuments, shattered as they are, are of absorbing interest. Dating from the 14th century and earlier, they present examples of the best monumental sculpture of the time, and in no other building in England are so large a number of the same period to be found.

The church itself is not without its remarkable features. The font is curious, and the tracery of the windows, but beside the absorbing attraction of these silent tenants all else pales. Who were these mighty warriors? Whence came they? and why are they lying here in this lonely Berkshire village? No inscriptions

are on the walls or tombs, nor any armorial bearing or other clue to their name and history. What are the local traditions? An infirm old rustic, with thin grey locks straggling down over the collar of his white smock-frock, is leading, or rather being led by, an ancient donkey browsing slowly in the ditch. From his age, he would seem to be a likely reference. "Has he been in Aldworth long?" "Man and boy these 80 years," he tells us, after the due interval required for a question to penetrate a Berkshire brain. He was born in that picturesque thatched cottage on the green, and hopes and expects (not without reason) to die there. "Then no doubt he can give us some information about the monuments in the church, and who they represent?" "Well he don't exactly know, but he's heard tell as how (this is the correct local fashion of commencement, hallowed by universal custom) they was a family of the name of Beche, as lived in a castle what stood where Beche farm is now, behind the church yonder, but it was a terrible long time ago."

More detailed knowledge he is utterly incapable of imparting; but when pressed hard, he relates that the villagers give their own interpretation to the various knights, and with a startling lack of originality, have named each of them "John." By way of distinction, the four principal characters are further known as "John Long," "John Strong," "John Ever-afraid" and "John Never-afraid." "John Never-afraid" sold his soul to the Evil One at some period of his reckless existence, and when he came to die, he seems to have been afraid (presumably for the only time in his life) of the consequences of his rash act. By reason of his sin, he dared not be buried in the interior of the church, while to be buried outside seemed to rob him of its sacred protection, and his only hope of salvation; so a compromise was effected, and he was interred at the porch, in the wall itself. This is the local legend, and certain it is that by the south door is an arch built into the wall, under which, ancient histories tell us, the figure of a man in armour once lay. John Strong is of course the giant, and John Long the tall man, on the centre tomb, while

John Ever-afraid is doubtless the unarmed figure, the tradition of whose cowardice would render him an especially worthy object of destruction.

But tradition does poor John Ever-afraid an injustice, as we discover when we learn his history. This same history and that of his companions, however, has been no easy thing to trace, and for many generations was only very partially known. Records were hard to find, and though much was patiently unearthed, yet much was mere surmise, until some twenty-five years ago, when a clue was discovered. In ploughing over the fields where once the castle stood, a silver seal was brought to light, which on investigation proved to be the seal of Isabella De la Beche, one of the ladies represented in the church, and bearing her coat of arms. The possession of armorial bearings proved of immense assistance in the search for information, and our knowledge may now be said to be fairly complete.

Briefly then, the history of the Aldworth Monuments is in this wise. They represent different members of a great family of the name of De la Beche, who held lands in the parish at least as early as 1230, and whose ancestor had come to England with William the Con-

queror, one of whose Major Barons he was, as recorded in Domesday Book. The two knights under the central and west canopies of the north wall are father and son, who are believed to have accompanied Longshanks on the last Crusade, when Queen Eleanor sucked the poisoned wound, and their cross-legged effigies were placed in the church by their immediate descendant John Strong, the giant.

John Strong was a distinguished man. He was Sheriff of Berks and Oxford in 1313 and 1314, he was valet to Edward the Second, he held lands in Battersea and Wandsworth besides his Aldworth estate, and he had six sons, the three eldest of whom were at one time Knights of the Shire for Berks, Wilts and Sussex respectively. Great was his honour and great his wealth, some of which he expended on his parish church, and his own and his forebears' tombs. But a time of sore trial and disgrace came upon him and his family. In 1322, he and his sons took up arms against the King, under the Earl of Lancaster, and being defeated at the battle of Boroughbridge, were taken prisoners. Possibly they considered themselves fortunate in not sharing the fate of their leader, and escaping with their heads, but John Strong was imprisoned at Pomfret, his



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JOHN LONG

second son at Scarborough, and his eldest (considered a ringleader) in the Tower; and there in dreary captivity they languished for five years, till Edward the Third coming to the throne, they were pardoned and restored to their forfeited honours. But not for long, for probably as a result of their treatment (imprisonment was no light matter in those days), the eldest son survived his release barely a year, and in less than two his father had followed him.

The third son, Sir Nicholas (John Long), at the time of the rebellion, fared better than his relations. He was then Keeper of Montgomery Castle, and never bore arms against the King, though refusing to raise men for him; and though warrants were made out against him, he contrived to lie low till the storm was past. Then he emerged from obscurity, and by his subsequent career raised the shattered family honour to its highest pitch.

Under Edward the Third he became Constable of the Tower, tutor to the Black Prince, and Superintendent of the Royal Children. He fought at Crecy, was summoned to Parliament, and made Lord of the Marches of Wales and Seneschal of Gascony. Meanwhile his leisure moments were employed in completing the work begun by his father in

Aldworth Church, where he added the south aisle, and the monuments to his father and brothers. His ardour for church building and decorating at one time almost lost him his position and liberty, as related in an old chronicle.

"The King coming in great wrath out of Flanders (by reason he had been disappointed of the moneys on which he depended for carrying on the siege of Tournay), got to the Tower of London about midnight, where finding no more than his own children and three servants, this Sir Nicholas being then Constable thereof, he committed him and the Lord Mayor of London and divers others of his great officers to several prisons. But long he remained not under his displeasure." This was in 1340, when the new aisle was building, and it is only reasonable to imagine that the Constable had seized the occasion of the King's absence to take a run down to Aldworth to inspect the progress of the work,

But now at the summit of its fortune, the great family was about to become extinct. Nicholas became possessed of the property on the death of his young nephew, John Ever-afraid, who died in early youth before knighthood, and hence is represented on his tomb without armour, and he himself dying childless, left his younger brother Edmond as sole

male representative of his name. Edmond was an ecclesiastic, archdeacon of Berks, and therefore unmarried, and so a very few years later the effigies in the church and an illustrious memory were all that remained of the De la Beches of Aldworth.

With the loss of its great house, the parish fell slowly into evil days. The castle disappeared, and as the years went by the memory of its owners faded away. Still their monuments filled the church, and we are told in a MS. preserved in the British Museum, being the note book of an officer in the army of King Charles at the time of the Civil War, that "in ye East end of ye South yle did hang a Table fairly written in Parchement of all ye names of ye family of De la Beche ; but ye last Earle of Leicesster coming with ye Queen Elizabeth in progress, took it down to show it her, and it was never brought again."

This gives a proof of the utter neglect and carelessness of the village authorities of that time ; to be followed by days when the presence of figures in the church was considered as savouring of Popish rite, and not to be tolerated. As a proof of the Godforsaken state to which the parish was reduced, witness the entry in the Register of 1658, where Thomas Longland, the vicar, writes that he resigns his cure because he will not "accede to the sacrilege and wickedness of the people."

Surely the wonder is not that the monuments have suffered such injury, but that the tough old stone, partaking of the stubborn qualities of the stout hearts it figures, has so well withstood the onslaughts of time and fanaticism, and with so much of its former pride and beauty remains to us now as a tangible link between our nineteenth century civilization and the days of Chivalry.



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THE WOOD-YARDS

A Sussex Industry

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON." ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY R. HENNEL



SUSSEX is still a happy hunting ground for the artist, the archæologist, and the nature-lover, for it retains even in this bustling nineteenth century much of its primitive character. Not being by any means a "show county," it is not overrun, save in the immediate vicinity of such fashionable resorts as Brighton and Eastbourne, by hordes of excursionists; and though year by year, in the relentless march of so-called improvement, many an ancient landmark is obliterated, yet there are plenty of picturesque "bits" left for those who possess the seeing eye. An Elizabethan chimney-stack is by no means rare in this part of the country. Many an old world church has escaped the hand of the restorer. Here may be seen a mutilated market-cross; there a mediæval hostelrie. Indeed, there may yet be found a few villages which have but slightly altered in appearance

during the last three hundred years, and "whose inhabitants are Saxon folk descended straight from King Alfred's rustics, without a drop of mixed blood in their veins." Everyone, I suppose, has heard of Hurstmonceux Castle, and its ghostly drummer. During the summer season, laden chars-à-banc convey hundreds of people from Eastbourne to visit the romantic ruin which was once the largest mansion ever owned by a commoner in England; probably scarcely any of these tourists penetrate to the quaint village of Hurstmonceux or are aware of the fact that an industry exists here which is not only peculiar to the country, but which may fairly lay claim to an Anglo-Saxon origin. Has the reader ever heard of a Sussex trug? It is really a basket, but instead of being made of osiers it is made of very thin wood. The larger sizes are particularly useful for gardening purposes, etc.; the smaller ones are sold at seaside towns,



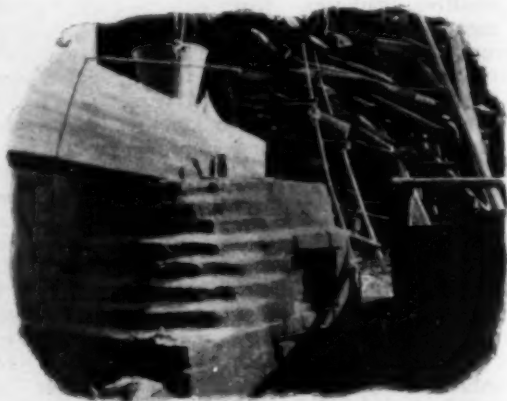
THE STEAMING SHOP

for children ; while some are extremely dainty in appearance, and are used by ladies as flower and work baskets. The antiquity of the implement is undoubted. We read that Britain supplied imperial Rome with baskets, and the manufacture of trugs may be a surviving relic of the most ancient of British industries. The original inventor of the modern improved trug was one Thomas Smith, of Hurstmonceux, whose grandsons are now the principal makers. Though four or five other factories exist in this neighbourhood, trugs are, I believe, not made anywhere in England except within a radius of ten miles of the original factory. It was on a bright crisp day in February that I visited Messrs. Smith's premises with the friend to whom I am indebted for the charming series of photos which illustrate my article. It is a pleasant walk (about four miles) from Hailsham station to Hurstmonceux, especially on a fresh spring morning. As you ascend the gently rising ground an extensive view presents itself. Below the Pevensey marshes or "flats" stretch onwards to the blue line of sea ; above is the height of Normanhurst. A lark carols blithely over-

head (larks seem somehow inseparable from a Sussex landscape), lambs gambol in the meadows, while chickens in the youngest and fluffiest stage of their existence may be seen in many a cottage garden, for the rearing of poultry in readiness for the periodical visits of the "higler" is almost universal in this district.

We were received with much courtesy by Mr. Edwin Smith. Unluckily we arrived during the dinner-hour, so we whiled away the time till the return of the workmen by looking at the various medals which have been awarded to Messrs. Smith in London,

Paris, and Edinburgh ; then we discussed our own frugal lunch of biscuits and chocolate, and having vainly tried to induce some fowls to pose for us in the foreground, we took a snapshot of the wood-yard. The factory being a modern structure of corrugated iron, does not lend itself to artistic photography. When the men returned we had the different processes of trug-making explained to us. The first operation is to provide the strips of wood. For this purpose willow stems (locally known as "sallies") are cut into the requisite lengths and split with an



FURNACE USED IN THE STEAMING OF THE WOOD



THE WORKSHOP

axe. They are then planed down and trimmed, and when moistened will bend into any shape. For the frame, handle, and braces of the larger trugs, ash or chestnut wood is used, and needs steaming before it can be bent with ease. The original trugs are of an elliptical shape, resembling a flat basket. Small trugs are made of five strips of wood, larger ones of more. The ash handle encloses them in the shape of something like a circle intersecting at right angles the oblong top frame, on which the bottom strips are fastened with tacks or nails. Braces, to give strength to the basket, extend sideways on each side, from the handle, holding the trug together at

half-height from the bottom. These are also used as supports for the strips which are nailed upon them. Some trugs have feet or rests instead of braces. It will thus be seen that the "plant" required for making trugs is of the simplest. No expensive machinery is used, nor chemicals of any kind, so that the work is peculiarly healthy. Moreover, as division of labour has no place in this manufacture, each workman turns out six or seven dozen baskets per week, and is able to take a genuine pride in his productions. While my friend was grouping the employés (the staff consists of seven men and two boys, we were informed), I plied the good-natured



THE WORKSHOP

master with questions, and was taken by him to see the store of baskets ready to be despatched to their respective destinations. Trugs big and little, rough and dainty, were piled in large quantities; they are all extremely strong and will stand years of hard wear; one variety is made to hold firewood, another kind—18 inches by 5½ inches—is intended to hold cucumbers. A round trug with holes to put the hands through instead of a handle took my fancy; it is constructed for stable use, to hold a feed of corn. The latest novelty is a basket with a walking-stick through the centre; a lady can go into her garden, and stand it up close to where the flowers or fruit are without stooping, and support herself, if needs be, in going to and returning from the garden; it is also very useful for taking fancy work, books, etc., out-of-doors. This basket was much admired by Princess Beatrice, and she purchased one. Trugs have travelled far afield to Spain, Italy,

Austria, Norway, Sweden, and Germany; they have even been sent to Australia. Large consignments are sent to be sold at bazaars, and Mr. Smith showed me numerous letters from well-known personages expressing satisfaction with goods received. To an article which appeared some time ago in the *Sussex Advertiser*, and also to Mr. E. Smith's kind explanations, I am indebted for the accuracy of my statements. In common with most women I have no knowledge of, and take but little interest in, machinery. To visit an ordinary factory would be positively irksome to me, but a small industry, such as this, which affords scope for deftness of hand and creative ingenuity, must appeal to all who, with Ruskin, believe in the dignity of labour, and deplore the tendency of the present age to regard workmen merely as so many "hands," and, by the division of labour system to destroy all individuality and just pride in the thing produced.



THE LATEST NOVELTY



THE HOUSE of OMAR BEY

A TALE OF EGYPT IN '39

WRITTEN BY DAVID BEDDOE. ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. GILLINGWATER

HE stood at the corner of the narrow street which ran off the great highway of Cairo, a square-shouldered, stalwart young Englishman; and he glanced curiously up the quiet lane, where only a water-carrier came staggering beneath his bursting goat-skin.

He saw the high-storied houses, solemn and grim, with only here and there tiny barred windows to relieve their dullness, and blinking he wondered what lay up this shady lane and behind those forbidding-looking walls.

He did not hear the warning cries of the *sais* or the rattle of wheels, until suddenly something grazed his arm violently, and he roused himself just in time to escape the wheels of a passing carriage. He looked up and caught a glimpse of a woman's face.

John Blankley was ever of hot blood. It was a common saying that where women were concerned the Blankleys were mad—and this woman was fair, lovely as only an Eastern woman can be; and she smiled on John Blankley standing there in the sunlight of Cairo's

highway. In that instant no one but John Blankley had seen the coquettish lift of the yashmak, or that winsome smile. Better for him a million times that he had not seen it either; but having seen it, he left the sunlit street—he left the bustle of the great highway—and plunged down the shady lane in the wake of the carriage and its vision of loveliness.

He saw the *sais* running in front with the panther skins over their shoulders. He saw the high-stepping Arab horses with their silver trappings. He saw the two coal-black figures on the box resplendent in the gorgeous colouring of the East—and he wondered whose livery they wore.

He did not know that they were the possessions, and the woman inside the wife, of Omar Bey, high minister to Mahomed Ali, Omar Bey, at whose very name men trembled; for if ever there was a fiend incarnate it was this same Omar, the Turk, whose wife had in wanton mischief raised her veil to the staring Englishman.

John Blankley had always been a reckless, obstinate fellow, and many

were the things which men told regarding him, but never had he done a more dare-devil, senseless thing, than when, after seeing the great gates close behind the gorgeous equipage of Omar, he loafed about waiting for night-fall on the chance of obtaining an entry into that grim fortress-like mansion, so that he might, if possible, see more of this woman, the flash of whose dark eyes had so fired his blood. There are few difficulties which can stand in the way of a man with so subtle a brain as had John Blankley, especially when united

with a grim determination to succeed and a total disregard of the means employed; and night time, by a strange combination of events, found John Blankley within those iron gates, in the presence, too, of the woman for whose sake he had put his head within the lion's jaws.

The woman, though at first pleased at the conquest her beauty had made, grew fearful as the danger came home to her. It is true that Omar was away. But who knew when he might return? And who could trust Suleiman, the eunuch—



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Suleiman, who ever smiled and uttered fair words? And she cried out, "Go, go! for the love of Allah, go!"

The man laughed recklessly. "Not without another kiss of the sweetest lips in Cairo."

But hush! the great gates are creaking. There is a rattle of wheels in the courtyard. 'Tis Omar! Omar back from the wars.

A beggar sat at the corner of the street begging alms: not in voluble phrases, but far more eloquently by means of his very silence and misery.

He had sat there for five years, and no man had ever heard his voice—no man ever would! For no articulate word could come from the lips of this silent and woe-begone figure, who sat turning his sightless eye-balls on the passers-by. He looked an old man. His unkempt hair was grizzled, and he walked along as one whose back felt the weight of years. No man knew his name or where he lived; yet day after day he crouched at the street corner until towards evening—when from the top of the neighbouring Mosque the Mueddin called the faithful to prayer—a lad would come and lead him hobbling away.

Of the many who passed by, and stirred by his wretchedness uttered a prayer to Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, not one guessed that beneath that mutilated God-forsaken figure there was a mind that raged with all the fury of a volcano. He looked so broken, so utterly destitute, so much beyond all human passion and feeling. Twice only was he roused from this inanimate lethargy; and then no one, if they had noticed it, paid any heed. It was only the beggar who begged alms at the street corner.

Once was when one day down the street came the warning cries of the *sais*, the rattle of wheels, and the murmurs of the people near by told that Omar Bey the Turk was driving by in all the glory of his pride and rank. Then the crouching figure seemed to dilate, the eyelids retracted off the struggling, sightless orbs, and the nostrils of the beggar expanded as those of a

hound when he gets scent of his foe. But as the carriage whirled by and the sound of wheels grew fainter the beggar relapsed into his customary attitude, though the deep growlings in his throat seemed like the low mutterings of a passing storm, and the twitching and working of his livid face told that there were depths where fire still smouldered in this forlorn and afflicted man. Another time was when there came by a party of sightseers, speaking a different tongue to Arab and Turk—a tongue which seemed to send a strange thrill through the beggar who sat on the sun-baked pathway. He looked up with his sightless eyes, and an expression as of hope played for an instant like a sunbeam over his saddened countenance. He sprang to his feet, and with outstretched hands, like a child running from some dreaded danger, he ran up to where the sound came from. His lips moved; he tried to speak, but only strange noises came from his struggling throat.

One of the ladies screamed, and a man, with harsh words, bade him keep away. Then a voice beside him said "Pardon, effendi—he is mad; he knows not what he does."

"Poor creature," said the lady, and slipped a two-piastre piece into his hand; and they passed on.

The beggar sobbed aloud and lay back a crushed and hopeless figure on the baked earth at the corner.

When the boy whose duty it was to lead him home came that night as usual, he found him looking so utterly weary and dispirited that he took him by the arm a little more gently than he was accustomed to, as he guided him back to the house where he lived.

As a rule, when he returned at night-time from his day's watch, he devoured ravenously the food placed before him, for from day-break scarcely a bite or a sup greeted his lips. But to-night he left it untasted. He scarce seemed to have enough life left even to notice it, as feeling the wall with his hand he crawled along towards the littered straw which was his bed, and cast himself down upon it in the very helplessness of despair.

The boy came in to take away the food, and he stared at the rag-covered

figure, and he wondered why the food remained untasted, and why the beggar shook so strangely. But the object on the straw pallet did not hear him. He was alone—alone with his misery.

Five years he had led that life of wretchedness and want—a life than which not a dog in Egypt had a worse.

Good God! five years! was it only five years? He seemed to have lived for centuries. Yet how well he remembered it. He could hardly believe it was he who had stood at the street corner so full of the strength of his manhood.

He had fought. Oh, yes, he had fought; but what was one among a dozen? and the woman with the dark eyes and the lovely face. God help her, he had heard her voice ringing in his ears night and day for ever so long. It still rang there sometimes even now—a woman's voice, pleading in piteous tones to one who never knew what mercy was, then rising in fierce accents with the final appeal of her religion.

"By the law of the Blessed Book, I swear four times by God that Sulieman is a liar, and I invoke the curse of God upon me if I speak not the truth." Then came the usual sneering laugh which told her that the law of the Korah was as powerless to help her as her own piteous appeal for mercy.

He remembered how he himself burst out—'t'was the only thing a man could do—"This woman is guiltless; punish me if you like, but let the woman go free."

"Silence, you dog! your turn is coming." That, and a blow on the mouth, was his only answer.

A whisper to the Nubian guards, and, shrieking, the woman was led away to that doom which was to be her lot for dishonouring the house of Omar Bey.

Then followed—God Almighty! he could not think of that. He never knew that such fiends existed on God's earth. They dragged him away, and the last sight he ever saw was Omar's devilish grin of pleasure as they closed his eyes for ever.

How he cursed Omar in the madness of his agony, and uttered words that stung to the quick the impassive mind

of the Turk. Better for him had he not uttered them. They were the last he ever spoke. Heaven above! what hellish things they did to him before God threw his mantle of forgetfulness over his mind, and he awoke to a sightless, dumb existence.

Year in, year out, he had been led by someone to the street corner so that his very misery might get him sustenance from the passers-by. Sustenance! It was not that which kept him alive. No, 'twas the hope of escape—the dream of revenge. Life! what was life to him—a beggar, blind and dumb; an object at which men shuddered as they went by. For others it might be a thing to cling to, but for him it was a curse. But rescue, revenge, that is why he had clung to life—life from which he could have rid himself so easily—and rescue! Ah, to-day he had found the opportunity he had longed for. His own kith and kin had passed him by. His own kith and kin from whose grip even Omar Bey could not have wrested him, and they had spurned him. Life, rescue, protection, he had claimed from them; and they had give him—a two-piastre piece.

There was a guest in the house of Omar the Turk, one of rank, to judge by the preparations in Omar's private apartments. Magnificent they always were, but extra care seemed to have been displayed to-night, as if Omar wished to impress his guest with the prodigal wealth of Mahomed's high minister. The gorgeous lamp above sent down its tinted light upon the marble floor where a fountain splashed, and showed up the costly cushions on the deewan, the panelling on the walls, the glorious colouring with which oriental potentates love to surround themselves.

The tray upon which the repast was spread was of solid silver with handles of gold, and the kurse upon which it rested, and on each side of which the host and his guest sat, was of the choicest wood, inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl.

Behind each stood a black servant in sudeyree and kufan, whilst others

moved writh noiseless step watching, ever ready to obey the slightest wish of their lord and master.

The Pasha's guest was a man with a laughing, devil-may-care face. He was clad in the undress uniform of Mahomed Ali, the lion of Egypt, whose iron grip would have wrested the sceptre from the nerveless hand of his master had not Kismet willed it otherwise; and they made merry, these two, over many a joke and many a bottle of wine.

They formed a marked contrast—the impassive, sinister-looking host and his merry-faced guest, who spoke Turkish with a queer accent.

Boon companions both, they had yet looked upon many a hard fight, many a bloody deed; for they were wild times and Egypt was not the place for scrupulous, fastidious men.

The life history of each of these—the mercenary soldier and the high Egyptian official—held more than one strange episode, and they laughed as they told of things at which others would have drawn back appalled, and the sound of their merriment echoed in many a distant apartment.

The dishes had been removed, the nargeelehs lighted, and with bottles of wine near by they prepared to make a night of it.

"Ah, Pasha," exclaimed his guest, "I see that you differ from your countrymen in preferring wine to coffee."

"It is good wine," replied the Pasha.

"How many piastres a bottle?"

The Pasha smiled.

"Ah, ah!" laughed his guest, "he gave you wine, and you paid him with stripes, an ample requital I'll wager, for you were ever a generous paymaster."

The Pasha did not look displeased at this doubtful compliment. He only blinked his half-shut eyes and smiled.

"It will taste all the better for that," replied his guest, pouring some out and eyeing with no little pleasure the sparkling liquid. "Here, Pasha," he cried, raising the glass, "a toast. To our next campaign." But he did not drink. The glass was arrested half way to his waiting lips. He was staring towards the door through which a man in rags was coming, feeling his way.

The Turk glanced round, and with a

loud oath sprang to his feet. But the blind figure had heard the movement, and leaving the wall, he rushed towards the toast-maker.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter with a laugh, "what have we here, Pasha—one of your houris from Paradise?"

But the Pasha's face was black with rage. "Take him away," he shouted, "take him away." The slaves rushed forward, but the ragged creature had thrown himself at the feet of the Pasha's guest, and with his sightless orbs looking up seemed to be imploring his protection.

There was something so appealing in the prostrate figure that the soldier, restraining his first impulse, laid a hand almost soothingly on the ragged shoulder. No sooner, however, had he done so than the man with trembling fingers pushed something into it.

The quick eye of the Pasha's guest glanced at that over which his hand had closed, and in an instant, there was a change in his manner.

"A minute, Pasha," said he, as he moved round, "what is this new guest of yours? He looks rather the worse for wear. Let us give him a drink."

"You are trifling, sir," said the Pasha hotly. "He is only a madman." The slaves moved forward, but the guest still barred the way.

"Tell me his story, Pasha. I am in a mood to hear stories to-night."

The Pasha swore. "Enough of this foolery, colonel," he exclaimed angrily. "I'll teach him to intrude on me, the unbelieving dog."

"Ah, Pasha, he is not one of your faith then—a Christian, perhaps."

The Turk bit his lip. He did not reply, but with a peremptory gesture motioned to his men.

A slave stepped up and seized hold of the beggar's shoulder, but a shove from the sinewy arm of the guest sent him sprawling.

"Colonel," roared the Pasha furiously, "do you dare beard me in my own house. By what right do you interfere in my concerns?"

"By right of blood," replied the other coolly. "He is English, and so am I, having been born in Dublin across the water."

The wretched figure stroked the hand of his self-appointed protector, and, turning up a ragged sleeve, pointed to where upon his arm there lay something tattooed.

The Pasha's guest jumped as if he were shot. "God in heaven!" he ejaculated. "You hound," he cried, turning on the Turk. "You shall answer to me for this. This man goes with me."

"He does not, by Mahomed's head," shrieked the Turk, and, clapping his hands, his guard came in. "Seize them! Seize them!" he shouted.

But the mercenary soldier had stood too long in the fore-front of battle to draw back in the face of odds. He smiled as he saw the beggar seize a knife. "All right," said he, laying a hand almost caressingly on the ragged shoulder, "we'll fight this out together."

They stood there facing one another; on one side the livid, sinister-looking Turk and his bloodthirsty janissaries—on the other, a beggar no longer crouching but standing erect and gripping tightly a formidable knife, and beside him the reckless, devil-may-care soldier of fortune with a sword in his hand, and a look on his face that Omar knew of old. He had seen it at the awful fight of Nisibi, when this alien at the head of his cavalry had snatched the victory for Mahomed of Egypt.

He had ever hated him, if it were only for the honours which Mahomed Ali had lavished upon him. They would have been his, had it not been for this interloper. And beside that, this man and Ibrahim, Mahomed's heir, were they not bosom friends—Ibrahim who at Mahomed's death would alone stand between Omar and the Pashalik. He had been working for it for years, digging like a mole in the dark, and the death of this Englishman would be one more obstacle from his path. "Ah, yes, Allah was good. He had given him one more enemy into his hands," and his deep-set eyes gleamed as he drew back behind his soldiers, for he knew this mercenary soldier, and it was as well not to be within arm's length.

He had him now. He would doubtless kill many of his soldiers; but what did that matter. He could never get out

alive. And Omar Pasha gloated over his victim from behind the shelter of his janissaries, gloated for a moment before he gave the word to hack and slay.

But why did his guest smile? What—what was that? There was a sound in the courtyard below—a tramp of armed men—and straightway into the room, without warning, without announcement, there walked a man whose long white beard reached low on his breast.

He was old, very old, but in his piercing eye and commanding carriage there was something kingly.

He glanced from one to the other. The Pasha's guest smiled again as he shoved his sword back with a rattle into the scabbard, and the Pasha bowed low to the very ground, for the new-comer was Mahomed Ali, the lion of Egypt.

"What means this brawl?" he asked sternly.

"The Colonel is drunk," exclaimed Omar, with his deprecating smile.

"Drunk, I wish I were—drunk, mad, anything, rather than see a countryman like this in this hell-bound place. But I'll get the truth, and by God! Pasha or no Pasha, the man who did this thing will have to answer to me for it."

"An Englishman!" exclaimed Mahomed, eyeing the squalid figure. "You are wrong, Colonel."

"Wrong! I'd know an English face beneath all the filth of Egypt," was the blunt reply; but the beggar was plucking his sleeve.

"Bring writing materials," said Mahomed, his quick brain divining the beggar's intention.

Omar interposed with a word.

"Silence!" exclaimed his master, "It is my wish."

They brought pen and paper, and placed them before the ragged figure, and slowly, and in crabbed letters, he told his tale; and as he wrote, the Englishman's face, which looked over his shoulder, grew hard and stern, and when the last word was done, he went up to Omar Pasha and called him a name that no man had ever dared cast in his teeth before.

The Turk was no coward, and his hand sought the scimitar at his side. "Dog!" he cried, "I'll have revenge for that."

"When you please," replied the other, "the sooner the better."

"Peace!" exclaimed Mahomed. "Omar Pasha," he thundered, "who was this woman?"

"One Fatmah, a woman of my household," replied Omar, paling.

Mahomed's eyes were on him. "You lie, Omar Pasha; it was Zuleima, my cousin, whom I gave you to wife. You told me she had died, and you have murdered her."

The Turk was trembling now. He mumbled out something as he glanced furtively round towards the entrance. But the Royal Guards had blocked the way.

The Englishman stepped up, and seemed to be pressing something on his master. "No, no, you know that you have only to ask me, and that thing is yours Colonel; but not this. He is not worthy of the sword of a warrior." Then, turning once more upon his high minister, he exclaimed, whilst his lips seemed to curl with contempt, "Omar, the Turk, you thought to deceive me with your plotting and your fair speeches. I know you for what you are—a liar and a traitor."

He gave a signal. The Royal Guards closed round, and Omar Pasha, bound and guarded, was marched off.

They led John Blankley away. The soldier took him home and tended him with his own hands, as he might have

done a brother; and he clothed him and fed him, until at last he had the semblance of an elderly English gentleman. But the iron had entered too deeply into his soul; and they found him one morning lying at the citadel gates, over which there swung and creaked the limp figure of Omar Pasha, once high minister to Mahomed Ali; and on the upturned face there was a smile—such a smile as a man might have who at length sees before him a sight for which he has waited long, and, lo! it was good.



"THEY FOUND HIM ONE MORNING LYING AT THE CITADEL GATES"



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, ABERYSTWYTH

Women Students in Wales

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TO be a resident girl student at the University College, Aberystwyth, is to realise to the fullest extent the feminine desire to go forward. The girls who live at the Alexandra Hall, a palatial building facing the sea, almost breasting the waves of the mighty Atlantic, and lying under the base of the fine old Constitution Hill, are typical progressives and yet—typical British girls. Going there to obtain learning, and for what is freely described as “polish,” the fair academicians return to their homes braced in spirit, braced in body, and possessed

with the knowledge that to go to college is not to go to school.

There are now in residence attached to the University at Aberystwyth, about 180 women-students, a number which, considering the fact that fourteen years ago no girl undergraduates found favour in the eyes of the academic authorities, is almost incredible to understand. Not that before 1885 anything in the constitution of the College forbade the introduction of the fair sex—indeed, there were at one time women students in a long since defunct musical department; but no one seems to have thought of it, perhaps because the demand for

higher education of women was less keen than now. Lent Term, 1884, will ever be memorable in the annals of the Welsh University, for it marked the enrolment of the first girl student taking the ordinary College course. Starting with ten girls in 1884, this number increased to forty in 1888, eighty in 1892, and 160 in 1897.

In October, 1885, a large house on the Marine Terrace—a promenade which, according to some authorities, has no equal on the western coast for its invigorating breezes—was chartered as a hall of residence for women students. Residence here, however, was not made compulsory, and the inmates of the Hall were but few. Compulsory habitation was decided upon for session 1887-88, and a house, this time of more commodious pretensions, was once more taken. It was at this period that Miss E. A. Carpenter was appointed Lady-Principal of the Hall (now the Queen's Hotel), a post which she still holds at the new building, and, let us hope, for

the sake of the College, will still continue to hold for many a year. It is acknowledged by those who are interested in the advancement of educational facilities among women that, not only has Miss Carpenter advanced women's education at Aberystwyth, but women's education in general; her energy, tact, organising power, and versatility have greatly added to the success of the first women's university in Wales, and the example she has set is tenfold, for the educational usefulness of Aberystwyth is by no means limited to the Principality.

Students have flocked to this model institution, in the centre of the Welsh coast-line, from all parts of England and Wales, and some from Scotland, Ireland and India, while many former members of the feminine side of the University, holding important and valuable appointments, are scattered over a still wider area, doing excellent work in their different spheres of activity and bringing the admirable training they received at



MISS CARPENTER, LADY PRINCIPAL

From Photo by H. H. DAVIES, Aberystwyth

their Celtic College into strong influence on the minds and hearts of the younger generation. Former students may be found in the responsible positions of college lecturers, head-mistresses in secondary schools, assistant-mistresses, private secretaries, and many other valuable offices in which they, through their many-sidedness, good sense, and practicality, are fittingly suitable to engage. It is a sure sign that a girl has been brought up in the paths of temperance, unselfishness and self-respect, when, as instructress of her juniors, she can wield the bâton of firm yet fair authority for many years, and with fruitful successes by the way to cheer her in the march forward. Created in the terms of friendly intellectual intercourse at college is the feeling of independence which stands a girl, bent on making her way amid the turmoil and competition of a busy world, in such excellent stead. However difficult and long-drawn may be the crusade against the dicta of one's parents, or one's guardians, against customs of the past and possible dangers hinted at in the future, against first attempts badly executed and consequently disheartening, against poor and comfortless surroundings and unlooked-for disaster, the girl with a trained independence and an indomitable will of her own, holds the lead with any of her neighbours reared in the close quarters of the paternal home.

The women's side in the Welsh University has long since passed the experimental stage, and its students now constitute not far from half the undergraduate contingent, which at present numbers about 400. Many academic successes have to be recorded; to name only a few we find College scholarships and exhibitions amounting to £3,950, seven at Cambridge and two at Oxford, a research scholarship in political economy and one Gilchrist travelling scholarship. There are no less than 106 girls who have passed the matriculation at the London University; after their names, 73 can prefix "B.A.", 3 "M.A.", and 8 "B.Sc.", while one ex-student is now a "D.Sc."

For this eminently satisfactory list of honours, a lasting memorial to the suc-

cess of Aberystwyth as a centre for the higher education of our girls, the administration assign many excellent causes. They remark on the close union between the Hall and the College; on the reasonable fees, £50 being about the average total payment made for board, residence and tuition during the whole session; the healthy environment, and the thorough way in which the "mixed" system is carried out. Here we get men and women attending the same lectures, learning the same lessons, entering into the same social life, and practically playing the same amusements. Progress is great in Wales, but there is no aping of men's ways, no silly emulation, such as the smoking of cigarettes, the carrying of canes, or the wearing of eye-glasses in the daily life of these fresh British maidens. At the same time they are far from giving one the impression of being bluestockings and absorbed bookworms. Climbing the neighbouring mountains, cycling in the charming Welsh valleys, rowing on the turbulent Bay, playing golf, hockey and cricket, the girls at the Alexandra Hall are essentially students and sports-women at the same time.

I venture to quote two clauses set forth in the College charter, granted in 1889, which, I think, exhibit in a clear and distinct way the equality of women as recognised in Wales. The first reads:—

"Female students shall be admissible to all the benefits and emoluments of the College, and women shall be eligible to sit on the Governing Body, on the Council, and on the Senate."

The second makes it well worth noting that the University of Wales, though the youngest of its kind, is the most liberal of all the resident British Universities in its recognition of the educational claims of what is called the weaker sex:—

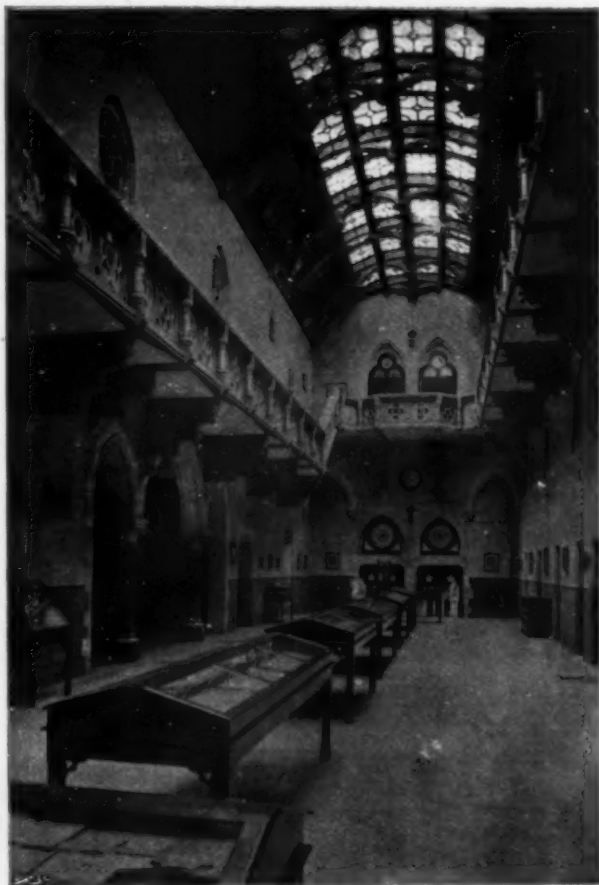
"Women shall be eligible equally with men for admittance to any degree which the University is by this, our charter, authorised to confer. Every office hereby created in the University, and the membership of every authority hereby constituted, shall be open to women equally with men."

I merely quote these two clauses to

show girls how thoroughly and specifically their educational interests and rights are protected in gallant little Wales.

To describe the interior of the Alexandra Hall is to describe a model dwelling-place. Its equipment, absolute

who was instrumental in securing a grant of £2,000 from the Pfeiffer Bequest, a fund of £70,000 left in trust for the advancement of women's education by a Welsh lady, Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer. This piece of good fortune, coming at a time when, owing to financial difficul-



CENTRAL HALL OF THE COLLEGE, WALES

cleanliness, up-to-date arrangements and perfect regulations aptly fit it as a residential quarter even for the most fastidious student. Opened in June, 1896, by the Princess of Wales, the Hall owed its timely creation mainly to the untiring exertions of Sir Lewis Morris,

ties of the College, resulting from a heavy debt, the Hall scheme had perforce to remain in abeyance, infused new life into the work, resulting in the attainment of an excellent site on the sea-front at the extreme north end of the terrace. The day that the Hall was

formally opened by Her Royal Highness will ever be memorable in the annals of the College; for it also witnessed the installation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the University of Wales, while on the same occasion distinguished degrees were conferred on both the Prince and Princess, Earl Spencer, Lord Herschell and Mr. Gladstone.

The Hall, as completed in June of last year, is constructed of local stone (grey grit), with dressings of buff freestone from the well-known Salopian quarries of Grinshill. There are five stories, not including the basement, accommodating 200 students; there is a sea-

placed on the table from 4.30 to 6.15, and there is a supper at 9 p.m., at which attendance is optional. Next to the dining-room is a suite of drawing-rooms, all with 12 feet headroom. On the same floor there are a large recreation room, a matron's room, a servants' hall, and a commodious kitchen.

The rest of the building is mainly occupied with bedrooms, general studies, private studies, and what are known as study-bedrooms. The last-named combine bed and sitting-room accommodation; they are exceedingly light and airy compartments, and when daintily furnished and decorated by the students, present a pleasing and inviting appear-



A DRAMATIC GROUP

From Photo by H. H. DAVIES, Aberystwyth

frontage to the west of 182 feet, and the width extends 95 feet, part of the central space being occupied by a courtyard. In the case of chimney-stacks, blue bricks have been employed with bands of Grinshill stone.

Entering by the chief entrance on the sea-front, we pass into the principal room of the ground floor—the dining hall, measuring 65 feet by 30 feet. Here prayers—attendance at which is not compulsory—are held every morning, breakfast, dinner, and tea are served, and the girls sign their names in the Hall book. On week-days there are two hours at which breakfast may be taken—8 a.m. or 8.45; dinner is served at 1.20, tea is

ance, affording suitable "dens" where on special occasions the girls may entertain their friends. Miss Carpenter, the Lady Principal, has her room on the first floor, next door to a well-stocked library, containing some six hundred volumes of standard literature—a feature of the establishment highly appreciated by the students and worthy of being emulated in other colleges devoted to girls. Nor are the requirements of modern hygiene neglected. The lavatory block is of the most approved construction, and—more important still—is only connected with the main building by means of a narrow cross-ventilated "bridge." Great pains have also been

taken to secure adequate lighting, heating, and ventilation.

It is almost unnecessary to say that strict discipline is observed by the College authorities as to a rigid regard for the regulations, though those who have passed through the syllabus at Aberystwyth would, on careful consideration, be the last to decry the sense and justice of the rules. No one could possibly question the advisability of a rule which says that without the special permission of the Lady Principal, no student must be out (except for lectures) after 7.30 p.m. on week-days in winter, or after 8.30 p.m. on Sundays and in summer. But few girls would, it seems, wish to break this rule, even if they were so minded; for in winter evenings the promenade is usually a deserted spot, the town is dull and monotonous, and the wind is generally uncomfortably high. Besides all which there is a counter-attraction in the Hall itself. Invariably, a visitor who took a peep within on a cold winter's evening, would find some signs of entertainment, sensible recreation, and jovial companionship. Many of the girls are musical, and concerts are systematically organised; or there is a dramatic performance, a select party in one of the private studies, or a debate in a general study. One need never be dull. With the bracing air, the splendid surrounding hills, the excellent food and

pleasant association with pure and healthy girls, a student who felt—to use a popular expression—"out of it" at Aberystwyth would find it an almost impossible task to feel "in it" anywhere else.

In almost every department of learning included in the Welsh curriculum, the girl-students are given their lectures, as has been stated, with the male members of the University who reside in the town, and whose college proper is stationed at the other end of the parade, a noble granite block of buildings facing the Atlantic.

The students are required to attend the lectures, and in the science department, practical work, with trustworthy regularity; absence is not allowed without special permission from the professor or lecturer concerned. The reports furnished at the end of every session by the examiners and professors, show, beyond doubt, that deep interest and careful study is displayed throughout, while it is evident that all are happy in their work. In a word, the University of Wales has turned out some admirable specimens of bright and intelligent British girls—and girls who, let it be said, turn out excellent wives and devoted mothers. They have, in nearly all cases, gained, not lost, by untying in their teens the string which fixed them to their native hearth.



JUNE LOVE

THE ways are not of weeping,
 The times are not of tears :
 Green fields gleam far before us,
 Blue skies lean lightly o'er us,
 And nothing ripe for reaping
 Within our sight appears.

Love's sowing time is ended—
 The Spring, Sweetheart, is past—
 When dimples and distresses,
 Glad signs and sorry guesses,
 Like sun and rain attended
 The hope that flowers at last.

I think you feared at first, Sweet,
 Lest love were nought at root.
 Through March's calms and crashes,
 And April's frowns and flashes,
 I know I gently nursed, Sweet,
 One shy and wayward shoot.

For love in Spring was new love—
 And could our hearts descry
 At dawn the strength of noontide,
 In March the joy of June-tide ?
 But now 'tis tried and true love,
 And dear until we die.

Our ways are not of weeping,
 Our times are not of tears.
 The fields may fail before us,
 The skies bend burdened o'er us—
 But love comes not to reaping
 Till we are done with years.

J. J. BELL.

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THE HONOURABLE

WRITTEN BY MRS. WILLIAM MAUDE. ILLUSTRATED BY
J. E. GILLINGWATER.

WAY, away, out of turmoil and smoke, out of toil and dust and grime, to pine trees and roses, and peaceful yellow sands where sea-gulls circle and the salt foam flies from a turquoise sea—sea as blue as that which laps the shores of Monaco—in a word, out of London and Waterloo Station to Bournemouth! The girl in the train who was carried thus from heat and noise to cool and quiet, was herself good to look at, with red-brown hair, and eyes “like violets dipped in dew,” the poet said. He called her his “Princess.” She stepped into a fly at the East Station, beautiful, loveable—do not start, gentle reader, she was only Posie, of Raspberry Street—she blacked the poet’s boots with her own fair hands—Aunt Amelia’s “slavey” of the little house in Brompton.

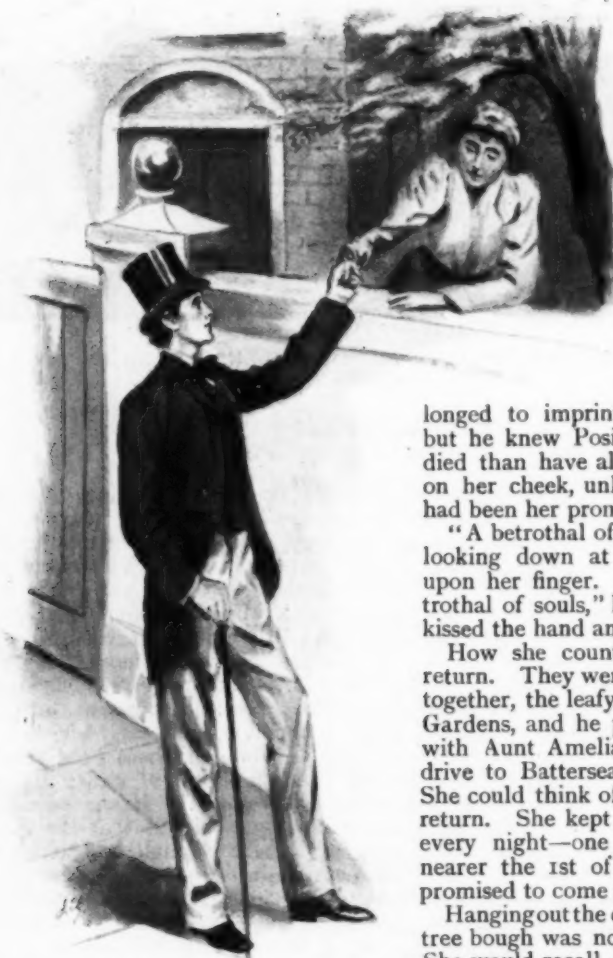
Her hands were as white as yours for all that, and the nails as beautiful, though her aunt did keep a lodging-house in Raspberry Street. A charwoman came once a week to do the scrubbing—the princess did the rest. They called her Posie. The poet said he loved the name, nothing suited her so well, and to him she was always “Princess Posie!” His name was Mr. Randall—the Honourable Robert Randall. Posie was only sixteen, she knew nothing of the world outside Raspberry Street—Raspberry Street, Michael’s Grove, not far from Brompton

Oratory. Posie’s aunt preferred “South Kensington” for the full address, she considered it more “genteel,” so she would have told you. You could not find Raspberry Street if you tried; it is a very quiet bye-lane somewhere near Michael’s Grove. Robert Randall found it, because he was a poet and was attracted by the almond blossoms above the wall. You seldom see an almond tree in London, and this one had a straight, low branch where Aunt Amelia hung “the small things” out to dry, on her “washing day.” It was precisely on such a day in March that the Honourable Robert Randall first came to Raspberry Street. “It is a poem all to itself,” he said. He meant the almond-tree. Unsullied as yet by London soot, it stretched its delicate blossoms across the grimy street, and Posie, unsullied too and “fancy free,” bent her rose-white face upon him. He asked for a blossom, and she gave him one, shyly, stiffly, over the garden wall.

“Maidens are poems,” he was beginning, when Aunt Amelia called, “Posie! Posie! I want you!” After that, Mr. Randall took rooms at Number Four, Raspberry Street, and Posie innocently dated all events from “when the Honourable came!”

“I knew he was a poet,” she would say; “we used to learn all that when I was at the Young Ladies’ Seminary at Penge.”

Posie had been sent to school for a



"HE ASKED FOR A BLOSSOM"

little while, but then came reverses. Aunt Amelia could not afford to keep a servant, and her niece had to take the "slavey's" place. Posie was an orphan, and Aunt Amelia was all the mother she knew.

One short year—he had only been with them a year—and everything was changed for Posie. And when, at last, towards the end of March, "the Honourable" went away, the almond tree was once again in blossom, and Posie's heart—her poor, inexperienced little heart—went away with him to Bournemouth.

He promised to return in the early summer. He could not long be separated from his princess, he said, and he gave her a tiny ring at parting—a ring with a heart of coral—"a red heart that matched her lips," he told her. His fondly-whispered words brought the warm blushes to her face; it was a lovely face, and he

longed to imprint his farewell there, but he knew Posie would sooner have died than have allowed a man's kisses on her cheek, unless, indeed, that man had been her promised husband.

"A betrothal of souls," the poet said, looking down at the ring he placed upon her finger. "You and I; a betrothal of souls," he whispered, and he kissed the hand and the ring.

How she counted the days till his return. They were to walk in the parks together, the leafy glades of Kensington Gardens, and he promised to take her with Aunt Amelia to the theatre, and drive to Battersea to see the cycling. She could think of nothing else but his return. She kept a card to be pricked every night—one day gone, one day nearer the 1st of June, when he had promised to come again.

Hanging out the clothes on the almond-tree bough was now her happiest task. She would recall a hundred times how first they met, how he had stood there looking and looking up into her eyes. Over the wall, under the pink and white blossom, how much she grew to love the almond tree.

Posie grew dreamy—she was always dreaming now—pondering his words, the poems, all the conversations they had had together since first he came.

In those early days of their acquaintance she had asked him, "Are all poets called Honourable?" and he had answered, "No, but they ought to be, my princess."

"And you?" she asked, her wide, innocent eyes fixed upon him with a

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kind of breathless wonder. "Are you very rich and great that you bear this noble title?"

The poet passed his delicate fingers through his hair—shapely and refined they were, and tipped with "filbert" nails. Posie felt the glamour of those fingers when they touched her as of some electric shock. The long hair he wore curling upon his forehead fell back under his white hand. "I am not rich or great," he said sadly; "I am not even the eldest son, nor a poet, only a very poor rhymster." And he spoke truly, but Posie took it to signify his great humility, and her admiration for him increased.

The summer days passed and deepened and widened, from glowing June to hot July, but the poet never came. But surely he would be faithful to his promise.

The time came for one of Aunt Amelia's visits to Shepherd's Bush. Her only sister lived there, and once a year she would go to visit her, and afterwards take Posie to Margate; this was the only treat Aunt Amelia ever allowed herself. It took place in August, when excursion trains make travelling cheap. Posie had been accustomed to look forward to this treat with intense delight. Only a Londoner can rightly appreciate the pure sea-air after the tainted atmosphere of the streets. But all was changed. Posie was only waiting feverishly for "the Honourable's" return; she cared nothing but for him, no treat could satisfy her in his absence. She carried his ring in the bosom of her cotton frock; she did not mean to be deceitful, but "Aunt Amelia" would frown perhaps—and this was too sacred for her eyes, too precious to be lightly relinquished.

"It's strange the Honourable never writing," said Aunt Amelia one day, "for your real gentleman has always consideration. And, 'I return certainly by the first of June,' he says, just stepping into the cab. 'Well,' she continued thoughtfully, 'now the old lady has gone from the dining-room floor, I shall feel at liberty to run off to Aunt Eliza, for she's poorly and presses me to stay the week. Be sure, Posie, if any one calls, to show them the drawing-room floor. I'll take twenty-five, see-

ing we've come to the middle of July, and the season nearly done. I'm pretty sure the Honourable will not return at present. Good gracious, child!" Aunt Amelia was short-sighted and she ran now to the front windows, "if you haven't taken down the card! What did you do that for?" The guilty princess blushed a vivid red.

"Oh, it's fallen, I declare!" and Aunt Amelia, all unobservant, stooped to raise the card from the floor, where "Apartments to Let," was reposing against the green iron frame of a flower-stand, where a few geraniums, carefully tended, lent colour to the dingy room.

"It's not likely the Honourable will return now. You look tired, child." If Posie had been red before, she was now quite white, and looked ready to faint.

"Margate sands," Aunt Amelia continued, "will make another girl of you. I will try and get your Aunt Eliza off earlier this year."

"Oh no, please not—not for me!" gasped poor Posie. "I—I think, perhaps, it is only the heat."

"Of course it is only the heat, but you want sea-breezes to strengthen you up," said kind Aunt Amelia. She bustled about more than ever. She must start early for Shepherd's Bush.

"Take some walks, child, be sure and lock up the house. Mammy Jefson will come and sleep as usual. You will find the keys under my blotter and a form ready written in case the Honourable returns, which I don't think he will. But it's strange—I hope he's not ill, poor young gentleman, the influenza so much about. Wire, Posie, should he return unexpectedly, I shall require a wire, it's only sixpence and it saves time."

When the hour for starting came Posie kissed her aunt dutifully, and Aunt Amelia, seeing the sad look in her eyes, said good-naturedly, "Don't mope indoors. You may finish up the potted shrimps, they won't keep this hot weather." Posie tried to smile gratefully, knowing Aunt Amelia regarded such things as the very apple of her eye, but when the cab had turned the corner she sat down on the stairs and her tears fell fast. She thought her thoughts aloud. "Perhaps he's dead!" she said.

"Not 'ee!" It was Mammy Jefson's voice, she spoke emphatically. "Folk don't die so easy! The young genelman wasn't strong as some," she added meditatively, "it's true!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Posie now fairly unstrung, "if he should die, and never come back!"

Even a charwoman can give comfort, and this one was an old friend.

"If 'ee 'asn't written," continued Posie's comforter, "you may be sure 'ee will, there's h'every 'ope of it. Men h'is skittish, take the best of 'em, we must look for it in 'em, the Lord knows 'ow they're made! Don't you fret h'arter this one, Miss Posie, if 'ee never come back, there's plenty o' fish in the sea what this 'un come out of!"

Mammy Jefson's very thick voice ceased abruptly, as the girl suddenly started up and reached down her hat from its peg on the wall. "Where-h'ever be you goin'?" asked Mammy.

"I'm going to look after the poet, he must be ill; if he was well he would have written," returned Posie feverishly.

"There's a train, I can catch it. Call me a cab, Mammy, there's a dear, please do, Mammy! Oh!" Her voice broke into a sob. "I must go to him to Bournemouth."

Mammy Jefson's jaw dropped.

"What! go to Bournemouth?" she almost shrieked. "Well, I never!"

The princess was pinning on her hat in eager haste.

"Lor, What h'ever will your h'aunt h'Amelia say? You'd best wait and write him a letter, my dear."

Posie's only answer was to run upstairs and hastily push a few things into a little hand-bag that stood on the dusty drawers. She took no heed of Mammy Jefson's earnest expostulations, when with slow and heavy tread that worthy followed her to the top of the house.

"I shall only be gone a day or two," said Posie, with a very red face. Her tears were gone, dried up by the excitement that possessed her. The weary uncertainty would be over at last, she should see him—see her lover and know for herself if he were alive or dead.

"Oh, Mammy dear, keep my secret, till I come back! Aunt Amelia won't

be cross when she hears, when she knows." Posie's voice faltered. "She can't scold when I tell her myself and ask her pardon! And the house won't run away, you'll see after it Mammy! O Mammy dear, you were always good and kind. I think my heart will break, at least it would break if I did not go to him—him ill, dead perhaps." She threw her arms round Mammy's neck.

"Dead wouldn't do no good," said the charwoman staring vaguely into Posie's face. "Lor' my dear, I don't want to contain you" (Mammy was Mrs. Malaprop on occasion) "but this 'ere won't do! Sweet'earting didn't ought to be carried on this fashion, you running off like a mad thing and 'im nobody knows where! Oh my dear, my dear!" The charwoman's intense agitation caused Posie real surprise.

"Why, what does it matter?" she asked innocently. "I've got three pounds ten, all my own, and if I spend it as I like best, who's to mind? Auntie said I might do as I liked about that new summer frock."

"It'll be to ruin you body and soul! Oh my dear, oh my Lord!" Mammy, unable to find words to express her feelings, sank down upon the one chair the room contained, and burst into tears.

They dropped upon the rusty black dress she wore, and she wiped them away with the back of her coarse red hand. Suddenly she left off rocking herself in the chair, and caught hold of the princess. "Give over, Miss Posie, do, and come round to dinner at h'our place. We'll 'ave winkles and h'Albert'll be ever so pleased—'ee's 'ad a bad night, 'ee 'ave, and your comin'll do 'im a sight o' good, Miss Posie, there's a honey! Yer won't go to break all our 'earts, lambie?"

At the mention of the poor crippled lad Posie's mobile mouth twitched. "Give him the potted shrimps," she said; "they will be a treat, and, oh, there's a jar of honey at the back of the cupboard, it's three-parts full, he may have the honey too. Good-bye, Mammie!"

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now on 'is crutches just at the corner of the Grove," cried Mammy. She mounted the chair in order to take a better view of her first-born, and down the stairs went Posie.

Before the charwoman with her slow gait could stop her, Posie had crossed the pavement and was climbing into a hansom crawling leisurely by.

"To Waterloo!" she cried, "and drive quick, very quick."

The cabman whipped up his horse, and Posie was carried out of sight, leaving Mammy Jefson on the pavement helplessly wringing her hands.

Just for a moment the girl felt a twinge of remorse, but the rapid motion and the knowledge that she was going to see her beloved poet and find out for herself the cause of his non-arrival banished every other thought. She would nurse him, "see after him," save him if she died in the doing of it. Posie's love at sixteen was a woman's love, unselfish, self-sacrificing.

"Bournemouth? Yes, 12.30—five minutes," said the porter laconically.

At the end of that time Posie found herself, oh joy! actually steaming right out of Waterloo Station, away from London and its prosaic toil, to the poet's "City of a Dream." So he had been wont to call Bournemouth, and he would describe the turquoise sea and the glowing sunsets and the yellow sands.

"My princess, you have not seen the ocean shores in their real beauty," he used to say, "till you have seen Bournemouth."

The princess could scarcely believe her good fortune when, at last, she stood on the platform of a wide lofty station. "Bournemouth East," the porters called it, but to her it was the gate of Paradise, a gate of new hopes and unfathomed joy.

But just as she took her seat in the fly, a strange fear took possession of her. What if he should be very ill, perhaps dead? How should she bear it all alone? Surely he would have written to her long ago, if illness had not stayed his hand. She was very certain of the poet's faithful affection, hers was no common lover. He who wrote so well of purity and goodness, could not in himself be faithless, could he? How

good he was, how full of reverence. He had accompanied her sometimes to the Oratory, he had knelt, oh how reverently, in the corner of the tiny back garden in Raspberry Street, where a broken statue of the Blessed Virgin partook of the general sootiness and grime of Brompton. Posie did not believe that "men is skittish," as Mammy Jefson said. What could a charwoman know?

But if it were true, this one, her hero, her poet, was an exception. She recalled how they had read together his own beautiful poem called "Faith and Despair."

"Faith in One," in "one only" like Tennyson's *Idyl*; but this, the poet said, is a new version of an old song, the old theme the gods delight in. Oh joy and youth and youth and love, must there always be an awakening?

Her heart beat fast, the colour came and went upon her face as she drove towards the place where he would be found stretching out welcoming arms to receive her.

The houses to right and left—the little houses of "villadom"—had every one a garden of sweet flowers. They filled the air with with fragrance, every other was a bower of green where roses wandered. She passed under the sweet-scented pines. The hot July sun came gently through a dark screen overhead. She was driving along the road that leads towards Boscombe. It seemed to her that everywhere—on either hand—were gardens of delight. A row of tall houses screened the view of the sea, but through the gaps between the sky looked down, the sun shining in its strength; so wonderful it seemed to town-bred Posie it almost took away her breath. She who rejoiced in the unsullied blossoms of her one almond-tree and felt the majestic beauty of the smoke-dried foliage in Kensington, what fascination awaited her here, in Bournemouth the "Riviera" of England.

All at once the driver stopped. With burning cheeks the happy princess alighted. She gave the fare—an extravagant payment and she knew it—but she trod on air, and gladly would she have paid double to let this poor coachman share her joy. The Bournemouth

cab-driver has a soul above dishonesty. "Eighteenpence is the fare, Miss," he said, politely tendering a shilling in exchange for her timid half-crown.

"Oh, never mind," returned the deluded princess, whom joy had rendered

either side the path that led to the house, there was no carriage drive. This then—was the poet's house—this his little home in the "City of a Dream." Timid Posie advanced up the narrow path—is not love always timid? The



"THEN SHE GAVE A LITTLE CRY"

reckless; "perhaps you have a wife and children, please keep it!" The driver thanked her and drove off, leaving her standing before a little green gate, on which was written in very white letters, "Grassmeadow Cottage." Flaming red "pokers," stocks and peas stood up on

gate and the lawn, and the shrubs tangled with convolvulus, she would remember those white convolvulus bells all her life! It was everywhere dim and shady and green. Posie's hand, holding her shabby black bag, trembled. Her lover was so great it frightened her.

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The bag slipped from her hand upon the gravel.

Then she gave a little cry, for there on a peg within the open door, was a straw hat—his hat—a blue ribbon about the crown. She could not mistake, she had sewn on the ribbon—how many months ago?—and pricked her finger in the doing of it, and he? Ah, he had "kissed the place to make it well!" She stood staring, oblivious of everything but her lover. She even forgot to ring the bell, and stood there gazing. A woman in a primrose-coloured blouse—a coarse-featured, loud-voiced woman—came to the open door. Her curled yellow fringe was in startling contrast to her dark eyes and black eyebrows. Posie, suddenly startled out of her dreaming, could only falter, "Is he here, is he well?" This person did not look sad or sorry, so no doubt the poet was better, at least. But instead of the expected bulletin, the golden-haired woman laughed. She said, with a faint tinge of mockery about her lips, "If you mean Mr. Randall, he's not at home."

Poor little Posie could only repeat, "Not at home!"

The woman was looking at her suspiciously.

"He lives here," gasped Posie, "doesn't he live here?"

"Yes. He lives here when he's at home—he's away just now!"

The girl's slender figure wavered slightly, like a thing struck by the wind. "Has he been ill, very ill?—is he well again?" She asked incoherently.

"Oh quite well, as far as I know. We're not so often favoured by his presence now, my husband and I—we don't see him of late, or maybe I could tell you better as regards his health." Again she laughed that unpleasant laugh.

"Can I give any name?" She asked curiously. "He'll be back in a day or two, I dare say."

"No, no name," said Posie drearily, "but I will call—I will call in a day or two." The woman eyed her keenly, and the scarlet sprang into the girl's face beneath that bold gaze. Then the princess walked away, between the white-wreathed shrubs. Oh, she would

remember those pale trumpet bells, all her life! She passed out of the little green gate, it shut behind her and carrying her small shabby bag, she went up the road under the pine-trees.

The loud woman laughed again, and the coarse notes seemed to mar the summer stillness of the afternoon. So, he was well, and away! He had not come to her. She was forgotten! Was it only a dream? The poet and his love and his faithful affection, all gone, evaporated in thin air like a bubble that has burst. The princess walked on and on, she cared not where.

Love and light and joy had fled. After awhile—she kept no count of time—she sank down upon a seat,—there are wooden benches scattered here and there under the trees by the wayside. The sun sent its low, warm rays upon her head. She must find some resting-place for the night. The thought roused her, she turned back a little way and found a narrow row of houses each with a garden before it. At one of these she engaged a room, and drank her tea in the small front parlour facing a straggling line of pines, glowing now with the crimson light of the setting sun.

"I will wait a day or two," she said, and hope whispered, "Yes, wait!"

"I want yer, ma' honey, yes I want yer—
Yes a doo!"

Nigger men were singing near the sea, and children were laughing, and the grown-up folk chattering and eating on the sands beside the pier. And the princess was there too. Another day had come, and with its dawn, hope grew strong, and stronger every hour. Hope told her she had despaired too soon. He had business—gentlemen always have business—he was away—gone to London, was even now at Raspberry Street, and hearing from Mammy Jefson how she, his princess, had run off "like a mad thing" to find him, would hurry back to Bournemouth; and—stupid Posie!—she had not left name or address at Grassmeadow Cottage. As soon as this thought presented itself, the poor little thing lost all pleasure in the gay scene upon the sands. He would come—she must not delay—all would be well. The pier in the morning light

shone like gold, and the water caught the flashes, silver and red and bronze, of a steamer coming to the pier-side, the people went clattering along, while the clocks far and near struck the hour. Posie eat currant buns under the pier's deep shadow. She was young and eat with a hearty, healthy appetite, even while she thought upon her lover. She made her paper bag into a cocked hat, and set it to sail for a boat, where some bare-footed children were scooping out the sand with their little wooden spades. They laughed when the sea rushed in and filled their tiny pond, and Posie laughed with them. The sea-breeze gave colour to her cheeks, and made her eyes dance. Some sailors passing, turned to look at her; they looked twice before they moved away.

"Violets dipped in dew!" the poet had said. Posie's innocent vanity took pleasure in the thought—not that any passing vulgar admiration could content her; she had but one real lover, and all the world beside was as dross to her little faithful heart. It was then, when the paper boat was sailing, and the children were laughing, the thought came! She started to her feet, the hasty, impetuous princess, and set off running to Grass-meadow Cottage. It was there she must leave her address in case the poet came.

The sun was tense, and the heat too great, as she crossed the burning sands, but there were shadows under the pines—wide, cool ways, where the warm air carried balmy scents to meet the tired child. The fragrance of roses came with the incense of the pines; there were roses everywhere; on the walls and about the low verandahs; every rustic porch was a bower. Red and white and cream climbing the roofs, and tossing tender arms round the stern straight pines, like a fragile lady about her stern lord, wreathing his neck with beauty. The princess stopped before the green gate amongst laurels and convolvulus. A postman came out while she stood there; the gate shut after him with a click. The girl's colour came and went—her heart beat high with hope. Only for a moment; the next, her face was as white as the convolvulus—her hands

clenched! The yellow-haired woman was talking to her little maid, and the princess heard.

"She is here; he is staying with her in Bournemouth."

"Who?"

"Why, our Mr. Randall!"

"What? going to be married?"

"Yes, quite soon!"

A stifled cry of pain, and then some one turned and ran away from under the laurel hedge down the road to the sea. The climbing roses were swinging their white wreaths above her head, the cool pine-trees sent forth their incense to the sun—it was still the poet's "City of a Dream," but for her all was changed. She saw nothing of its beauty, her heart was swelling with misery. She could not bear it, she told herself, and her breast heaving with sobs, she went and cast herself down on the smooth sand of the sea-shore. She could never have told you how long she stayed there overwhelmed with grief. The afternoon wore away. The sun went down, and a shining staircase led to his glittering chamber of rest, little steps of gold made by the waves that gently rose and fell in the summer calm.

"I loved you!" she said aloud; "I loved you, and you have thrown away my love!"

Splash, splash, the golden staircase lapped the sand.

"If you had not deceived me—if you had not promised to come back! Now you have broken my heart!"

She lay there hour after hour, her head in her hands, her hands buried in the yellow sand, her face shut out from the light. In the hour of her disappointment she did not pause to ask, Was it well for him? Would it have been well for both, this unequal marriage? She did not ask the question, but lay in impotent rage fighting against fate—fate that, in darkest shape, comes straight from our Father's hand, and is permitted for our greater good. The poor child lay prone upon the earth, while the sun drew his golden ladder after him, lighting all the west with fire-works; arches of yellow and vermilion flushed the sky ere he dipped into the sea.

The moon rose and the waves were

turned from gold to silver, and still the child lay moaning; her hair that had been golden in the sunset, clung in damp, dark coils about her bowed head; her hands were clenched in anguish.

A step, muffled on the sand, came to where she lay, a shadow intercepted the white moon-rays, making a black line over her.

"Why do you lie here?" asked a man's voice; "Is anything wrong? Are you ill?" The tones were harsh and abrupt. Joe Arundale was always abrupt when he was shy, and he was shy now. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked nervously. He had seen the prostrate woman's form, and walking as quickly as he could, arrived panting. The princess sat up and stared blankly before her. She pushed the damp hair from her forehead, and looked about her. With a groan she relapsed into her former attitude, her face to the earth. The look she gave him was one of such intense misery, the stony stare of blank despair, the young man felt absolutely afraid. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked again, and laid his hand timidly on her dress. Still she did not move. She wailed out at last, "Nothing!—nobody can help me ever, ever again!" Perhaps the mournful sound of her own voice brought the full misery of it all before her; perhaps the kind words repeated, "Let me help you!" brought the tears. She began to weep, loud and long, violent uncontrolled sobs. Like a torrent the tears came rushing between her slender fingers that strove to keep them back, dripping like pearl-drops in the moon's white light. Is there anything too costly to be named by the side of a woman's broken heart?

Though she did not know it, those tears would purchase her life-long happiness. The faithless poet would have called them "diamonds." This young man had no poetical imaginings, but his heart was moved to pity, and a compassionate longing to help.

She spoke between her sobs like a tired child that tells its story. "If he had told me, I should not have minded—at least, I should always have minded, but I could have borne it better than—than this!" Her red lips quivered.

She hid her face in her hands. He turned his head away. He would not look. To him a woman's grief was sacred. "Why did he say he loved me? Oh, why are people cruel, and say things and not mean them?" She had sat up for awhile, and now she threw herself again upon the sand. The night had come. A little breeze moaned to the sea. It seemed to him the sea and the night cried out against the injustice of man. "Don't," he said again, he could think of nothing better to say; "you will hurt yourself, if you cry so!" She looked into his face and a torrent of words broke. "I used to do everything for him, all the year round; it is over a year since he came to us. He would not let lift heavy trays, he would do it himself, he would carry the coals for his fire and take the tray out of my hands. He said I was never to do it while he was there,—oh, he was a gentleman, a real, true gentleman and a poet too—" She broke off suddenly. "He was our lodger, you know?"

"Yes."

"He used to read to me—that was beautiful—at his breakfast-time."

The young man listened attentively. He was intensely interested. He pitied the beautiful girl, he would like to have kicked the man, the man who had forsaken her!

"One day," she went on, "he gave me a ring, I used to take it out and look at it of nights,—by candle-light when I could, by moonlight when I had not enough candle left to burn, and it was when the almond-tree was in blossom again—like when he first came to our house and asked for a flower off it, that he gave me the ring. 'The betrothal of souls' he called it, and he threw back his head when he said it—just so—and his eyes looked, oh, so thrilling!" She imitated the gesture, and the moonlight fell on her round throat and little ears like shells under the hair that nestled about her neck.

A groan came from Joe Arundale as he listened.

She turned quite away from him again and cast herself down once more in the utter abandonment of grief. "Nobody can do nothing ever again!" The ungrammatical sentence went straight to

to the young man's heart. He stood there powerless to help, looking on and pitying her grief.

"Don't, don't!" he said at last, putting out a hand and touching her.

"Are you still there?" she asked pettishly. "Why don't you go?"

"You will hurt yourself," he said, as he had said before.

"What does it matter to you, if I do? There is only Aunt Amelia to care."

"But I care, I don't want you to be ill—please stop crying!"

"Why do you care?" She asked staring.

The young man, he was not yet twenty-five, fixed a pair of honest grey-blue eyes on her tear-stained face.

"I care for any woman in trouble, I suppose everybody cares then." He answered with simple directness, he did not take note of her beauty, her dark-fringed eyes and clear cut oval face—Joe cared little for beauty, he looked for the soul within.

"Oh, how I loved him!"

The girl upon the sand had begun to moan again and rock herself to and fro in the extremity of her woe. He had tears in the eyes he averted from her, and softly under his breath he murmured, "*Consolatrix Afflictorum!*" The whispered prayer reached her. "Are you a Catholic?" she asked in slow surprise. "Yes."

"Oh! I did not know." She said it so simply, he smiled.

"You do not know very much about me, not even my name," he said. "I was asking the Mother of God, the consoler of the afflicted, to pray for you!" and already something of the balm for which he asked had fallen on the poor tempest-tossed soul. After a pause he said, "You must go home."

"I have no home; I am all alone!"

"Alone at night in Bournemouth!" Only those who know, can understand the terrible significance of those words. "A girl alone!" he repeated. Then meeting her dazed eyes, "You have a lodging?—rooms where you slept last night?"

"Yes." She tried to rise, but, stiff and cold, fell back. He helped her to her feet. "Good-bye," she faltered, "you have been kind—you are kind

—and I am going, because you tell me."

"Good-bye!" Like an obedient child she turned and went. Respectfully he raised his hat, then stood to watch her go. How tall she was! He was no taller, their eyes, had been on a level when she stood. He would like to have touched the little cold hands that trembled so, as she stooped to pick up her straw hat where it had fallen. But his respect forbade him. A woman alone.

Then he saw her stagger. He was by her side in a moment. "You are ill," he said; "let me go with you."

"No, only tired—so tired." He did not offer her his arm. She did not ask it. In silence, walking apart, they left the sands and reached the level road. A few minutes more and they came to a little row of houses where the girl lodged. "The third, where the gate is a-jar, that is mine," she said wearily, "good-night."

"I will not go, I will wait here, under the lamp-post to see that the door is opened. If you do not come back, I shall know you are safe."

She did not come back.

The days passed. As the slow hours went by he grew restless.

The little white throat, the rounded cheeks pale with despair, haunted him. Of such as these suicides are made! Could she, in her misery, ever fall so low? Could those innocent eyes, the eyes that had gazed so fearlessly into his, the dark lashes heavy with tears—could they be closed even now in death, and the childish, too slender woman's form lie stiff and stark on a cold mortuary slab? "*Consolatrix Afflictorum,*" pray for her and such as her whose hearts are crushed by wrong and sorrow. He wandered restlessly near the little house, he waited on the sands, three miserable days. At last, on the third, when his holiday was over, he found her. She was sitting, her hands clasped about her knees, looking out to sea. The dim light of evening showed the curve of her red lips, the glory of her hair beneath her hat, where a wreath of wayside flowers made a shade for her baby face and weary eyes. She did not start as he drew near, she

scarcely turned her head. "I have been ill," she said, "they would not let me go; it was a chill, caught that evening by the sea."

"And you are well again?" He ventured nearer to her.

"Yes."

"And your flowers, they speak of the country."

"I went into the lanes to get them. I said I would not see the sands again, never again! But you see I am come. To-morrow I am going back to London, I do not want my Aunt to know. To-morrow I shall be gone."

"I too am going," he spoke timidly, and added after a moment's silence, "Yes, you are right. You had better go home to London."

"I have said I am going," she answered pettishly. "Won't you leave me alone?"

He walked away then without another word. What was she to him that he should trouble? What did he know or care about her that such remorseful misery should stab his heart? He was taking her at her word, and leaving her. The sun had quite gone. It was just such a night as that other, only there was no moon. A clear starlight sky looked down on the princess sitting by the sea. Posie felt as if she could not bear it. The stars in their brightness mocked her misery. She turned to go from under their glitter, she would leave the stars and the silver, laughing waves, she had no part in their gladness. Some men were looking out to sea, a group of sailors waiting expectant. Looking where they looked, she saw a little pleasure boat making for the shore. It was decorated with Chinese lanterns, she wondered she had not noticed its light before; like a fairy thing it came gliding out of the darkness, the oars went splashing in time to the music of people singing to a guitar. The dim light shrouded Posie's slender form, and as she stood gazing, a voice made itself heard that sent the blood rushing and leaping to her heart. Her first thought was to run away, to run anywhere, to put miles and miles between herself and the poet who had forgotten her, but the next instant she resolved to stay and see him; only once

to hear his voice again was heaven, her heaven, poor little child.

A song came thrilling mysteriously over the waters, the stars twinkled overhead, they turned mocking eyes upon the silly child, so it seemed to her. She stood rooted to the spot, concealed behind an upturned boat that lent its friendly shelter.

In the uncertain light under the swinging lanterns the people in the boat looked vague and dark. Women's voices mingled in rippling laughter as the men dragged the boat out of the waves upon the sands. A girl, slim and young as herself, dressed in white with a crown of daisies on her head—yes, she could see the golden marguerites gleam—stepped lightly on shore—and then, the form she had looked and thirsted for, the man she loved, stood before the sad princess unconscious of her presence.

"You should wait for me to help you, Dora," the poet said in the tender caressing accents she knew so well. The girl he called "Dora," how fair, how beautiful she looked, standing so near, so close to the man Posie loved. The forsaken princess could almost have touched the girl's dress.

"When we are married you will be a tyrant," Dora said, laughing, and the girl in the shadow heard, heard and did not faint or cry—not yet!

"Yes, when we are married," the poet repeated in those soft tones of love, and he took the fair girl's hand in both his own. "Mine—all mine!" he said very low into her ear. The exultant whisper pierced the silence as an arrow cleaving the air—it found its mark in a woman's heart! The hidden princess shivered as though she had been stabbed, and like some wounded creature done to death, threw up her arms to the skies. A little rustling sound, a dull thud as of something fallen—that was all!

The fair girl made a step forward, and the poet with her.

"What is it?" asked the girl, "Oh! what is it?"

Two white arms in the shadows where the sleeves fell back, great coils of auburn hair showing dark in the starlight.

The poet gave an exclamation of dismay. Something reminded him of

—Good God! if this should be her? He lifted the fallen head; he turned the mute white face upwards to the stars, the full pale lips fallen apart. With a look of horror, he waved the others back as they crowded round. Then, without a word, he gathered the slight form into his arms, and carried it away. With rapid strides he went across the sands, her two arms hanging helplessly, her head upon his breast, like a dead woman's. "How kind he is! how good!" murmured the fair girl, as she fell back with the others; and the man with the guitar ceased playing, and the laughter was hushed. "He will take her to the hospital, poor girl. How sad!—starving, perhaps." "Or drunk?" queried the youth with the guitar, grinning as though he had said



"OH, WHAT IS IT?" ASKED THE GIRL.

something witty; but the look the fair girl turned upon him was more scathing than words.

The walk with that dead weight upon his arms over the yielding sand was agony to Robert Randall—a slow torture, while her poor face lay close to his, and the fringe of her innocent eyes showed

darkly on the soft outline of her cheeks.

"Princess Posie" here! Posie in Bournemouth!—How? • Why? He had no time to ask. He left her at the Victoria Hospital—giving double fare to the cabman to drive quickly. He saw the nurse himself. He would have

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undertaken all expenses, but the hospital is free. "Take care of her," he said; "her aunt will be here to-morrow. I am going to wire at once. She will be here without fail."

By good fortune the telegraph office was not closed, and the message was sent. "So distressed about the strange woman—so unnerved—kind, dear man!" said the fair Dora, "What a tender heart my Robert has!"

When the poor princess awoke at last from her deathly swoon, she learnt from the nurse that the gentleman who had brought her to the hospital had telegraphed to her relations. Her aunt would be here in a few hours. And so, a little later, the poor child was taken back to London. Weak and sorrowing, she crossed the the threshold of her

aunt's home, not greatly caring whether she lived or died.

Mammy Jefson cried; Aunt Amelia wept in sympathy; the loud scolding begun ended in sobs! Posie had been deceitful—had concealed her love for her aunt's lodger—had run away from home, and in spite of it all, Aunt Amelia was full of genuine condolence, blaming herself, good soul, for having left her wilful little niece too much to her own devices. The outcome of it all was that Aunt Amelia made a resolution—and kept it—never to receive "gentlemen lodgers" in Raspberry Street. Posie was forgiven. Soon after this two maiden ladies came to establish a studio on Aunt Amelia's drawing-room floor. Posie's life-story was not ended. The girl, in her wild, passionate grief,



"STOOD LOOKING, NOT AT THE PICTURE, BUT AT HER"

had thought life's joys were over, when in truth they were only about to begin. She learnt to love the gentle occupants of the ex-Honourable's rooms, and was by them initiated into the mysteries of oil-painting. They persuaded Aunt Amelia to allow her young niece to accompany them on students' days to the Kensington Museum. Posie — poor storm-tossed little girl—found in the calm, passionless saints and sweet Madonnas no mere works of art, but living pictures of holy prayer and meditation. One evening, about three months after the studio had been established, Posie stood before a "Madonna and Child" in the Kensington Gallery. She was no longer the poet's forsaken "princess"; a change had come over her since she awoke from that swoon a year ago, on the Bournemouth sands. Was it only a year? She was a woman now with a woman's passionate regret. Her girlhood had passed from her for ever under the stars by the quiet sea. "*Consolatrix*

afflictorum!" A man's voice spoke the words. Joe Arundale stood looking not at the picture but at her: "Have you forgotten me?" he asked.

There came a day when the almond-tree all wreathed in glory, showered its pink blossoms on two happy people. Aunt Amelia declared it to be the happiest day of her life, the morning on which Joe Arundale asked Princess Posie to be his wife.

"I know I am not handsome," he said humbly; "my hair is red——"

"No, no, golden!" she interrupted him.

"My eyes are not dark and thrilling. I am only a banker's clerk. I can't write verses like the poet——"

"Oh!" The princess held up her hand to stop him: "I don't want to remember."

"Can you put up with such a plain fellow, my dear?"

She did not say "No."



Old London Fairs

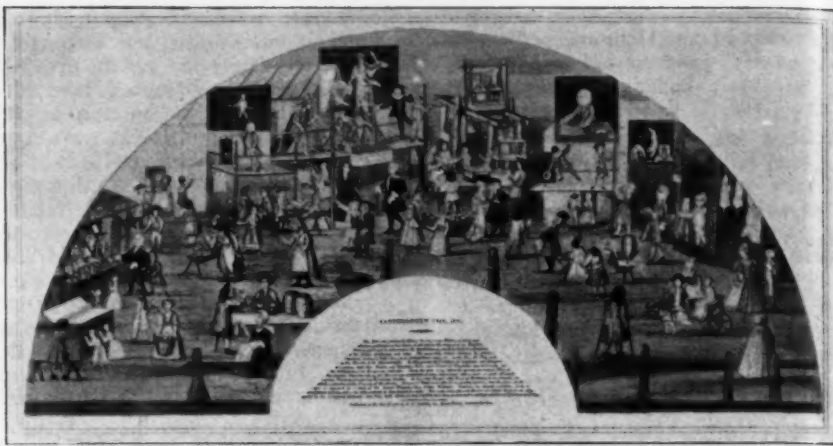
WRITTEN BY MILLICENT WEDMORE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

FROM OLD PRINTS

THE origin of fairs is to be found in "wakes," or assemblies of those who waked not in vain, let us hope, keeping vigil in church on the eve of saints' days. Pedlars attending to sell their wares, crowding and rioting followed, till such assemblies were forbidden, except in certain places where magistrates presided, and which were, for that reason, privileged to hold them under royal charters.

Bartholomew Fair, the greatest of those held in London, gave its name to a play of Ben Jonson's, first acted in 1614 by "the Lady Elizabeth's servants," no scene in which, however, would not have been as suitable to any fair as to that of Smithfield. Pepys speaks of seeing it on the spot with puppets. The original charter of Bartholomew Fair was granted by Henry I., in 1133, to his late jester, Rahere, prior, since ten years, of St. Bartholomew's Church, and founder of the hospital. This worthy Augustinian might have been seen, one day, filling the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the next, if it chanced to be the feast of St. Bartholomew, figuring as a juggler at the fair, and enriching the convent treasury by his one day's return to the old life and the old merry skill. In 1295 some of the monks were arrested and thrown into the Tun Prison, in Cornhill, by the City authorities, who were indignant at the prior maintaining that the tolls of the fair should be paid into the Exchequer, as the privileges of the City

had become forfeit to the Crown. The King released the monks, but confirmed the privileges of the City. The fair was opened by the Lord Mayor, who would proceed to Smithfield in great state, where his attorney read a proclamation at the gate leading into Cloth Fair, a sheriff's officer repeating it after him. The procession, which included the sheriffs and aldermen, then "walked the fair," saw a wrestling match, and returned "through Chepe" to the Mansion House, where those of his lordship's household dined together at the sword-bearer's table. On these occasions Long Lane would put out its best clothes, public raffling and gaming went on in the cloisters of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, while those of Christ Church were gay with pictures. The second day of the fair there was shooting, and, on the third, hunting in Moorfields. Pepys, on the shooting day of 1663, writes:—"This noon, going to the Exchange, I met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall Street, and, upon enquiry, I find that he is the clerke of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in their hands. . . . And this officer, of course, is to perform this ceremony of riding through the City, I think, to proclaim or challenge any to shoot." In August, 1667, he writes—"I to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down, and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, 1721

Grizill), and the street full of people expecting her coming out." It was Lady Castlemaine, upon whom Pepys "did look long" on another occasion at the playhouse, observing that she continued a great beauty. In 1668 he took his wife to Bartholomew Fair with Mersa and Deb (apparently two servants) "and there did see a ridiculous little stage-play called 'Mary Audrey,' a foolish thing, but seen by everybody; and so to Jacob Hall's dancing of the ropes — a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed." Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was said to have received a salary from Lady Castlemaine, who was evidently a frequenter of Bartholomew Fair. Another time Pepys went there with Lord Brouncker, Sir William Penn, and Sir John Minnes (comptrollers of the Navy, of which he was secretary). Writers were to be seen at the fair in new characters, from Fielding, who appeared as a showman, to Elkanah Settle, the City laureate, who, having only what Ben Jonson called a chandlery-shop pension, and having long been reduced to the writing of drolls, appeared at last in a green leather case as a hissing serpent! In 1725, and several successive years, Fielding set up a theatrical booth in George Yard, where he produced "The Beggar's Opera," with a company

drawn from the Haymarket, "The Beggar's Wedding," and his adaptation of "Le Médecin malgré lui," of Molière. In 1740, with the flare of torches and an escort of the Yeomen of the Guard, Frederick, Prince of Wales, visited the temporary theatre, "a tall, fair and handsome young man in a ruby-coloured frock coat very richly guarded with gold lace, and having his long flowing hair curiously curled over his forehead and at the sides, and finished with a courtly queue behind." Colley Cibber, as well as Fielding, produced an adaptation of Molière, "L'Avare" being the play in his case, which, with "Tamerlane the Great," was acted in a booth near Hosier Lane. Garrick, who took his bride to the fair in 1743, must have been amused at the money-taker at one of the smaller theatrical booths rejecting his payment for admission with the remark, "We never take money of one another." Bartholomew Fair had a long and eventful life, despite the tract written against it for Richard Harper at the Bible and Harp, Smithfield, and much more to the same effect. It was visited in 1778 by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, who entered at Giltspur Street and rode through Cow Lane into Holborn; it was visited by Walpole, of whose progress we have no such detailed

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record. Napoleon's carriage, which, as the chariot of the tyrant, is thought a fitting entrance to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, was once to have been seen at Smithfield. The fair extended into two parishes besides those of SS. Bartholomew the Great and the Less, and they who frequented it as the years grew into hundreds saw two old churches replaced by newer ones; saw, in the fifteenth century, the building of the beautiful porch of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn; saw in Christ Church, Newgate Street, the burial of Baxter and the first preachers of the Spital Sermons. The Fair lives to-day in the name of the narrow lane which led to it from the east and is still called Cloth Fair, and that of the corner where the great fire ended. Whether the Court of Pie-Powder, held there to determine disputes between pedlars and their customers, owes its name to *pied-pulderaux*, old French for pedlar, or to *pieds poudres*, because the litigants had their causes tried with the dust of the fair on their feet, is uncertain. In the time of Charles I. sellers of roast pig took advantage of the name, and Pie Corner became the "Pasty-nook." It was in this reign that Bartholomew Fair is described as one of those "unto which there is usually extraordinary resort out of all parts of the kingdom," the other two being Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, and "Our Lady Fair in the borough of Southwark."

Southwark Fair was instituted in 1462, by a charter granted to the City of London by Edward IV., to hold "yearly one fair together with a Court of Pie-Powders." It was apparently re-established on April 20th, 1550, costing the good citizens of London nearly £650, which was paid to Edward VI. by the Mayor and Corporation. The fair was held on St. Margaret's Hill, near the Town Hall, and in Hogarth's time extended as far as Southwark Mint, to which Cadman, the celebrated ropedancer, is seen flying by a rope from the tower of St. George's Church, in the picture of Southwark Fair, the rider on the left being Figg, the prize-fighter. Cadman lost his life in 1740 by an attempt to descend from a church

steeple at Shrewsbury. The fair was opened with great ceremony. On the 8th of September—the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin—the Lord Mayor, vested in his collar of S.S. (a symbol possibly connected with the Order of the Holy Ghost), and the sheriffs, with no cloaks to hide the glory of their scarlet gowns, preceded by the sword-bearer, wearing an embroidered cap and carrying the "Pearl Sword," rode, after two o'clock dinner, to the Church of St. Magnus, London Bridge. At first it would be the old church, of which, for three years, Miles Coverdale was rector; afterwards the procession would pass on to the bridge through the passageway under the steeple, arranged by Wren. Here it was met by the aldermen, and, after evensong, all rode to Southwark Fair, and through it as far as St. George's, Newington Bridge, or to the stones pointing out the City liberties at St. Thomas of Waterings, and then returning, banqueted at the Bridge House, the bridge-masters giving the supper. Evelyn describes St. Margaret's Fair at Southwark (so-called from the hill on which it was held), and how, in 1660, all the Court went to see an Italian girl dancing on the high rope; and in 1692 he mentions that Southwark Fair was suppressed by the Queen because a "dreadful earthquake" in Jamaica the preceding summer was ludicrously represented there in a puppet-play. The fair was finally abolished in 1763 by the Court of Common Council, on a report of the City Lands Committee. It seems to us possible that the last twenty years of its life it was kept on Tower Hill, lasting twenty-one days from the feast of St. James, and that what was known as Tower Hill Fair, and helped the funds of St. Katherine's Hospital, was really Southwark Fair in its latter days.

No flying figure of Pleasure in an allegorical picture is at once more attractive and more illusive than Westminster Fair. Regularly established in 1257, under a charter granted by Henry III. to the Abbot and canons of St. Peter's Church, it is now called St. James's Fair, then St. Peter's, and again St. Magdalen's, according to the

time at which it was held. As early as 1248 we read that "the King caused a fair to be kept at Westminster, at St. Edward's tide, to endure for fifteen days, and to the end that the same should be the more haunted with all manner of people, he commanded, by proclamation, that all other fairs, as Ely and such-like, holden at that season, should not be kept. . . . The Bishop of Ely complained sore of the wrong done to him by suspending his fair." Four years later the wrong was repeated, this time for the purpose that the King might be revenged against the Bishop, who, with some of his brethren, had refused to yield to the Pope's demand that the tenths due to the Church should be received by the King for three years, towards the expenses of a journey which he meant to make into the Holy Land. The King, having honoured Ely with his presence when the cathedral was dedicated in September, expected the Bishop to refuse him nothing, and, finding himself mistaken, wreaked his

vengeance by suspending Ely Fair. (Probably the Bishop levied tolls upon all who sold their wares in Ely at that time, as the Abbot of Westminster was allowed to do, in the fourteenth century, upon all traders at his fair, even those within the precincts of the palace). In the diary of Machyn, citizen and merchant tailor of London, in the middle of the sixteenth century, we hear how those who attended Westminster Fair went to mass in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and of how there was a procession in which "my Lord Abbott whent with ys myter and ys crosse and a grett number of copes of cloth of gold, and the wergers and mony worshepful gentyllmen and women at Westmynster." Movable in its site as in its season, the fair was held at one time in Rochester Row, on the space between Emery Hill's almshouses and the Grey Coat School; at another, on the ground now occupied by the Church of St. Stephen the Martyr; at a third, it extended from



HOGARTH'S SOUTHWARK FAIR

the angle of Peter Street and Horseferry Road to the five cottages which then stood alone in an open field, till lately forming a nook on the east side of Vauxhall Bridge Road, and when the fair was prohibited in 1822, in the scholars' playground, Vincent Square.

It was Edward I. who, in the eighteenth year of his reign, privileged the hospital of St. James to keep a yearly fair in Brookfield, which, from the time of James II., was called May Fair. Pepys speaks of it as St. James's Fair, so that either the season for keeping it was changed soon after, or the name was altered from that of one of the May Day saints to that of the month itself. It was held on the site of Curzon Street, Hertford Street, and Chesterfield House and Gardens, until, in 1764, it was abolished, mainly through the influence of the Earl of Coventry, to whose house, built on the site of a large inn, called the "Greyhound," at the corner of Piccadilly and Engine Street, it must have been very disturbing.

Every Easter and Whitsuntide, till 1859, the vessels in the Pool hoisted their flags, and from Swan Steps to the pier at Greenwich the river was crowded with wherries full of holiday-makers bound for Greenwich Fair. The fair was first held in the road now occupied by St. Mary's Church and the Hospital burial ground, but, later, in Bridge Street, from the church of St. Alphege to the bridge over the Ravensbourne at Deptford Creek, and it always spread into Greenwich Park. It was described by Cruickshank in his little eighteen-penny book, "A Trip to Greenwich Fair," with seven wood engravings, published in 1834.

Down to 1770 it was the custom, on St. Luke's Day, for a procession, formed of a king, a queen, a miller, and a counsellor, with others, to leave some of the old Bishopsgate inns, followed by a great crowd, all of whom

In comely sorts their foreheads did adorn
With goodly coronets of hardy horn,

and who marched to Charlton, paraded three times round the church, and attended a sermon for which the priest was paid one pound. The occasion

was Horn Fair, granted by Henry III. and opened by the lord of the manor reading a proclamation from a parchment scroll. It was originally held on the green in front of the Manor House, and afterwards in a field close by the village, and was named from the horns of the ox, symbol of the saint on whose day it was kept.

"Niagara in London" was not seen for the first time a few years since; the falls had been represented long ago at Camberwell Fair. Held in the parish churchyard till forced by the Statute of Winchester, in the thirteenth year of Edward I., to seek new quarters, this fair moved first to the High Street, opposite the "Cock," and then to Camberwell Green, now Camberwell Park, between Church Street and Camberwell Road. From the 9th of August to the 1st of September, the Feast of St. Giles, its patron saint, it was held year by year till 1855. A great attraction of the fair at one time were the go-carts, or modern sedans, the drivers whereof, according to a high-flown handbill of 1841, "lounge in aristocratic dignity in the vicinage of the 'Elephant and Castle.'"

Blackheath Fair was procured by the Earl of Dartmouth, lord of the manor, and first held on May Day, 1683. It was put down by his descendant in 1772, except as a "hog and pleasure fair," in which form it lasted till suppressed by order of the Government a hundred years later. Held twice a year from the 12th to the 14th of May, and from the 11th to the 13th of October, it was "pretended for the sale of cattle," says Evelyn, "but I think in truth to enrich the new tavern at the bowling-green, erected by Snape, his Majesty's farrier, a man full of projects."

Three times a year thousands of people in their Sunday best would fill the carts and waggons stationed near Shoreditch Church, where several streets lead into the Edmonton Road, and drive to Edmonton Fair. Two of these fairs, termed Beggar's Bush Fairs, arose from a grant made by James I. when he laid out a part of Enfield Chase as Theobald's Park. The third was called Edmonton Statute Fair, and held for the hiring of servants.

It was to the pleasures of the hunt that Peckham owed its fair. Whether it was John or Charles II., at the instance of Nell Gwynne, is not certain; in either case it was a King flushed with the success of sport who granted a fair of three days' continuance, to be held from the 21st to the 23rd of August every year. It lasted till 1827.

The patent for keeping Mile End or Stepney Fair was certainly granted in 1664 by Charles II. at the suggestion of the Earl of Cleveland, then lord of the manor for Stepney, and held at

till abolished in 1852. A weekly fair, however, is more like a market, and a daily one (such as Rag Fair, kept every afternoon near Rosemary Lane, where criers of old satin, taffety, and velvet had recourse to sell their goods), is hardly worthy the name. The Frost Fairs, held on the frozen Thames, and Hyde Park Fair, which celebrated the Queen's coronation, have left no trace behind them, and were never part of the life of London.

Of the real fairs there are few traces left now. No puppets are beheaded



GREENWICH PARK, WITH THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, ON EASTER MONDAY

Michaelmas. Bow Fair existed from time immemorial to 1822, when it was suppressed because it had no charter. Tottenham Court Fair, held behind the "King's Head," in the Hampstead Road, was first heard much about in 1733, and was the subject of at least one old print, in the foreground of which a smock race is being run. Clapham Fair was held on Good Friday, Easter, and Whit Mondays, and "Derby Days," till 1873; Parson's Green Fair, on the 17th of August; and Battersea Fair, every week,

in allusion to the death of famous prisoners, like those executed at May Fair in honour of Lord Lovel. No Tom Fool joins Maid Marian and her merry men in the morris-dance with fox-brush and jingling bells. But the "strong man" in the modern music-hall is not unsuggestive of the one in Pepys' well-known description of Southwark Fair; our pantomime is a development of which we find the rudiments in the comic scenes at fairs between Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Columbine; the

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present circus clown is the Pierrot of those same scenes; and the lesson of triumphant lawlessness, drunk in so eagerly by the audience of Punch and Judy, came over to the fairs from Italy with Punchinello. With Punchinello and such as he came those scenes of noise and disorder of which even Wordsworth, though he drew his lesson from them, could hardly lament the loss. In the "Prelude" he calls the blank confusion of Bartholomew Fair a "true epitome

Of what the mighty city is herself
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,

and adds, with that characteristic touch which never rested upon the surface of things,

But though the picture weary out the eye,
By nature an unmanageable sight,
It is not wholly so to him who looks
In steadiness, who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.

The spirit of Nature was upon me there;
The soul of Beauty and enduring life
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
Through meagre lines and colours, and the
press
Of self-destroying, transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.



The St. Bernard Monastery

WRITTEN BY COLONEL E. MITCHELL (LATE R.E.)

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS KINDLY GIVEN BY THE REV. PRIOR



SAD but graphic story was recently circulated by many of our contemporaries, to the effect that an avalanche had partly overwhelmed this monastery, and that the good monks had been entombed, and had, like rabbits, to burrow out of the building, and that its sphere of usefulness had been temporarily stopped. The tale remains undenied, though incorrect. We are glad to be able to give unequivocal contradiction to it, as our contributor, Colonel E. Mitchell, late R.E. (who with Mrs. Mitchell visited the monastery a while ago), doubting, from his knowledge of the locality, the possibility of such an occurrence, has communicated with the Father Prior, who has declared that "the accident of the journals" has done no harm, and has placed at our disposal photographs of the world-renowned hospice uninjured. The avalanche expended its violence on the plateau on which the building of the venerable monastic order stands.

About 1,000 years ago the simple faith of St. Bernard de Menthon and a few followers led to the erection of a monastery, succeeded by a more substantial one, which served as a model for what is now popularly known as the Great St. Bernard Monastery. This one dates from 1680. It is situated on a plateau at the lofty elevation of over 10,000 feet above the sea, on the border of a small lake, through the centre of which runs the boundary between Italy and Switzerland. It is the most lofty inhabited point in Europe, a wonderful

record to enterprise, endurance, and religious fervour; and, year by year, month by month, daily, the vigil of praise and prayer rises in the same manner as 1,000 years ago, though in the desolate region where no note of birds breaks the solitude, and vegetable life is absent, and the unique scenery, Mount Blanc, Mount Vilan, Mount Rosa, and other lofty giants that are usually visible, remain in their stern, unique grandeur. Untiring and constant hospitality to "all sorts and conditions of men" passing to and from Italy and Switzerland is the special vocation of this Order, which, with its brother on the Simplon, is governed by the canons of St. Augustine. The head of the Order is the Prevôt, who resides in the monastery at Martigny. A large number of Americans annually visit the monastery.

The Order is the opposite of a silent one, as by the rules of this one, and its "double" on the Simplon, above indicated, "Labour for those in the world, but not to be of the world," seems their motto. Every evening the monks, whose number rarely exceeds twenty-five, and those who may be visiting the hospice also, meet in their beautiful chapel, at the impressive service held at 8 p.m., of the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament. This Order, which still clings to the name of its founder, St. Bernard de Menthon, fasts on Saturdays in place of Friday. "The trivial round, the common task" is under the administration of the resident Prior, who is assisted by the "Infermier" in looking after the sick and infirm, and by the

Clavandier, and the "Elemosinaire" in the case of tourists and wayfarers. Another service is held at noon daily.

The "Père Maître" looks after the education and instruction of the novices, also young men of good physique, health, position, and good family, who undergo a three years' novitiate before admission into the Order, sorely tried by the severe Alpine climate; and they are not admitted if they do not possess health and strength.

We arrived at the hospice after a long carriage journey from Martigny, and

comfortable bed, and the lay brother who waited upon us at table when not actually serving us, read to himself from a book of devotion. The cells, alike clean and airy, are usually warmed by stoves, an arrangement the rigour of the climate renders absolutely necessary for the due preservation of human life. A bed, chairs, washstand, lamp, and crucifix, are the usual furniture and accessories, and some of the brethren keep canaries, which thrive very well. The cold, however, is so intense that frequently in the months of January,



HOSPICE, OR MONASTERY OF GREAT ST. BERNARD

had to walk a distance of six miles from the Valley of the Dead, up the steep ascent to the hospice in its narrow Alpine gorge. But about two or three years ago the last six miles of carriage road has been completed, so that the danger to travellers to and from the monastery from the sudden snow storms and fogs which are prevalent, is now minimised. The Reverend Prior and brethren gave us a thorough and hearty welcome when we arrived with our guide at about 7 p.m. We were given an excellent dinner, very good wine, and

February, and March, the beautiful chapel is necessarily closed, and divine service conducted in one of the rooms. I cannot but think arrangements might be made by means of modern stoves to keep the chapel warm all the year round. The cows belonging to the monastery live in the stables underneath, and at no great distance is the Morgue, where the bodies of those who have perished in the mountains are usually deposited. Should a monk die at the hospice, a rare occurrence, his body is buried with much solemn ceremony

in a cavern under the church. On the road to the hospice there is the iron cross to the memory of François Cart, that good and brave monk, who was killed by an avalanche in November, 1845, when endeavouring with the aid of some "maronniers" (labourers) to cut a track through the snow for some travellers. November, 1874, was again fatal to the poor monks. They left the monastery to accompany some of their visitors on their journey, the weather being unfavourable. The party reached the Canton de Pras in the valley in safety. The five monks and the "maronniers" then set out on their return journey with a party of twenty travellers on their way to the monastery. When about three-quarters of a mile from their destination, a "local avalanche" covered thirteen; but those who had escaped rescued five alive. Alas! the poor "maronnier" and two of the monastic brothers, Canlaid and Classy, were among the killed.

The catastrophe of the spring of 1885 was not a fatal one. The clavandier

and the maronniers engaged in work close to the hospice, were suddenly enveloped by a mass of snow rushing from one of the surrounding peaks. The monks, hearing their cries, rushed from the monastery with snow shovels and dug them out alive.

The thrilling experiences of the expedition to this monastery in 1128, under Abbot Rudolph, are so interesting that I have extracted them from the "Waters of Lethe." "The party having arrived at Etrouble at the foot of the mountain, succeeded at great personal risk in reaching St. Rami, when they were almost swept away by an avalanche. Then, the small village was overcrowded by the throng of pilgrims. From the lofty and rugged heights above often fell detached masses of snow carrying away everything they encountered, so that when some parties of the guides had found their places, and others were still waiting near the houses, these masses swept the latter away, and suffocated some while crushing and crippling others who were in the building. They had



GROUP OF MONKS FROM THE MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

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LAKE NEAR MONASTERY OF GREAT ST. BERNARD

to spend several days in this ill-omened village. Then the marones (the professional guides) of the mountain came of their own accord to the pilgrims, and they offered for a large reward that they should try and open up the road so that the pilgrims should follow them on foot, then the horses after them, so that the path being well trodden down a good road might be made for the horses' masters, who being more tender might come after the others. Hence the marones wrapped their heads round with felt by reason of the extreme cold, put rough mittens on their hands, pulled on their high boots, the soles of which are armed with iron spikes on account of the slipperiness of the ice, took in their hands long poles to sound for the path very deep under the snow, and boldly started for the usual road. It was very early in the morning and the pilgrims in the greatest fear and trembling prepared themselves for celebrating "The Divine Mysteries," and, by communicating, to face imminent death. While their devotions were taking place with the utmost fervency in church a most sorrowful lament sounded through the village, for as the marones were advancing out of the village in each others' steps an enormous mass of snow like a mountain, slipped from the rocks, overwhelming ten of them, and carrying them

"to the depths of hell." This terrible catastrophe so thoroughly frightened the Abbot and the pilgrims that they made the best of their way back to the Italian plains.

The exquisite church, mainly of Byzantine architecture, is well attended when weather permits by the peasants near. Among other treasures it has a portrait of the founder of the Order and his dog. It is a part of the rules of the Order that small parties attended by the world-renowned dogs go daily between All Saints' day and the middle of May, as far as the Italian and Swiss refuges which lie in the route. The journeys often take several hours when the northern blasts rise and snow and sleet rage. Travellers are found at times by the clever dogs, who invariably carry food and drink in a roll tied round their powerful necks, so that the "lost" are at once resuscitated, and carried off to the monastery to be put into condition to renew their journey. The average age of the poor dogs rarely exceeds seven years, though these sagacious creatures are fed twice a day, and the mothers and the puppies live at the monastery farm at Martigny. The expenses of the monastery are necessarily high, because everything in the shape of food, fodder, etc., etc., has to be brought under difficult conditions from long distances, and

the inclement weather and heavy falls of snow usually limit the period annually from July 20th to October 12th, but its great good is so well known and recognised, that there is no difficulty about the money, especially as a useful Meteorological Recording Station has for many years been carried on there, and the hospice is also connected by "wire" and telephone with the world below.

A residence of from ten to fifteen years usually undermines the hardy constitution of the good monks, though, they are not admitted into the Order unless of strong physique, and after a three years' novitiate; but it is pleasant to know that they are well cared for at Martigny when thus broken down, and if health permits they are appointed as curés in Roman Catholic churches in the valleys. There they—scholars, men of refinement and position, who have devoted their lives to prayer, good works and self-denial, respected and loved by high and low—pass their few remaining years of life in this world. The good they do "Eternity" will tell.

As tourists can now use the road up to the door of the monastery, and enjoy in comparative ease the unique scenery characteristic of the Range and district, they may find it convenient, before starting, to "wire" or telephone to the monastery to ascertain whether there be accommodation, as the pressure on its hospitality is great. The ancient name of the mountain on which this monastery stands was Jovis Pennini, and the ruins of the ancient Temple of that name are within half a mile; among them have been discovered, from time to time, many medals, Celtic and Roman coins, which are preserved in a case in the library. This pass is that over which Hannibal made his celebrated passage of the Alps, and the Romans also, in the "ancient times," used this route. Napoleon I. led his army by the doors of the monastery, and the monks tendered hospitality before the Emperor passed down to the plains of Italy, with his artillery and other troops, and annihilated the Italian power by the victory at Marengo.



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WRITTEN BY DAISY PENDER-CUDLIP. ILLUSTRATED BY
J. E. GILLINGWATER

"**W**ILL be an actor!"
The speaker, a slight boyish figure apparently about sixteen years of age, had just come out of Charing Cross station, having run away from home, in order to "seek his fortune on the stage," as he expressed it to himself.

The crowd and life in the busy Strand seemed to invigorate him; his eyes were bright and his figure involuntarily straightened as he walked up the crowded thoroughfare mingling with the denizens of Bonny Bohemia. "Yes," he repeated, "I will be an actor!"

"Then you'd better learn to lie like the devil, and have the cheek of ten, if you want to be an actor," spoke a voice at his elbow, owned by a shabby member of the profession.

"I—I—beg your pardon," stammered the boy; "did I speak aloud?"

"Yes, you uttered a very decided intention; but before you commit yourself, look at me. I am one of the many who have gone under, because, fool that I was, I thought art could keep me in

bread and butter. Unless you are prepared to stick at nothing, don't join our overcrowded ranks—that's my advice." And the shabby man looked at the boy not unkindly.

"Thanks, awfully," answered the boy, laughing; "I've heard all that before, but as I've run away from home with the determination to be an actor, an actor I mean to be, even if I have to lie like the devil himself to get there—since you say that is the only road."

"Oh, I see you are past praying for; but come and have a drink!" said the shabby man.

"The drinking man is the failure; I'll avoid drink and stick to lying," thought the boy.

"Thanks, awfully, but I never accept an invitation I am unable to repay," he answered, with a winning smile that quite took the sharpness off his refusal.

"You're an independent youngster, and I hope you'll get on. Stay—by the way, what's your name?"

An instant's pause.

"Dick Rayne," came the answer.

"Lie number one," said the shabby man; "you'll do. Ta-ta, and good luck



"I WILL BE AN ACTOR"

to you"; and with that he wheeled round and disappeared inside the swing doors of a public-house.

"Now for it," said the boy to himself. "From this moment I am Dick Rayne, and some day I'll make it a name worth having. Let's see how much I am worth," and he drew out of his pockets two shillings, a sixpenny-piece and two coppers.

"All I have in the world," he said, "so it must be carefully invested." With

the two coppers he bought the current number of *The Stage*; then he went to "Lockhart's," where he invested his sixpence in a wonderfully substantial meal for the money and took the opportunity of studying *The Stage* from cover to cover. Among the portraits that week there happened to be one of a leading juvenile, well known in the provinces, and so remarkably like the boy that he was struck by it himself; they might well have been brothers.

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Feeling in his coat pocket, he produced a pocket-book, out of which he took a couple of rather grimy-looking blank calling cards. Carefully cleaning one of them with some bread crumbs, he scrawled the name of the leading juvenile on it in pencil, and replaced it in his pocket-book. He paid his sixpence, took up his *Stage*, and went out.

"Now for the Imperial Theatre," he thought, but not without a few misgivings.

At the Imperial was being produced a new spectacular drama; the rehearsals had been in hand for a week when the leading juvenile was taken dangerously ill, and speculation was rife as to who would fill his place. All this Dick Rayne learnt from *The Stage*; then he saw the portrait of the provincial favourite, and from these ingredients arose his great idea.

Arrived at the theatre, he presented his (?) card and asked to see the Manager. Would he go round to the stage door; Mr. Moore was there superintending rehearsals in the absence of the Manager, and would, doubtless, do as well.

So he went round, and with much assurance requested the hall-keeper to take his card to Mr. Moore. The old man looked curiously at him for an instant, and then departed inside the mystic swing door that separates the outer world from the world "behind." In a few moments he came back, and with a curious smile told Dick he would find the Guv'nor on the stage.

He went; and there not only did he see the Guv'nor, but with him the very man he was impersonating.

"I believe you wished to see me?" said the Manager smiling; but the smile was a dangerous one.

"I did, sir; but not now. You see, I didn't expect to meet—well, hang it all!—the original," jerking his head at the provincial favourite, who bowed with a satirical politeness, trying to hide an amused twinkle in his eye. Dick detected it, however, and, seizing his moment, said, rather incoherently it must be confessed, and in jerky sentences:

"I want to be an actor, and this

seemed a chance. I knew I should never get as much as the sight of you," addressing Mr. Moore, the Sub-manager, "without an introduction, so I thought, as I was so like Mr. Carlisle, I would try and get it that way, you see. I'm stone-broke, sir, and was going to ask you to give me the leading part."

"Give you the leading part," gasped the utterly-taken-aback manager, "well I'm d—d. You young scoundrel, you ought to be given in charge for impersonating this gentleman, for one thing, and with attempting to obtain money under false pretences, for another."

For a moment, the boy's lips quivered. He was, after all, only a boy; and at that moment he felt a very friendless and lonely boy. True, he had cast himself adrift from home, but that didn't make him feel any the happier just then—rather the reverse.

Moreover, he had only two shillings left in the world, and that won't go far with a hungry boy. He had made a desperate venture, entered into partly out of desperation and partly in the spirit of "a lark." Now his venture had failed, he saw it in the new light just presented to him, and his lip quivered. The young actor, noticing this, intervened on his behalf, with the result that he was allowed to go without the assistance of a policeman.

It was a very crestfallen Dick that emerged from the stage door. "Lie number one is a failure," he said, "so here goes for the next move."

DEAR SIR,—Seeing by to-day's *Era* that you have a small part to offer, I venture to apply, as I am most anxious to obtain a London engagement. I have had considerable provincial experience in such parts as . . . here followed a list of more or less well-known characters. Should you require references, I shall be pleased to supply you with a list of my most recent managers, and if you entertain my application I shall be pleased to call on you any day you like to appoint.—Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

RICHARD RAYNE.

Such was the letter received by the Manager of the Imperial Theatre a few days after the incidents just related.

He tossed it across to his partner.

"Sounds all right," he said. Mr. Moore read it carefully.

"Plenty of experience, certainly. I don't know the fellow's name, but, of course, there are such numbers in the provinces, one can't be expected to know them all. Yes, I should say he would do; the part's only a small one, and he can't do much harm with it. Shall I offer him terms?"

"We may as well," answered the chief. "As you say, he can't do much harm with the part, and he'll be cheap."

Accordingly a type-written letter was

received by Mr. Richard Rayne, offering him a small part in the forthcoming production, with the understudy for lead, at a comparatively small salary.

Richard Rayne closed with the offer naturally, and by return received the part, which he sat up all night to study, arriving the next morning at rehearsal letter and position perfect.

The two Managers who leased the theatre and were producing the drama did not appear at first, greatly to Dick's



"I WANT TO BE AN ACTOR"

relief; but, after his one scene, the Stage-manager said to him, "New at this game, eh?"

"Oh dear no! plenty of experience, I assure you," with a great attempt at swagger. The Stage-manager winked. "All right, old chap, keep it up by all means; but take my tip, *read your part at a first rehearsal*, it's more professional. But I won't give you away, as you're all right in the part."

At this juncture the two Managers arrived. The chief came up and spoke to Dick, asked a few questions as to his ability of the Stage-manager, and passed on. Poor Dick's heart was in his mouth; he dreaded being recognised by Mr. Moore, and kept far back in the shadow of the scene dock. But he knew it was all up when the Stage-manager called his scene; however, putting a bold face on it, he came forward, hoping still to escape detection.

"Hulloa, you young rascal, what do you mean by this?" and Mr. Moore had him gripped by the collar. Dick knew the game was up, and said nothing. The company, seeing something was the matter, crowded round eagerly, and the chief was sent for.

"This young scoundrel," said Mr. Moore, shaking him so violently that he felt his collar would choke him, is the same impostor who tried to pass himself off as Douglas Carlisle, the boy I told you about, and now he writes a pack of lies and gets here again under false pretences—what's to be done with him?"

The chief, a big, surly-looking man, looked at the boy steadily.

"I shall know you again, my lad, so don't you try any of your tricks on me. In fact, the best way will be to call a policeman and give him in charge at once."

"Then it's all up," said the boy, relaxing the tension which hitherto had kept him defiant. "Anyhow, I shall get some food in prison, and I'm starving!"

"Poor boy," said a sympathetic woman's voice. "Mr. Carter, will you let him off this once, and I'm sure he won't do it again—will you?" she said eagerly, turning to Dick.

"This once!" angrily replied the

Manager, "it's the second time he's played this trick on us."

"Please do!" came a chorus of feminine voices, and the comedy old woman put her hand on the Manager's arm, and in almost a whisper said, "You had a son once—for *his* sake!"

A spasm of pain came over the Manager's face, followed by a softer look. "Very well, ladies, I will let him off. Mrs. Wilton has appealed to me in a way I can't resist. Now, young man, be off, and never let me see you here again."

Slowly Dick turned to go, his face flushed with the shame of his position. But his slowness irritated Mr. Moore, who had no sentimental feelings; so, again taking him by the collar, he marched him off the stage down the passage to the stage door, where Dick's exit was hurried by Mr. Moore's boot.

Dick picked himself up ruefully, then the humour of the situation struck him, and he laughed.

"Lie number two is a failure, so I think I'll have a shot at the truth and see how that works."

Good resolutions are easy to make, and it is so easy to be good, when you have everything you want, and there is no temptation to be anything else; but poor Dick was at that moment absolutely destitute and very hungry, and to a really hungry man the sense of right and wrong gets blurred. "But," he said to himself, "I will be an actor yet!"

He wandered aimlessly about for hours; then, as it was getting dusk, he sought out that refuge of the destitute—a pawn-shop. He hadn't much to part with; an old gold pencil-case, a set of gold links, and his watch—the chain had already gone. He didn't get much, but a few shillings kept him from absolute starvation, and gave him a shelter for the night. The next morning he went the round of the agents, and found it heartbreaking work; the same thing everywhere—rooms crowded with weary-looking men and women patiently waiting on the off-chance of getting a "shop." For himself the same questions, and the same result, "What experience have you had?"

"Not any at present, but I am anxious to go on the stage and——"

"Thank you, that will do; I've nothing to offer amateurs, unless you like to pay a premium, say, of £50"—etc., etc.

At last, driven to desperation, he admitted he "was absolutely penniless, and would be glad of anything. Would be a super even, if he got the chance."

"Now you're talking sense, my lad," said this particular agent, who, unlike the others he had met that day, took the trouble to really listen to what he had to say; "you're young, and can afford to begin at the very beginning, and, if you really want to be an actor, it will be excellent training. And bear this in mind," he added kindly, "whatever you have to do, however small, remember it is worth doing well. Study details; watch, and let nothing escape you. By this you will learn, and your managers will see that you are instinctively an artist a bit above the other supers; do you see? Then, you may get your chance. Go down to the Imperial, and ask to see the super-master; say I sent you, and it'll be all right. And above all," he added kindly, "remember my advice—what's worth doing at all is worth doing well."

"Is there no other theatre besides the Imperial in want of supers?"

For Dick's heart sank with a sense of failure when he heard the name.

"No, it's the only house that's any good to you; take my advice and go there."

"Very well, sir, and thank you. Good morning!" and he left the office.

"Anyhow, I've a good mind to chance it," he thought; "there's luck in odd numbers—besides, I'm not likely to run across the Managers, and I'll steer clear of the principals. I shan't be noticed among the crowd, and when once rehearsals are over, I shall be all right, make-up will disguise me."

It was just as he surmised; he saw the Super-master, told him he was sent by the agent, and was engaged at the splendid salary of one shilling a night for the run of the piece, and it only wanted two days to the production. The supers were rehearsed, of course, apart from the principals, until the dress rehearsal, when, disguised first as an old fisherman, with wig and beard, and

afterwards as one of the Indians, he could defy detection.

The supers were a gaunt, hungry set of men, none of them old stagers, but picked up anywhere, and at the dress rehearsal threatened to spoil the whole dramatic effect by their stupidity. The Manager was frantically shouting directions and tearing his hair.

"Is there no one among the lot of you who understands his business?" he shouted at them.

No answer from the sullen crowd.

"Is there anyone among you who has served in the army?"

Dick stepped forward, and, saluting, said, "I've never served, sir, but my father was a soldier, and I know the orders, sir."

"Then give them, you blockhead, and see that the men know their meaning. Super-master, make that fellow—here, what's your number?"

"Twenty-seven, sir."

"See that Twenty-seven is made captain over that batch, and," turning to Dick, "if you don't lick them into something like order, you'll get your notice."

"Very good, sir," and, saluting smartly, he stepped back into the ranks.

This episode over, the rehearsal proceeded.

"Here's my chance," thought the boy eagerly, "and be hanged if I don't use it."

He had spoken truth when he said his father was a soldier, and it was Major Grimstone's grief that his son did not wish to join the service that embittered him against the "play-acting tomfoolery." But when at school Dick belonged to the cadet corps, and there it was he learned the smattering of soldiering that was now to serve him in such good stead.

The men he had to deal with were a rough lot, who at first resented one of their number being set above them; but for all that there was something about the boy, his rigid determination in dealing with them, that won at least their respect, and at once they detected "the gentleman." That would not have pleased them, though, for what right has a gentleman to be doing the poor man's legitimate work and taking the bread out of his mouth? Then the

knowledge that Dick was as destitute as the poorest among them roused their sense of justice, and resentment was at an end. Poor, shabby, and often hungry, there was a something about him which seemed to lift him above his surroundings—the look of a steady purpose in his eyes. He had fixed his ambition on a goal, and he meant to reach it. The road was a rough one, but he walked over the ruts and sharp stones, as it were, and never looked at them. Moreover, the position of authority given to him, small though it was, in a great measure helped him, for it upheld his self-respect.

The men were a handful, stupid and sullen, and at times he despaired of ever licking them into shape. For a week he had them there, an hour every morning, and drilled them for all he was worth. He marched them round and round that stage, in close and in open order, at the quick and at the double; he formed them in squares, and taught them all the evolutions he knew, until the men were becoming almost as interested as himself. A curious picture, as the Manager thought, when, hearing unwonted sounds as he came out of his office, he stepped into the back of the pit and saw what it was.

There were the usual stupid set of supers, going through evolutions that would not have disgraced—well, at any rate, a rather recently-formed corps. They were by no means perfect, but, compared with what they had been, it was marvellous.

But who was the boy at the head of it all? The Manager could not see his face, as he was standing with his back to the empty house, facing his men.

"Mark time!" shouted the boy. "Left, right—left, right!" Then came a string of rather unparliamentary language, as he caught sight of a man marking time wrong.

"Quick—mar-r-r-ch!" Then they marched round in two companies, with orders at the right moment to "right turn, right incline," etc. Then he called a halt, and, bringing the men in one line right across the stage, he again shouted, "Quick—mar-r-r-ch!" On they came in a good line till within a couple of feet of the boy.

"Right-about—tur-r-r-n!"

And they wheeled round and were marching up stage, when a voice came out of the gloom of the empty theatre telling them to stop. The men took no notice, and continued their march. The boy called, "Right-about face!" and then turned casually to see who was the interrupter.

"Good Lord! it's the boss," he muttered. Well, he was caught this time, and he knew there would be no quarter given; but he wasn't going to show the white feather.

"Stop, I tell you!" shouted the Manager, purple in the face with rage. He was standing just behind the orchestra. The men took no notice.

"Halt!" called the boy. They came to the halt immediately.

"Stand at ease!—stand easy!"

Then, turning round, he saluted the Manager gravely, and asked if he had spoken.

"What are you doing there?" thundered the irate Manager.

"Acting, sir—acting."

"And who the devil gave you permission to do this?"

"I received my orders from you, sir."

"From me!"

"Yes, sir, from you." And, once more gravely saluting, he wheeled round and continued drilling his men.

"T-t-chun! By your right. Quick—mar-r-r-ch! Left, right—left, right!" And round went the men, the boy quietly giving his orders, and looking every inch a young soldier; but could the Manager have read his thoughts, he would have seen a fainting heart, in which there was nothing at that moment but utter despair. He knew the game was up, but, to save appearances and keep up his position before the men, the situation must be saved; so he acted.

"I'm an actor now, if I never am again," he thought, and smiled grimly at the trick fate had played him.

The Manager dropped back into the shadow of the pit, and watched the little comedy. That it was no comedy to the boy he guessed, and it interested him. After a lapse of about five minutes, the young drill-sergeant dispersed his men; then, as they were leaving, he called after them:

"Call, twelve to-morrow, boys, as usual," and then himself left the stage.

"Well, of all the infernal cheek I ever met!" exclaimed the Manager, aloud; but he was laughing as he spoke. "Does he think he is Stage-manager?—ordering a call, indeed!" Here the humour of

A prolonged whistle was Dick's only comment. He put the finishing touch to the last rifle, and went, as he thought, "to his doom."

He knocked at the door of the great man's room, his pulse beating painfully in his throat.



"THEN THE MANAGER WHEELED HIS CHAIR ROUND"

the thing came home so forcibly that he laughed aloud.

About ten minutes later the office-boy found Dick in the property-room, polishing and oiling the supers' rifles for that night's show.

"The Guv'nor wants you in the office," he said, and disappeared.

"Come in," said a gruff voice; and he entered. There was the Manager seated at his desk, apparently busied with some papers, for he did not look up at once.

In that awful moment Dick felt his own loneliness in the world, and all he had sacrificed; he felt as though he were a little child again in his impotence, and

two tears welled up in his eyes. If only he could escape, he would go home, and his mother, he felt sure, would forgive him. He was standing with his back to the door, one hand trying to turn the handle quietly, and when ready he was going to slip out.

"Come over here!" said the Manager, without looking up.

Dick went; escape was out of the question, so he would try and brazen it out. But something seemed to stick in his throat and choke him.

Then the Manager wheeled his chair round, and, looking hard at him, he said, in a dry, cutting voice:

"What stuff are you made of, I wonder! Twice have you been thrown out of this theatre, and here I find you again, having expressly forbidden you ever to come inside the doors. What stuff are you made of? Do you hear me? Answer me!"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know, indeed!—but I do."

Dick edged back as the Manager came towards him; he might even now escape, he was a quick runner, and the Manager was fat.

"Don't know, indeed!" he repeated. "You're made of the stuff that comes to the front. I suppose nothing would stop you, when you've made up what you call your mind—eh?"

Dick looked up quickly, questioningly. What had the Manager meant? The words sounded like praise, but the tones were so loud as to sound angry. What did he mean?

"Come, come, answer me. You determined to be an actor, and I suppose, if the whole profession had tried to stop you, you would have outwitted us somehow."

"Yes, sir," and Dick grinned as he remembered his own episodes with this man.

"Come here, you young scoundrel, convicted out of your own mouth," and the Manager seized a shaking and trembling Dick, with two tears slowly coursing down his cheeks, by the collar.

"What's he going to do with me now?" thought the unhappy boy; "it's all up."

Letting go his collar, the Manager lifted him by the waist and plumped him

down on the office table. Dick never felt such a child as he did at that moment.

"My boy, I'm proud of you! You *shall* be an actor, and I will help you."

The reaction was too great, and for a moment the boyish frame was shaken by smothered sobs. When there is not sufficient feeding, the nervous system gets unstrung. Dick had been living on very scanty fare lately, and this proved too much. The Manager, whose face now few would recognise, so softened and kind did he appear, stroked the lad's head in silence, till he should recover himself. Soon Dick pulled himself together, and wriggled down off the table; he didn't like being made to feel so small and childish.

"I don't know what to say, sir," he said, fumbling with his cap, "and I don't know why you should be so kind, after the way I've behaved."

"Because, my boy," answered the Manager, "I admire pluck and determination, and you've got both. They were misdirected, I own," he added, as if afraid too much unmitigated praise would be bad for the youngster just then; and he was right. "Now, I want to help you to direct your energies into the right channel." Here he paused for a moment's reflection, studying the boy's face intently the while. "You've shown you're not above small beginnings; would you be content to work your way up steadily by slow degrees, or do you want to be at the top of the tree at one bound?" This with a quizzical smile that was by no means lost on Dick.

"As I have begun, my only chance will be in working steadily up. I'm not afraid of work of any kind, sir," he added eagerly, "if it will help me to gain my end."

"Now listen to me," said the manager: "At the present moment you are a super earning a shilling a night; if you like to accept it, I can offer you the post of baggage man with our provincial company that starts on tour next week, at a salary of 25s. a week. Will you take it?"

Dick's face fell. He, the embryo actor, to be a baggage man!

"I see by your face," said the manager, "that you would rather not."

"It's not that, sir; but how can I learn to be an artist by looking after the baggage?"

"Easily, you can look about you—study the artists; and I think I may entrust you with a small line part, which to you will be better than nothing, I daresay."

"Thanks, awfully, sir, and you bet," lapsing boy-like into slang in his excitement, "you bet I'll speak those lines so well that before long you'll give me something better."

"I believe you, my boy," laughed the much-amused Manager; "now go, and good luck go with you!"

Dick hesitated, stammered out something that was meant for thanks, and went out of the office.

"The lies were no good," he said to himself, "that chap was all in the wrong. By Jingo! though, I've had a narrow squeak; the boss is a ripper, and I'll be a model baggage man to please him."

The tour started, with Dick as baggage man and utility? and, as he said he would, he spoke his few lines so well,

and took such pains over every detail of his make-up, that his performance, tiny though it was, was recognised as the work of an artist, for he acted up to the axiom that if it was worth doing at all it was worth doing well.

When the company started on the second tour, Dick was promoted to a small part at thirty-five shillings a week, and the baggage was handed over to another man.

* * * *

Two years have passed, and by steady application to his work, and a reputation for dependableness, and thoroughness in all undertaken, he has gained a name among provincial managers as a very promising young actor.

And the Manager of the Imperial thinks that a boy who could have so successfully outwitted *him* must have something in him above the common herd, and is watching his career, waiting for the moment when he shall be fit to be given his chance in London. The day will assuredly come, and on that day Dick will *not* spell "Failure."



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Some Ancient Royal Ornaments

WRITTEN BY HELEN C. GORDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. JESSICA LEWIS.

"In ancient days, so saith an old romaunt."—*Stone*.



THE brevity of man's life, in contrast with the lengthier existence of his handiwork, is most forcibly brought before us by the quaint and curious ornaments which have outlasted generations of owners, who have treasured them either for their intrinsic worth, or for the many memories which surround them with a halo of romance. The brains, by whose thought they had their being, the hands that fashioned them, have crumbled into dust; yet the quaint old talisman or jewel remains intact far on into the centuries, valued at length, perchance, for its antiquity alone.

A relic such as this, to which is attached a curious legend born of the days of mediæval piety and superstition, was preserved for some hundreds of years in Westminster Abbey. Unhappily no mention of "England's wedding ring," as it is called by some authors, is to be found in the Abbey records after the reign of Henry VIII. Some covetous hand, about that period, must have stolen the jewel from its sacred resting-place in the shrine of its owner, King Edward the Confessor. According to the story in the "Golden Legend," "a certain fayre old man," one day, begged alms of the sainted monarch, who, having nought else at that moment to bestow, drew a ring from his finger with which the recipient gratefully went on his way.

Not long after this incident had occurred, two English pilgrims journeying to the Holy City became separated from their comrades, and by some misadventure lost their road. Fortunately before

nightfall they met an old man with snow-white hair, who asked them whence they came and who they were. On ascertaining that they were English pilgrims, bound for the Holy City, he offered to conduct them to the nearest town, where they might obtain refreshment and shelter for the night. Next day he expressed his intention of accompanying them until they were once more on the right road to Jerusalem, and could rejoin their friends. After many inquiries for the health and welfare of King Edward, the old man informed them that he was St. John the Evangelist, and charged the pilgrims with a message for the pious Saxon monarch, to be delivered when then returned to their own country. "Tell him," he said, "I grete him well by the token that he gafe to me, this ring with his own hand, which deliver to him again." Then, solemnly delivering the ring into their joint keeping, he "departed suddenly." The astonished pilgrims made all haste to return to England, and unburden themselves of the story of their adventure, adding one more to the many myths gradually growing round the personality of the Confessor.

Of still earlier date is a quaint old jewel, which in itself bears witness to the mind which created it, which must at one time have been used by Alfred the Great as a personal ornament. "The best and the greatest of all our kings," so much in advance mentally of the rude age in which he lived, endeavoured to promote a knowledge of the gentler arts amongst his warlike subjects, hitherto engrossed in resisting the predatory attacks of Danish marauders. The arti-



THE ALFRED JEWEL

ficers in gold and silver, whom he encouraged to settle in his dominions, often wrought their precious metals under his personal supervision and direction, as this jewel testifies.

"Ælfred me hæet gewerken" [Alfred had me made] are the words encircling the pendant, which in the flatness of its shape resembles a locket. In its centre is a figure beaten out in the gold, probably intended to represent the King himself. The end of the ornament is formed of a Griffin—the Saxon national emblem—from the mouth of which issues a small hollow cylinder. By this it was most likely attached to a collar, and worn round the neck as a badge or symbol of the kingly office. The jewel was discovered at the close of the 17th century at Athelney, in Somersetshire, where Alfred founded a monastery. The bogs and woods of the "almost inaccessible little island," to quote William of Malmesbury, had afforded him safe shelter from his enemies, the Danes, when they overran Wessex. Doubtless the sacred edifice was built in token of his gratitude for deliverance from the hands of the northern pirates.

Another famous king, Charles the Great, of France, nearly contemporary with Alfred, possessed a talisman presented to him by the ambassadors of the mighty Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. It was made at the instance of Fastrada, Charlemagne's wife, and was fashioned by the Magi, or Wise Men, in the train of the Oriental Embassy. To it was ascribed the magical power of endearing its wearer to the Emperor, and holding

fast his love. The ornament is of fine gold set with gems, and has in its centre two uncut sapphires, a portion of the Holy Cross and other relics. From its size and appearance it would seem to have been intended as a neck ornament, but tradition asserts that Fastrada wore it upon her finger. So potent was the charm that even when Death laid his cold hand upon her, Charlemagne refused to leave the body of his adored wife, nor would he sanction its burial. Not until his confessor, who knew the secret of the talisman, removed the jewel from her finger, did the Emperor allow the interment of the corpse. Then, curiously enough, his affections were transferred to the wily monk, who retained possession of the ring. Honour after honour was showered upon the new favourite, who was speedily invested with the highest dignities of Church and State—created Archbishop of Mainz, and Chancellor of the Empire. At length, realising that he was at the height of his ambition, either to test the real value of the charm, or somewhat tardily assailed by conscientious scruples, the prelate flung the jewel into a lake, on the shores of which



CHARLEMAGNE'S TALISMAN

the town of Ingethüm now stands. Soon indeed he must have repented his rash act, for his royal master's attention was instantly diverted from himself to the ornamental piece of water in which the ring lay buried, and the country immediately surrounding it. Enraptured with the sylvan scene, now suddenly invested in his eyes with untold charms, the Emperor immediately laid there the foundations of a magnificent royal residence ; to beautify which, when completed, he robbed every other palace in his kingdom of its costliest treasures. Here Charlemagne took up his abode, and here it was he awaited his summons to another world. Day after day, the dying Emperor lingered, unable to burst the fetters of his earthly prison. The magic of the talisman kept fast hold upon his spirit, so that Death stayed his footsteps, and tarried on the threshold of his chamber. Not till the lake was dragged, and the charm returned to him, its rightful owner, was he permitted to breathe his last. The relic, fastened round his neck was buried with him, but in 997, Otto III. had the temerity to abstract the famous Talisman from his predecessor's tomb. For many years it was preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle, until the coming of that "second Charlemagne," as many styled Napoleon Buonaparte, to whom the authorities of the city, and its clergy, yielded up their treasure. By him it was presented to Queen Hortense, who left it to her son, the late Emperor of the French. Finally, "la plus belle relique de l'Europe," as Parisian journals have described it, was bequeathed to Prince Louis Napoléon.

In 1859 the mediæval collection of the Hôtel de Cluny was enriched by an addition to its antiquities of eight Gothic crowns, set with gems, which, literally enough, were unearthed by some peasants working near the river bed of La Fuente de Guarrazar, near Toledo. The whole treasure-trove included ten royal diadems, two of which bear respectively the names of Theodosius, and of Swinthila, a Gothic king of the 7th century. These, together with some other relics, are to be seen in the Museum at Madrid. By far the largest portion of this interesting "find" was carried off to Paris by a Frenchman



ANCIENT GOTHIC CROWN

who was staying in the neighbourhood of Toledo when the discovery was made. He found a ready purchaser in the Minister of Public Instruction, only too delighted to obtain for France such beautiful specimens of the antique. The circlets had evidently been hastily concealed during some period of invasion or internal strife, and remained hidden till "their memory even had passed away."

The largest crown bears the inscription, "Reccesvinthvs Rex offeret," which proves it to have been a votive gift at some shrine, possibly in the church at Toledo, famous for the ministrations of the saintly Alonso, Abbot of Agaliense. Reccesvinthus governed Spain A.D. 653-675, and the other seven circlets, which vary in size, were probably worn by the wife and family of this Gothic king. The three smallest, from their minute circumference, and lighter framework, are only adapted to encircle childish brows. They are formed of golden hoops, intersected and united with cross-bars, adorned at each point with a precious stone.

The King's crown is extremely handsome, enriched with no less than sixty oriental pearls and sapphires, which



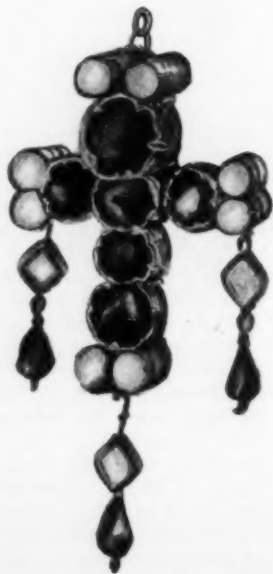
VOTIVE CROWN OF KING RECCESVINTHUS

alternate on a massive band of gold, each gem set in high relief in a separate collet. The margin of the circlet consists of two bands of cloisonné work, incrustated with cornelians. Fastened to its edge by little chains hang the letters forming the inscription, each about two inches in length, and having a pendant sapphire and pearl. Attached to the crown by a jewelled chain is a Latin cross set with six sapphires, and eight pearls in high relief. This was evidently worn as a brooch, for there are distinct traces of the acus, by which it was fastened. From each limb of the cross hangs a sapphire. Between the collets, the crown is wrought in pierced work, and engraved in flowers and foliage. Gold chains, united together at one end by a beautiful ornament of polished crystal, were attached, at a later date, to the upper margin of the crown, that the royal gift might be suspended before the shrine at which it was offered.

That the circlets were actually worn by their original possessors, is proved by little loops set round the edges of the diadem which in all probability belonged to the Queen of Reccesvinthus. These

held in place a soft lining of silk or tissue, which prevented the heavy gold band from chafing the brow of its wearer. Though not quite so elaborate as the diadem of her royal spouse, the Queen's crown is nevertheless of great beauty, set with fifty-four stones of varied hue—sapphires, emeralds, opals, and rubies. From its margin hangs a fringe of oriental sapphires, and the same beautiful stones adorn both sides of the pendant cross, Latin in form, like the King's. To its upper edge also are fastened gold chains, united at the top by a foliated ornament, surmounted by a ring. As in the case of the crown just described above, these additions were made on that solemn occasion of intercession or thanksgiving for protection in time of peril and need.

Another diadem, more celebrated by far than those just mentioned, and also a votive offering, is Italy's Iron Crown, used in ancient days at the coronation of the Frankish Kings of Lombardy. It consists of a broad band of gold, resembling the Alfred Jewel in the style of its workmanship, and is set with magnificent emeralds, rubies and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. Inside the crown is the narrow hoop of



GOLD CROSS OF A KING OF THE GOTHIS

iron, not quite half an inch in breadth, from which it derives its name. This metal band was made, so says tradition, out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and presented by the Empress Helena to Constantine — a charm to avert the dangers of the battlefield. The ecclesiastics to whose care the crown is entrusted, point out as a special miracle the fact that not a speck of rust can be detected on this iron circlet, though fully thirteen centuries have rolled by since the diadem was placed upon the head of Agilulfus. Its early possessors attached to the crown the sacramental words "Dio me l'ha dater, guai a chi la toccherra," and deposited the sacred relic in the Cathedral at Monza, which was built

by Theodolinda, wife of the Norman King.

When Napoleon Buonaparte was proclaimed King of Italy, the famous Iron Crown was taken to Milan. On the 26th of May, 1805, with his own hand the conqueror lifted the diadem on to his head, repeating, as he did so, its haughty motto, "God has given it to me, beware who would touch it." Yet even he, whose name, for a space, struck terror into Europe, whose mighty armies at one time seemed invincible, has

long since passed away, whilst this silent, but important factor in a day's pageant may last through another decade of centuries, perchance to lend again and often, its jewelled glory to symbolise the greatness of a King.



THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY



The Fools Love Story



WRITTEN BY RAFAEL SABATINI. ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH

CHAPTER I.

KUONI VON STOCKEN, the Hofknarr of Sachsenberg, heaves a weary sigh and a strange, half-sad, half-scornful expression sits upon his lean sardonic countenance, as, turning his back to the gay crowd of courtiers that fills the Ballroom of the Palace of Schwerlingen, he passes out on to the balcony, and bends his glance upon the sleeping town below.

Resting his elbows upon the cool stone and his chin upon his hands, he may breathe the free, unpolluted air of heaven, out here; he may permit his face to assume what expression it lists; in a word, he may rest—if rest there be for one whose soul is full of bitterness and gall, whose heart is well-nigh bursting with the hopeless passion it conceals.

He is sadly changed of late, this nimble-witted fool! Time was when his jests were bright and merry and

wounded none save the arrogant and vain who deserved no better; but now, alas! he has grown morose and moody, and moves, listless and silent, deep in strange musings from which he but awakens at times, to give vent to such bursts of ghastly and even blasphemous mirth, as make men shudder and women cross themselves, deeming him possessed of devils.

His tongue, from which the bright and sparkling *bon-mots* were once listened to with avidity, is now compared, not inadequately, with the fangs of some poisonous snake. And many who have felt its stinging sarcasms, pray devoutly that his Majesty may soon deem fit to look about him for a new jester.

The young French nobleman, the Marquis de Savignon, in the honour of whose *fiançailles* with the lady Louisa von Lichtenau, to-night's *fête* is held, seems to have become in particular the butt for the jester's most biting gibes.

This the Court thinks strange, for the young Frenchman has ever treated Kuoni kindly.

What is amiss? Some swear that he is growing old; but that is untrue, for he is scarce thirty years of age and in point of strength and agility—though but a jester—he has no equal in the army of Sachsenberg. Others jestingly whisper that he is in love, and little do they dream how near the truth they are!

Alas! poor Kuoni! For ten years he has gloried in his suit of motley, but now of a sudden he seems to grow ashamed of his quaint black tunic with its cap and bells and pointed cape, and in his secret shame, at times he hangs his head; at times he curses bitterly to himself the fate which has made him the sport of courtiers, and which seems to forget that he is human, and that he has a heart.

As he stands upon the balcony, gazing aimlessly now up into the starlit summer sky, now down upon the sleeping city of Schwerlingen, his long, lithe figure bathed in a flood of light from the window behind him and his ears assailed by sounds of music and of revelry, the wretched jester feels—as he has never felt until to-night—the bitter ignominy of his position. In an agony rendered all the more terrible by the despair that fills his soul, he flings himself down upon a stone seat in a corner, and covers his face with his hands. Thus he sits for some few moments, his vigorous frame shaken by a fierce sobbing which no tears come to relieve, until a step close at hand bids him make an effort to overcome his emotion.

The tall, slim figure of a girl stands for a moment framed in the open casement, and as, raising his eyes, Kuoni beholds her, he springs suddenly to his feet and turns his pale countenance towards her, so that the light from the room beyond falls full upon it, revealing clearly the signs of the storm of agony that has swept across the jester's soul.

An exclamation of wonder escapes the girl at the sight of that distorted face.

"Kuoni!" she cries, coming forward, "what is amiss? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Aye, Madame," he answers, in

accents full of bitter, bitter sadness, "I have indeed seen a ghost—the ghost of happiness."

"And is the sight then so distressing as your face and tone would tell me? Why, I should have deemed it otherwise."

"Yes, were it tangible, attainable happiness that I had beheld; but I said the ghost of happiness—in other words, the reflection of the joys of others—a shadow well calculated to strike despair into the hearts of those wretches who may not grasp the substance."

"And are you one of those wretches, Kuoni?" enquires the girl, her tone full of an interest and sympathy such as a wise man might have misconstrued but which the fool does not. "Why, 'tis said," she continues, "that a jester's is a gay and careless life. I have even heard it said by some of those fine gentlemen yonder that it gave rise to envy in them."

"I doubt it not, I doubt it not," he answers with a laugh of scorn, "and I dare swear there are many of them whom a fool's cap would fit better than it does me!"

Then abruptly changing his tone and becoming earnest—

"Fraulein von Lichtenau," he says, scarce above a whisper, "this *fête* to-night is given in honour of your betrothal; will you deign to accept a poor jester's deepest, sincerest wishes for your happiness."

There is something so strange and curious in his tone that the girl feels herself unaccountably moved by it.

"I accept them and thank you, friend Kuoni, with all my heart," she answers kindly, giving him her hand.

"You call me friend Kuoni," he cries, drawing a step nearer. "You call the poor fool, *friend*! May God bless you for that word!"

"Kuoni! Kuoni!" comes a voice from within; but he heeds it not as, stooping, he raises her hand to his lips and kisses the slender fingers, as one might kiss a sacred relic.

"May God bless you, Madame, and if ever it should be your lot to need a friend, I swear it, by the Mass, that he whom you now honour with that proud title will be at hand."

Then, tearing himself away before she has time to answer, he enters the *salon*.

"Kuoni! Kuoni! Where are you?" cry a dozen voices.

"I am here," he answers sourly; "what is amiss? Are there not fools enough assembled in one room, but that you must clamour for me to swell your number?"

He has worn a mask too long to forget

of ready tongue? Silent! All silent—for they know the jester's virulence too well to expose themselves to its venom in open Court.

It is the *débonnaire* young foreigner, the Marquis de Savignon, who is rash enough to cross weapons with him.

"They tell me, Kuoni," he remarks with a complacent laugh, and in excellent German tainted but slightly by a foreign



"STOOPING, HE RAISED HER HAND TO HIS LIPS"

the part he plays in life, and as he stands now before them, all traces of his late emotion have disappeared from his face, albeit the natural expression, half-melancholic, half-scornful, remains.

With his dark eyes he sweeps the glittering throng of Court beauties and gay gallants waiting for some one to take up his challenge.

Where are Felsheim, Altenburg, Briedewald, and the other witty triflers

accent, "that you are thinking of abandoning the motley and turning courtier instead."

"That were easy," answers the jester with a shrug, "for 'twixt fool and courtier there lies but a difference of designation."

"Aye, aye," goes on de Savignon, "but ponder for a moment, my prince of fools, and think of what would become of Sachsenberg in your absence. His

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Majesty will never find such another fool!"

"Not unless he appoints you my successor," is the cool, sharp answer, whereat a titter arises among those who stand about, which makes the vain Frenchman turn pale with anger.

"You seem to forget, master fool," he says harshly, "that you are addressing the Marquis de Savignon and not bandying words with a fellow-clown!"

He has wounded the jester more deeply than he imagines, and Kuoni's proud spirit writhes and swells within him 'neath the stinging lash of the Marquis' scornful words, which remind him anew of the gulf that lies between their social positions. But naught of this is visible on his face, over which a bland, indulgent smile is softly spreading.

Only those who are well acquainted with him notice the slight compression of his thin lips, which, to them, forebodes a cutting retort.

His head on one side and his hand on his chin, he regards de Savignon for a moment through lids half closed, as it were, in languor. Then, slowly and almost wearily, he makes answer:

"Nay, Monsieur de Savignon, forgetfulness, methinks, lies more with your family than mine. Was it not you yourself, my lord, who, whilst at the siege of La Rochelle—so the story goes—one day when the Rochellais made a fierce *sortie*, forgot where the battle was being fought? So that in your absent-mindedness you galloped madly south, and by nightfall you were found at Royan, a good ten leagues from the scene of action."

It is de Savignon's turn to tremble now, and as a great burst of laughter greets the jester's sally, his complexion is of a greyish tint and his teeth are clenched in anger, noting which, Kuoni continues pitilessly:

"Do you not see the humour of it, my lord? Why look so glum? Bah! You weary me; there is no more wit in your soul than milk in an oyster!"

And with an easy laugh which contains almost a ring of contempt, the jester moves away to let others feel the sting of his tongue, from which none, save the King, are sacred.

For a moment, the Frenchman follows

the tall symmetrical figure with his eyes, then, deeming it best to affect unconcern, he shrugs his shoulders and, giving vent to a mirthless laugh, passes out on to the balcony to seek balm for his wounded spirit at the hands of his betrothed.

CHAPTER II.

During the weeks that follow upon the night of the *fête* whereat Kuoni von Stocken so signally insulted the Marquis de Savignon, these two men are careful to shun each other's presence.

The proud and vain French cavalier is not likely to forget the humiliation to which he has been subjected, and the memory of it is wont to make his fingers close over the jewelled hilt of his toy dagger and black vows of vengeance arise in his heart, fostering the hatred in which he holds the jester.

But it is not *his* dagger alone that is ready to do murder. Ugly thoughts are running in Kuoni's mind, and one night when de Savignon sits, easy in spirit for the while, telling the lady Louisa something that he has already recited to her upon several former occasions, he little dreams that from the curtains at his back two great lustrous eyes are watching them, and that a nervous hand is gripping a keen Italian blade. Did he but know how near at hand is death, his laugh would be less gay, his manner less unconcerned, his mind less easy. But he knows naught of this, and some angel must be watching over him, for the armed hand, uplifted in menace, does not descend, the jester sheathes his poniard and departs noiselessly the way he came.

But as the weeks go swiftly by and the nuptials of the marquis are fast approaching, the strange and unaccountable moodiness of the whilom lighthearted jester grows more and more accentuated. Each day he seems to grow visibly thinner, as if some fell disease were gnawing at his vitals and slowly sapping his life and strength. Each day his pale cheeks appear paler and under his eyes there are deep black circles, suggestive of pain and suffering and sleepless nights.

A more wretched, woe-begone picture than the poor fool presents, when none



"A NERVOUS HAND IS GRIPPING A KEEN ITALIAN BLADE"

are by to spy upon his feelings, it were difficult to conceive.

Meanwhile, however, there are other and graver matters to be considered in the kingdom of Sachsenberg than the secret agony of a lovesick jester. Rumours are abroad of a conspiracy to overthrow the Sonsbeck dynasty, organised, it is said, by many great lords, tired of their young King, Ludwig IV., who seems overmuch engrossed in imitating the vices of the Court of his French cousin to pay great heed to matters of state and the welfare of his people.

'Tis a weakness not uncommon to kings, especially young ones, for monarchs are but ordinary folk when stripped of their purple. Ludwig, however, is blessed with a character which, in some matters, is as firm and earnest as it is weak and frivolous in others; moreover, he is doubly blessed in the

possession of an astute and far-seeing servant in the person of the Ritter Heinrich von Grunhain, the Captain of his Guards.

He has been forced to listen to the grave things which this gentleman has to relate, concerning the dissatisfaction of some of the nobles who are zealously inciting the people to open rebellion, and a drastic line of action has been drawn up.

The King is seated in his cabinet one night, about a month after the *fête* dealt with in the preceding chapter, and a week before the day appointed for the wedding of the lady Louisa von Lichtenau.

Around the table five men are grouped; two are old and faithful servants of the late king, his father—the Duke of Ottrau and the Count von Horst; two are men still in the prime of life, Ritter von Grunhain, the Captain of his Guards, and Herr von Retzbach, his Minister; whilst the fifth is none other than the gay young Lord von Ronshausen, his favourite.

There is a solemn and anxious look upon the faces of these six men, for it is being decided that upon that very night Sachsenberg shall tear a gruesome page from the history of France—there is to be a parody of the St. Bartholomée in Schwerlingen before sunrise.

"It is better thus, my lords," says the King, and although his face is pale and haggard, his voice is calm; "for were we to publish the matter, and give the traitors open trial, who knows what might ensue? Men are ever ready to revolt against those who rule them, and who can say but that the trial of these rebels would swell the ranks of the disloyal—for treason is an infectious malady—and prove the signal for open revolt? As it is, when the news goes round, tomorrow, that ten noble lords have been found murdered in their beds, there will be much marvelling and much surmising

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—also, maybe, some grief—but those who have listened to the doctrines of these ten, and sharpened their weapons in anticipation of a fray, will understand, and will be stricken with terror at the awful fate which has overtaken their leaders. Believe me, gentlemen, they will be silent and they will disperse.”

“Will not your Majesty consider—” began the grey-haired Duke of Ottrau; but the King cut him short.

“I have considered, my lords, and I have decided. What matters the manner of these men's death? They have richly earned their fate, and if they were openly tried they could not escape the scaffold—so what difference does it make whether it be the dagger or the axe? None to them, but much to me.”

The tone is too determined to permit of further argument. It but remains for Grunhain to receive his Majesty's instructions.

“Here is the list, Captain,” the King continues, taking a paper from the table. “I will read out the names of those whom we have sentenced: Kervenheim von Huld, Nienberge, Blankenburg, Eberholz, Retzwald, Leubnitz, Hartenstein, Reussbach, and the French Marquis de Savignon.”

“Concerning that last one, Sire,” ventures Ronshausen, the favourite, “has your Majesty remembered that he is a subject of the King of France?”

“I have,” answers Ludwig, “and I have also remembered that he—a foreigner to whom I have ever shown great favour and consideration, and who, were he to live, would wed one of the noblest ladies of my Court—coupled ingratitude with his treason. No doubt he whom they intend to set up in my stead has bribed him richly; but he shall pay for his folly, as others are paying for theirs, with his life: and I fail to see how I am to be made accountable to the King of France for the chance assassination of a subject of his, in my capital. The matter is settled, gentlemen; Ritter von Grunhain knows how to see to its execution. There is no more to be said,” he goes on, rising, “but when you hear midnight striking in the belfry of St. Oswald, say a prayer, gentlemen, for the repose of the souls of ten traitors

whose knell it will be sounding. And now, let us join the Court.”

One by one, they pass out after the King, and then, when the door has closed upon the last of them, a head peeps forth from the rich damask drapery that curtains one of the windows, and a pair of dark eyes hastily survey the room: the next instant the curtains are parted and Kuoni von Stocken steps forth.

There is a look of fierce, almost fiendish exultation on his swart face, and the low mocking laugh that bursts from his thin lips can be likened to nothing save the chuckle of the Tempter in his hour of victory.

“So, my lord of Savignon, you have been meddling in politics, eh?” he murmurs, rubbing his lean, nervous hands together; “and to-night you die. Fool! Arch-fool! That you should be well-born, rich, high in favour at the Courts of France and Sachsenberg alike, did not suffice your greed, but you must wish to become a moulder of history besides, and like many another such before you, you have destroyed yourself! Oh, what a thing is man! Faugh!”

And with a sneer of contempt for the whole human race in general and the Marquis de Savignon in particular, Kuoni flings himself into the chair lately occupied by the King.

“To think,” he goes on, “that a man about to become the husband of such a woman as the lady Louisa von Lichtenau should trifle and fence with death! By the Mass, Sire,” he cries, raising his long arm and speaking as if the King were there to hear him, “slay him not! Spare him and clothe him in my suit of motley; he is too marvellous a fool to die!”

Then, of a sudden, the mocking smile fades from his face, to be replaced by a grave, sad look, as the thought occurs to him: “What will the lady Louisa think to-morrow, when the news is carried to her? How will she bear it?”

That she loves de Savignon with all her heart and soul the jester knows full well, and as he thinks of it he grinds his teeth and drives his nails into the palms of his clenched hands.

His imagination pictures her as she will be to-morrow, and into his soul there comes a great overwhelming wave of

sorrow and of pity for her, which cleanses and purifies it of the sinful joy which it harboured but a moment back. "She will pine away and die of it," he tells himself, "even as I am pining and dying for love of her! Alas! poor Louisa!" And he sighs heavily and sorrowfully. Then resting his chin upon his hands and his elbows on his knees, he sits there deep in thought, his eyes bent upon the floor.

And thus he sits on for nigh upon an hour, thinking strange thoughts in a strange manner, and revolving in his mind a strange resolve. At last, chancing to raise his eyes, his glance alights upon the gold and ivory time-piece. The sight rouses him, for springing suddenly to his feet—

"Himmel!" he cries. "It wants but half-an-hour to midnight—to the sounding of his knell."

He pauses for a moment, undecided, then walks swiftly towards the door and disappears.

CHAPTER III.

Now it chanced that, owing to a fire which had, a few days before, destroyed the Palais Savignon, in the Klosterstrasse, the marquis found himself the guest of his future father-in-law, the Graf von Lichtenau.

Upon the night in question—which a scarlet page of the Chronicles of Sachsenberg tells us was that of the 12th of August of 1635—de Savignon had retired to the room set apart in his suite as his bedchamber, just as eleven was striking.

Feeling himself as yet wakeful, the Frenchman, whose mood is naturally a poetic one, takes down a French translation of the *Odyssey*, and, flinging himself into a luxurious chair, is soon lost in the adventures of Ulysses on the Island of Calypso. His heart is full of sympathy for the demi-goddess and of contempt for the King of Ithaca, when a rustling of the window-curtains brings him back to Sachsenberg and his surroundings, with a start. Glancing up, he beholds a dark shadow in the casement, and before he can so much as move a finger a man has sprung into the room, and Kuoni von Stocken stands before him with a strange look upon his face.

Imagining that the visit has no friendly

purport, the Marquis draws a dagger from his belt, whereat the shadow of a smile flits across the jester's solemn countenance.

"Put up your weapon, Monsieur de Savignon," he says calmly, "I am no assassin, but there are others coming after me who deserve the title."

"What do you mean?" enquires the Marquis haughtily.

"I bring you news, Monsieur," replies Kuoni, sinking his voice to a whisper, "that the plot to overthrow the Sonsbeck dynasty is discovered."

The Frenchman bounds from his chair as if someone had prodded him with a dagger.

"You lie!" he shrieks.

"Do I?" answers the other indifferently, "then if it is not yet discovered, how comes it that I am acquainted with it?"

Then, as if blind to Savignon's agitation, he goes on in the same deliberate accents.

"I also bring you news that his Majesty is possessed of a list of the names of the principal leaders; that your name figures upon that list, and that it is the King's good pleasure that when midnight strikes from St. Oswald it will announce to ten gentleman that their last hour on earth is spent; for into the room of each there will penetrate three executioners to carry out the death-sentence which was passed upon them without trial, two hours ago, by the King."

The Frenchman is too dazed to reply for a moment; he drops back into his chair, his cheeks blanched with terror and his eyes staring wildly at the jester. The matter is too grave, Kuoni's manner too impressive, to leave any doubts as to the accuracy of his statement.

"And are you one of the three assassins to whom my end has been entrusted?" says de Savignon at length, a gleam of hatred in his eye and the memory of his feud with the jester in his mind.

"No," replies Kuoni simply.

"Then why are you here?" the other cries vehemently. "Why? Answer me! Have you come to gloat over my end?"

"I have come to make an attempt to save you," is the cold, proud answer.

"To save me? Did I hear you aright?"

"Aye, to save you. But come, my lord, there is not a moment to lose if I am to be successful. Off with your doublet. Quick!"

And as the Marquis mechanically proceeds to obey him, the jester goes on:

"In front of the Rathhaus, at the corner of the Klosterstrasse, you will find a carriage in waiting. Enter it without speaking; the driver has received his instructions and will convey you to the village of Lossnitz, three leagues from here. There is a suit of clothes in the coach, which you will do well to don. When you stop at the hostelry of the Schwarzen Hirsch, you will find a horse ready for you; turn its head towards the frontier; by sunrise you will be a good fifteen leagues from Schwerlingen, and beyond King Ludwig's reach when he discovers that you have not died; whilst to-morrow night, if you ride well, you should sleep in France. Come, take my coat." And, advancing, Kuoni holds out his long black tunic, which he has removed whilst speaking.

The livery of motley makes the Frenchman pause, and a suspicion flashes across his mind.

"This is not one of your jests, sir fool?"

"If you doubt me," cries Kuoni, with an impatient gesture, "wait and see."

"No, no, Kuoni, I believe you," he exclaims, "but why is this necessary?"

"Why?" echoes the other. "Oh thou far-seeing sage! What would the coachman who is to drive you think, did he behold a cavalier return in my stead? Besides, what if you chanced upon your assassins between this and the Rathhaus? Do you not see how my cap and bells would serve you?"

"True, true," murmurs the other.

"Then waste no more time; it wants but a few minutes to midnight now. Come, on with it!"

Savignon wriggles into the black velvet tunic and Kuoni draws the hood, surmounted by the cock's comb, well over his head, so that it conceals his features, then, standing back to judge the effect:

"By the Mass!" he ejaculates with a grim laugh, "how well it becomes you!

Did I not always say it would! Here, take my bauble as well, and there you stand as thorough a fool as ever strutted in a Royal anteroom. Who would have thought it? de Savignon turned fool and Kuoni turned courtier! Ha! ha! 'tis a merry jest, a jest of that prince of jesters—Death!"

"Your merriment is out of season," grumbles the Marquis.

"And so is your chocolate hose with that tunic; but it matters not, 'tis all a part of this colossal jest."

Then growing serious of a sudden:

"Are you ready? Then follow me; I will set you on your way."

Opening the door, the jester leads the nobleman, silently and with stealthy tread, out of his chamber and down the broad oak staircase.

He pauses by the wainscot, in the spacious hall below, and after searching for a few seconds, he alights upon a spring—which, fortunately, he knows of old. A panel slides back and reveals an opening through which he conducts the Frenchman.

They emerge presently into a courtyard at the back of the mansion, and through a small postern they pass out into the street.

Here they pause for a moment; it is commencing to rain; the sky is overcast and the night is inky black.

"Yonder lies your road," says Kuoni; "at the corner you will find the coach. Do as I told you, and may God speed you. Farewell!"

"But you?" exclaims de Savignon, a thought for the jester's safety arising at last in his mind; "are you not coming?"

"I cannot. I must return to impersonate you and receive your visitors, for, did they find you gone, the pursuit would commence before you were clear of the city, and you would, of a certainty, be taken."

"But you will be in danger!"

"Have no concern on that score," is the reply, delivered in grim accents.

"But—"

"Enough of *buts*; begone before midnight strikes, or, by the Mass, your stay in Schwerlingen will be unpleasantly prolonged. Farewell!"

And, stepping back, the jester slams

the door and de Savignon is left alone, shivering with cold. For a moment the idea again occurs to him that he is being victimised by Kuoni. But he remembers that were the plot undiscovered the jester would scarcely be in possession of the secret.

Next he begins to marvel why Kuoni should evince such solicitude for his escape and for his life, after having always shown himself so bitter an enemy in the past. However, fear overcomes his doubts; so, swearing that if the fool has duped him he will return, if it be only to wring his neck, he sets off briskly in the direction indicated.

Meanwhile, Kuoni has retraced his steps to the Frenchman's bedchamber; tricked out in de Savignon's clothes and with de Savignon's hat drawn well over his brows, so as to shade his face, he flings himself into the chair lately occupied by the Marquis—and waits.

Presently the deep-toned bell of St. Oswald's chimes out the hour of midnight; scarce has the vibration of the last stroke died away on the silent night air, when his ear detects another and nearer sound.

He springs up, and turning finds himself confronted by three masked men, standing, sword in hand, by the open window through which they have entered. In an instant he has drawn de Savignon's rapier from its scabbard.

"How now, my masters," he exclaims, mimicking the Frenchman's foreign accent, "what do you seek?"

"The Marquis Henri de Savignon" says one, in a voice which the jester does not recognise.

"I am he," he replies haughtily; "what is your business? Are you robbers or assassins, that you come in this guise and penetrate at such an hour into my bedchamber?"

"We bear you news," says the former speaker, delivering the words after the fashion of a man who is reciting a lesson that he has learnt by heart, "we bear you news that your treason is discovered, and in the King's name we bid you prepare to die."

"A merry jest, gentlemen! An artful story! You are certainly no common footpads, but I fear me there is some slight mistake."

"I give you five minutes, by yonder time-piece, wherein to prepare your soul for the next world."

"It is considerate of you, my masters," retorts Kuoni, the mocking spirit of the jester asserting itself, "but the boon is unrequested, and, by your leave, I trust to have many years yet wherein to carry out your amiable suggestion."

"The man is laughing at us," cries one of the hitherto silent assassins. "Let us end the business!"

His companions seek to detain him, but, going forward in spite of them, he crosses swords with Kuoni.

Seeing him engaged, the other two come forward also, and in a few minutes a terrible fight is raging. There is not, perhaps, in the whole of Sachsenberg, a finer swordsman than this lithe and agile jester, but the odds are such as no man may hope to strive against victoriously. Before many minutes have elapsed, one of the assassins' swords has passed through his right breast.

With a groan he sinks forward in a heap, and the sword he lately held bounds with a noisy ring upon the parquet floor.

Hurrying steps are heard outside the room, and presently voices are discernible, as the household, disturbed by the clash of steel and the din of struggle, is hurrying towards De Savignon's room.

One of the assassins is on the point of going forward to make sure of their work, by driving his dagger into the heart of the prostrate man, when, alarmed by the approaching sounds and mindful of their orders not to allow themselves on any account to be taken, the other two drag him off through the window before he can accomplish his design.

"Come," says he who delivered the fatal blow, "he will be dead in a few minutes. That stroke never yet left a man alive."

An instant later the door of the room is burst violently open, and just as the murderers disappear into the night a curious group of half-clad men and women with frightened faces stand awe-stricken on the threshold, gazing at the spectacle before them.

"The Marquis has been slain," cries a voice, which is followed by a woman's



"ONE OF THE ASSASSINS' SWORDS HAS PASSED THROUGH HIS BREAST"

shriek, and as the crowd divides, the old, white-haired Count of Lichtenau enters the room followed by his half-fainting daughter.

Together they stand gazing at the body on the floor, and at the dark crimson stain which is slowly spreading about it.

Then suddenly—

"Henri!" shrieks the girl, and rushing forward, she falls on her knees beside the unconscious Kuoni. Then, as her father gently turns the body over to ascertain the nature of his hurt, another and different cry escapes her. But the jester reviving, and opening his eyes at the sound, meets her gaze and whispers faintly—

"Hush, my lady! do not say that I am not the Marquis. As you value his life, keep silent and let all believe and spread the report that the Marquis is dying."

"What does it mean? what does it mean?" she wails, wringing her hands,

yet, with quick instinct, understanding that serious motives have dictated Kuoni's words.

"Send them away—your father also—I will explain," gasps the jester, and at each word he utters the blood wells forth from his wound.

When all have withdrawn, and when she has raised his head and pillowed it in her lap, he tells her *all*, bidding her not to allow the real truth of the matter to transpire until morning.

"And you, you, Kuoni, of all men, who have ever seemed to hate him, you have so nobly given your life to buy his safety!" she exclaims.

"No, my lady, I have not," he answers; "I have given my life not for him but for you. I wished to save him because you loved him. And because I wished to spare you the anguish of beholding his dead body, I have changed places with him. *His* life is valuable to some one—mine is worthless."

The girl can find no words wherein to

answer fittingly, but her tears are falling fast and they are eloquent to him. She *understands* at last !

"I am so happy," he murmurs presently, "oh, so happy ! Had I lived my head would never have been pillowed on your knee. Had I lived, I should never have dared to tell you—as I do now, when in the presence of death all differences of birth and station fade away—that I love you."

The girl trembles violently ; then for a second their eyes meet. She were not a woman did her heart not swell with fondness and pity for the poor despised fool, who to ensure her happiness has sacrificed his life.

Growing bold in the dread presence of the Reaper——

"Louisa," he gasps, his voice still fainter than before, "I am dying ; there are none to witness, and none will ever know—kiss me !"

Weeping softly, the girl stoops until her loose flowing hair falls about his head and neck, and her lips, so rich with the blood of life and youth, touch *his*, upon which the chill of death is settling.

A quiver runs through his frame, his chest heaves with a long last sigh—then all is still, but for the gentle sobbing of the girl whose tears are falling fast upon the upturned face, which smiles upon her in death.



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SIGNOR PRATESI

From Photo by P. BERTIERI

Rehearsing a Ballet

WRITTEN BY A. HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TO attempt to make an approximate computation of the number of theatre-goers who have witnessed the performance of a ballet in London, would be beyond the powers of the ordinary statistician. He might confidently say that nearly every one who calls himself

or herself a playgoer, has once at least in his or her career seen one of the gorgeous spectacles at the Alhambra or the Empire. A problem much easier of solution would be, how many of the aforesaid theatre-goers have ever seen a ballet in rehearsal? I should say very few indeed. The mysteries of such a production are quite beyond the ken of the general public. Managers of

theatres and music-halls are not as a rule too anxious to allow outsiders within the charmed circle during the rehearsal. And quite right too. The presence of strangers is particularly embarrassing to the artistes, the author, and the stage manager, and it is only when the piece is near completion that

"A capital idea," he said, with his cheeriest smile. "The description of the ballet rehearsal" (I think he meant it spelt like this, though I have my doubts) "would make an interesting magazine article, as the public know so little of theatrical rehearsals, and the subject has not often been attempted."



JOSEPHINE CASABONI

a privileged few are invited to the dress rehearsal.

When I first mentioned to Mr. C. Dundas Slater, the manager of the Alhambra, my intention of writing an article on the rehearsal of a ballet at his theatre, for THE LUDGATE, and asked his permission to witness the private performances, I was prepared for a refusal, but instead he readily acquiesced.

Armed with this consoling encouragement, I attended four or five rehearsals of the bright and merry "Up-to-date ballet divertissement," as the programme modestly calls it, of "A Day Off," which is now drawing crowds every night to the Alhambra. The author and stage-manager, Mr. Charles Wilson, the composer and conductor, Mr. George W. Byng, the ballet master, Signor Pratesi, and the assistant

stage-manager, Mr. Lytton Grey, were as ready and willing as Mr. Slater to put every facility in my way, and to these gentlemen I am greatly indebted for the groundwork of this article.

In the first place it should be mentioned that a ballet goes through three initial stages before its final production, viz., the rough rehearsal, the right-through rehearsal, and the dress rehearsal. The first-named is the most difficult, as the principals, the coryphées and the "extras" have to learn their parts, cues, dances, entrances and exits, from the unfinished material that rough rehearsals naturally produce. The girls form a picturesque group on the stage in their practice dresses, consisting generally of a blouse and dancing skirt, or knickerbockers. These assume all different colours: red, green, black, white, blue, and yellow blouses intermingle with charming effect, which is heightened by the variegated knickers, which are found to give more freedom to the legs than dancing skirts. A noticeable feature of the Alhambra girls is that they always look clean and neat in their practice skirts, and they take as much care of their outward appearance in rehearsal as they do when in stage costumes. One young lady, I noticed, ignored the usual red blouse and black knickers, or *vice versa*, by appearing in a practice dress of all terra-cotta colour, after the cut of the little boy in "Bubbles," and very pretty she looked in it.

The ballet master was on the stage directing the dances of the coryphées, with his wand of office, which is a formidable stick, about the size of a broom-handle, only much heavier, which he brandished and brought down on the stage with delightful frequency. As he shouted, "one, two, three, four, five, six," the girls danced the necessary steps to this time, and the ballet stick came down on the boards after each number was called, with a vehemence that spoke volumes for Signor Pratesi's muscles. This particular dance is rehearsed in the same way every day till perfect, but the thing is done so thoroughly, that no attempt is made to gloss over anything till every one concerned is quite at home in all the details.

In the meantime the orchestra is playing its best, and the ballet girls gradually drop into the time of the music, follow the evolutions of Mr. Byng's bâton, and know to a nicety when the ballet-master's stick is going to beat time on the boards. Occasionally the directions of the teacher do not act in unison with those of the conductor, then Mr. Byng confers with Mr. Wilson, who shouts out "Stop—all over again," and orchestra and ballet leave off playing and dancing with an unanimity which is remarkable. Then all over again the dance is rehearsed till the desired effect is attained.

During this time Mr. Wilson is all over the stage. He seems omnipresent, for wherever you look you seem to see that most genial and clever of stage-managers. One minute he is on the stage directing principals and chorus where to stand and how to act, and the next he is critically examining the effect from the stalls, while almost at the same moment, if you look upwards, you see him in the gods, to the dread of the scene-shifters and carpenters, who fear his eagle eye when he is up aloft. Down he comes on the stage directly, and you know he is there by the authoritative manner in which he shouts "Speak up distinctly, Miss," to a pretty young actress who has been given a part for the first time, and has not been accustomed to the honour.

And so this goes on till 1.30, commencing at 11 or 12, according to the exigencies of the ballet, when Mr. Wilson calls out "Half-an-hour's rest." Then there is a scuffle, and in a twinkling of an eye the vast Alhambra stage is empty, and the girls who had previously been showing their shapely legs in saltatory exercises are now enjoying their well-earned rest and their lunch of sandwiches. For this occasion only they are the occupants of the fashionable fauteuils, which they occupy with a delightful grace born from experience. Mr. Slater looks benignly on from his usual position in the middle of the third row, during rehearsal, which he over-seers with a serenity of expression that Napoleon might have envied. The orchestra have meanwhile gone to their lunch, generally taken at the nearest

"pub," and you are given time for reflection; which is interrupted half-an-hour later by the scraping of the violins, and you then know that work commences again. "Now then, ladies," comes from the dulcet throat of Mr. Lytton Grey, and in a second the stage is filled with a crowd of smiling, chatting girls, and another scene is

with the third. When these are known to perfection the "rough" rehearsals are over, and the Thursday before the production of the ballet is devoted to the "right through" rehearsal, and the scenes are then taken seriatim with the addition of the scenery, which is gradually put up. As a rule the second stage is an easy one, as the company has been



EMILENÉ D'ALEÇON

From Photo by REUTLINGER, Paris

rehearsed. Then one of the principals is momentarily missing. Sig. Pratesi shouts for "Julie" or "Casi," for by those popular nicknames Miss Seale and Miss Casaboni, the principal dancers at the Alhambra, are familiarly known.

When the first scene has been practised to the satisfaction of the managers, similar work is performed through the second scene, and so on

so well drilled in the preliminary trials that the ballet is gone through with delightful smoothness, but a mistake on this occasion is serious, as the production is so near at hand. Then it is that Mr. Wilson's omnipresence is so distinctly manifest. One of the actors is not in his right place in the grouping; "You're not there," shouts the stage-manager, who knows the position of

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every one concerned in all the scenes, with a minuteness that is truly wonderful. It requires a memory to know the exact spot to be occupied by the individual members of a company of about two hundred performers, which is continuously moving about and changing positions with lightning rapidity.

The manager has kindly furnished me with the exact number of people engaged in "A Day Off," and to most readers it will come as a surprise that as many as 174 persons are on the stage at one time in the ballet. The exact numbers are as follows. In the ballet there are sixty-four young ladies, thirty extra ladies, twenty supers, twenty-four choristers, twelve in small parts, and twenty-four principals. These figures do not, of course, include stage carpenters, scene shifters, nor limelight men, but only those actually engaged in the ballet itself, as seen by the audience. The stage-manager has them all in his experienced eye at one time, and can detect immediately if one is missing from his or her proper place. If a step in the dances of the ballet is wrong, then Sig. Pratesi exerts his authority, for he also is wonderfully quick in noticing a slip, or if the steps are not in time with the orchestra. Such rapid detection of errors comes intuitively from long experience, and Sig. Pratesi's experience of ballet is long, with a vengeance. He may be said to have been born in his profession. His grandfather was a celebrated Italian ballet master, and his father was the *maitre de ballet* at the famous Scala in Milan. His mother was a *prima ballerina* at La Scala, and on the death of Sig. Pratesi, sen., she married Marengo, who wrote the lovely music of "Excelsior," and other grand ballets. And, as a finishing touch to the ballet family, Sig. Pratesi's wife is also a dancer and teacher of repute, and is generally to be seen on the stage of the Alhambra in the morning, giving lessons to the aspiring lights of the dancing world.

At the right-through rehearsal the full ballet is rehearsed, and the groupings, and entrances and exits have to be gone through. Occasionally a wrong entrance or exit by one of the less important members, or a slight misunder-

standing as to the grouping of a band of coryphées will cause an entire scene to be rehearsed from the beginning, and this just at the time when the young ladies are congratulating themselves that they have gone through the scene without a hitch. It is annoying, but it has to be done, and done it is.

Then there is a look of dismay on the girls' faces, but there is no grumbling, and if to emphasise the enormity of the mistake that has been made, the stage manager shouts, in his severest tones, that if he sees one girl that does not go through her work satisfactorily at the next attempt, he will see that she does not go on on Monday, *i.e.*, on the first night. But the young ladies know how to take these awful threats, for Mr. Wilson is one of the kindest-hearted of stage-managers, and has gained the affection of the entire company. The very girl to whom he has directed this terrible denunciation might be seen, a few minutes later, going up in the most unabashed manner to the despot for some advice, which is given with an addition of a paternal pat on the cheek, and with the kindly addition of some words in which "my dear" are distinctly heard.

The all-important event is the following day, which heralds the arrival of the dress rehearsal. The press and privileged friends are invited to this interesting ceremony. The entire ballet is rehearsed for the first time in the new costumes. On this occasion the practice dresses are quite ignored, and the ladies of the company look resplendent with the aid of lovely gowns, for the production of which no expense is spared. M. Alias, the costumier, is a prominent figure at this ceremony, and he has to see if his latest creations give the effect that is required. Another important detail at this function is the photographing of the groups, but no plate from the camera, however perfect, can give the idea of the beauty of the Alhambra ballet that a personal visit to "A Day Off" imparts.

So many things have to be considered in the production of a ballet. The dresses must be costly, beautiful, and appropriate, and if, as in "A Day Off," the principal scene lies in Boulogne,

French fashions are the order of the day. Then the dancing must be somewhat "Frenchy," and the principals are allowed a certain licence to make their "business" as local and appropriate as possible. Then again, the blending of colours is a matter of deep consideration, and, in this respect, the Alhambra managers show themselves masters in the art. No prettier blending of colour has ever been seen in the dressing or mount-

that such lovely costumes, and so many, can be worn in a ballet, and what becomes of them afterwards. Generally, they find themselves adorning the figures of young ladies in provincial pantomimes, and it is no unusual thing for a theatrical manager to contract to buy the entire dresses at the finish of a ballet. Quite an ordinary dress would cost about £8, and the costumes of the principals average about £15. As



JULIE SEAL

ing of a ballet than in the gorgeous spectacle representing the Casino at Boulogne. And one other very important item—the music—which has to tell the tale as explicitly and concisely as pantomime or dialogue does. But Mr. Byng has supplied music to "A Day Off" of which there is no possible doubt whatever.

The public often wonder how it is

to the aggregate cost of producing an Alhambra ballet, the figures generally exceed £5,000.

Among so many varying scenes and changes, it is not surprising that some curious mistakes occur at times, producing some humorous situations. Mr. Wilson told me of a few in the rehearsal of "A Day Off," of which the following is an instance:

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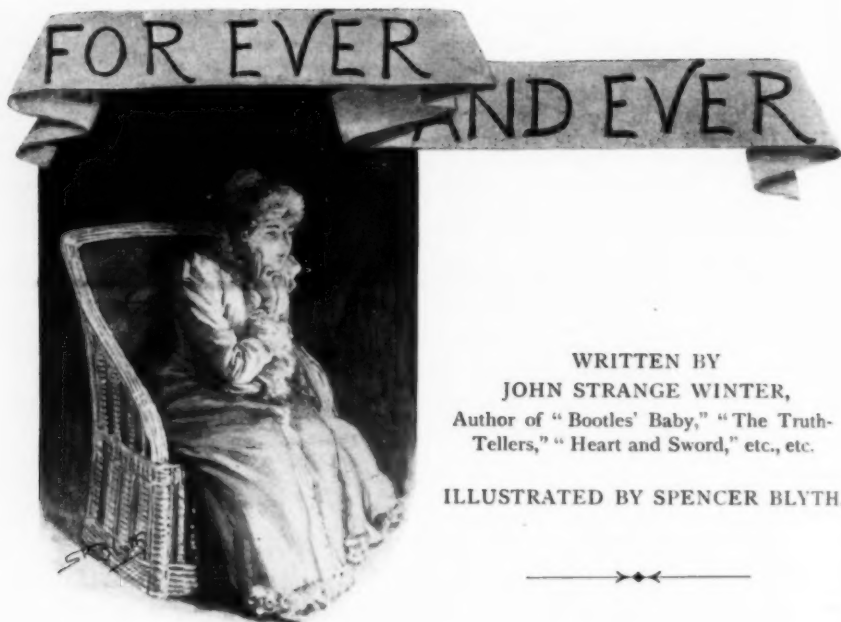
There are other "turns" at the Alhambra besides the ballet which require practising, but in the press of the more serious work, they are occasionally overlooked. On one particular morning, the acrobats performing at the theatre were timed to rehearse at 9.30, the bicyclists at 10.30, and the ballet at 11.30, but Mr. Slater had forgotten to mention to the stage manager that the "dogs" had to be rehearsed. The dog manager, however, turned up with his troupe, and insisted upon having the stage for a time. The acrobats would not give way, nor the bicyclists, and he decided to wait till the latter had finished and run over his performance with a pianist on the stage. But unfortunately time, tide, and stage managers wait for no man, and Mr. Wilson ordered the ballet to be rehearsed just as the dogs made a martial appearance on the stage. Soon there was glorious confusion. The stage piano was drowned by the full orchestra, the dogs yelped in the most discordant fashion, and the ballet ladies trod over the animals in trying to avoid them. The dog showman shouted to his pets to come off the stage, and Signor Pratesi did the same to his pupils, and all was going satisfactorily till four ballet ladies, who had for the moment lost their presence of mind, ran up to their dressing rooms, screaming at the top of their voices, followed by as many howling and intelligent dogs, whose sagacity was quite benumbed through the babel of confusion. Hurriedly the frightened girls bolted

themselves in their rooms, but their screams were drowned by the barks of the dogs outside, and so the pandemonium continued till the poor confused trainer found his way to the spot, and was able to call off the hounds, for once at fault.

On other occasions, Signor Pratesi and Mr. Byng would have a little difference as to the times of their different rehearsals. The former would require the stage for his coryphées, while the musical conductor would want it to rehearse some of the principals with the orchestra. It would be a case of rapid and poetic Italian against cool and prosaic English, or of ballet stick *v.* bâton, but as the pen is mightier than the sword, so is the bâton than the ballet stick, and in the end the accomplished conductor's wand would prevail.

Such incidents as these are inseparable from the rehearsal of a big ballet, but the misunderstanding is only temporary. The peacemaker, in Mr. Charles Wilson, appears on the scene, and soon everything goes as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. Order is at once restored, everybody is satisfied, and the ruffled feelings are smoothed. The violins begin to emit their peculiar sound of "tuning," the ladies get into line, the *maître de ballet* takes his accustomed stand on the O. P. side, the conductor mounts his seat, the stage manager looks on with an equanimity that nothing can upset, and soon we are again in the whirl and excitement of a ballet in rehearsal.





WRITTEN BY
JOHN STRANGE WINTER,
Author of "Bootles' Baby," "The Truth-
Tellers," "Heart and Sword," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH.

CHAPTER I.

HHEY say that the unexpected always happens. I for years have been expecting the unexpected, but it cometh not, but still I live—praying that it will happen soon, drinking deep draughts from the fountain of hope and alas! quenching not my thirst.

But this story is not about myself; no! no! but about a little girl that I knew once, a little girl whose only portion, seemingly, was the unexpected. Her name was Mona; she was Irish and she was poor—for her station in life, that is, for her birth was good, though her up-bringing had been fragmentary. She had a charming voice and a lovely face, such a face as one hears of and sees seldom; a rose-leaf skin, a wealth of red-bronze hair, deep blue eyes put in with a dirty finger, a delicious little nose, and teeth like pearls. It was an *insouciant* little face, a very fair match for the wit that lay behind it. Yes, her name was Mona—Mona FitzGerald;

and when Mona FitzGerald was something over seventeen and something under twenty, she left her ancestral halls and came over to the country of the Sassenach.

Now the Chesneys, with whom Mona FitzGerald was staying, were her cousins. They lived under the blue wolds of Blankshire—not more than three miles from the old city of Blankhampton. They were not a rich or a powerful family, far from it, but the Priory was a charming, rambling old house, and the Chesneys had some three thousand a year on which to keep their position going.

To Mona FitzGerald it seemed that her English cousins must be people of enormous wealth. Goodness only knows how little the FitzGerald income was; while certainly the Castle, which had been the cradle of their race for generations, would have made at least three of Aldmanham Priory. At the Castle everything was luxuriously shabby. The rooms were rich in carved oak, and the velvet cushions of the same

were faded from crimson to a tawny hue, and frayed and torn in many places. The oaken floors were black with age, and the Turkey carpets were threadbare. It was everywhere the same, and outdoors as within. There were never such roses as bloomed in the Castle gardens, and yet, year after year, their luxuriance had become more and more rank. The violet-beds, which had once been the pride of the neighbourhood, had far over-spread their bounds, and had long ago degenerated into wildness. So when Mona FitzGerald came to Aldmanham Priory, and there was introduced to the spotless, speckless house, with its embroideries, its beautiful draperies, its well-swept carpets, and its well-cared-for furniture, it seemed to her that her English cousins must be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

"Are all English houses like this?" she asked of Norah Chesney, the eldest of the two Chesney girls.

"Oh, yes; there is nothing out of the way about the Priory," Norah replied.

"Why, what do you mean, Mona?"

"Well, it is all so smart," the Irish girl said, "so very spick and span; and not only the house, but the gardens, the drive, the avenue, everything."

"Is it not so at the Castle?"

"Indeed and it is not," Mona declared promptly, with a soft laugh, which conveyed to her cousins something of the difference between the Castle and Aldmanham. "But then, you know, all the Irish land-owners are so poor—it is a fluke if we get any rent at all, and when you know how poor the people are, and you have known all their small affairs for generations past—why, they cannot be pressed. My father would rather die than over-press any of his people."

"He is popular?"

"Oh yes, but we don't keep up the gardens at the Castle nor the furniture inside it. How could you be spending money on new Turkey carpets when you know that the poor tenantry have scarcely got blankets to their beds."

"What intensely unpleasant tenantry to have?" said Eileen Chesney.

"Oh, they are not unpleasant in themselves, they are just darlings," Mona declared; "and as for my father, they

worship the very ground he treads upon. They cannot help being poor," she flashed out, almost indignantly; "it is no fault of theirs, poor souls, that the land is so bad and the times are hard, and everything goes against them."

"What a little red-hot partisan it is," said Norah, patting the little Irish girl's hand. They were very tall, the Chesney girls, very tall and very good-looking, of a large, luxurious type, and looked down quite protectingly, with half-indulgent, half-amused smiles, upon their young Irish guest. As they had never been to Ireland, her declaration that the FitzGerald rent-roll amounted to nothing, and that they were as poor as poor could be, conveyed but little meaning, for Mona's step-mother, who was an Englishwoman, and moreover a woman of the world, had declared positively that she would not allow the child to go to visit her English cousins, unless she was provided with a suitable outfit for such an occasion. "My dear Duke," she said to her husband, when he declared that Mona looked very nice in her ordinary clothes, "my dear old Duke, it is the first time that Mona has been out into the world. Of course, her one little visit to Dublin was only a glimpse into society. Of the few things that she had then, there is not enough left to make a respectable show. You never know what comes of a long visit in a good English country house, and the Chesneys are people in a very good set, who entertain a good deal and go about in proportion. Mona must have a couple of good tailor-made dresses and several smart evening frocks, and those, with what I can have touched up and modernised from last season, will send her off very well; but, my dear old boy, fifty pounds I must have to make her presentable."

If the truth be told, Lady FitzGerald did not find that the fifty pounds, which her husband at last gave her, was sufficient to buy all that she thought necessary for the child's visiting trousseau, and several items were put down in her own accounts, to be pinched out of her modest dress allowance as best might be.

"Now, what are you going to wear to-night?" said Eileen Chesney, partly to turn the conversation away from burning subjects.

"To-night," said Mona brightly; "well, what is on, because I have got several dresses."

"Oh, there is not much on to-night. A couple of men from the barracks are coming over to dine, and Norah's young man will be over; that's all. Any little evening frock will do, only we wanted to know what?"

"I have two little evening frocks," said Mona. "I have a little black frock—it is really the same size as the others, you know, only it is simple—with fluffy sleeves and a bit of jet and gold with some turquoises on it, you know, round the bodice; and then I have a white

frock that is very much the same class of thing, and that has fluffy sleeves too, and a big pink sash."

"I should wear black, if I were you," said Eileen, "because we shall be giving a little dance next week—just a little informal thing—and there is nothing like white for a dance; so wear your little black frock to-night. Would you like a bunch of roses?"

"Well, thank you very much, I am never against a good thing," said Mona; "but if they were white roses, I should like them the best."

"I will see; I will send down to the gardener and find out what he has.



"SHALL I DISGRACE YOU?" SHE ASKED

Well, now, have you got everything you like? Don't you want a maid to do your hair?"

Mona FitzGerald laughed out loud. "Why, I should not know what to do with a maid if I had one," she declared. "All my frocks fasten somewhere where they don't show, because it is such a bother getting somebody else to lace them, and as for my hair—I have never had it done by anybody else in my life, so I shall be all right. Don't worry about me at all."

She certainly did look all right; to use her own phrase, when she tapped at the door of Eileen's bedroom and asked her for admittance.

"Shall I disgrace you," she asked rather anxiously.

"Why, no, indeed, that you won't," exclaimed Eileen, gazing at her with open admiration. "Oh, but you little people do have a pull over us great lanky ones!"

"Well, I don't know so much about that," Mona returned. "You are both engaged to be married. I don't know where the pull comes in."

"Norah!" Eileen called out to her sister, who was in the adjoining room. "Just come and look at this little Pixie in her 'little black frock!' Why, she is a perfect dream. I wonder if either of those young men who are coming to-night is any good!"

"Don't say such things," cried Norah reprovingly; "I am surprised at you, Eileen."

Thus snubbed, Eileen turned laughingly away, but all the same her outspoken admiration for her Irish little-known cousin served to put Mona on very good terms with herself. The Irish girl was not shy, and yet she had felt this coming to a strange country and among a strange people, and into a strange family—although they were her relations—to be no small ordeal.

There was only one other girl staying in the house besides Mona, so that the party at dinner numbered ten in all.

When the three girls went down to the drawing-room together, three of the expected men had arrived; two of them were the soldiers from Blankhampton Barracks, one Captain Somers, and the other the lieutenant of his troop, Lord

Guilderoy; the third was Ralph Vansittart, a neighbouring land-owner, and the *fiancé* of Eileen Chesney. "Norah's young man," a rising young barrister, John Markham by name, was staying at Aldmanham, and he also made his appearance before the last guest of all showed herself. When she did come, she impressed the Irish girl as she had never been impressed before. Miss Brancepeth was at least ten years older than Mona, had been a London beauty for several years, indeed I may say a noted beauty, and what she lacked against the young Irish girl in charm and youth and loveliness, she more than made up for by the graces of her person and manner. Mona had never seen anything like her. She had the smallest of hands and feet, the tiniest little waist, an ample bust and the biggest eyes, dark as night, and an inheritance in themselves. Her hair was Titian-red, her eye-brows black, her manner weary and a little listless. She was the typical London girl of fashion, who has been out for eight or ten years, and kept the same status as when she began. To Mona her dress, too, was a thing of wonder. It was black and glittered in parts. It fitted like a sheath in one place and like miniature billows in another. A great big jet dagger was thrust through the masses of her rich-hued hair, and depending from her throat was a chain of pearls, which must have been at least three yards in length. She wore many rings, and, attached to her waist, was a long silver chain, at the end of which hung a huge silver flexible fish.

When Mona was presented to the new comer she felt as if she had for the moment been put under a microscope, as if the scrutinising black eyes did not think much of her. In truth, she was not very far wrong, for Miss Nadith Brancepeth had in her own mind summed her up in half-a-dozen sentences; "So this is the wild Irish cousin—very pretty—young—Irish—ingenuous—a little raw—not a dangerous rival."

"How do you do?" she said sweetly, "so charmed to meet you!" Then she turned her attention to the two young men, and did not bestow so much as a glance upon Mona again.

Mona sat at the table between her uncle and John Markham, and so was opposite to Lord Guilderoy.

I scarcely know how to tell you what followed. She was very young, very inexperienced, quite unknowing of the world, for in her restricted sphere she had, up to that time, reigned as a young queen. She had not known many young men, not one that had taken her fancy,—but this Guilderoy, with his clean-cut English face, his steady, calm, unruffled manner, his ready and yet slightly wooden courtesy, was as a point of flame held to a bundle of tow, who—without so much as casting a single glance of interest at the girl, set the untutored heart on fire.

"Well," said Norah, as the two girls came bustling into Mona's bedroom just to see that she was comfortable and had everything she wanted, "well, what do you think of your first English dinner-party?"

"Hardly a dinner party, Norah," said Eileen.

"Yes, it was a dinner party; ten people are a dinner party. What did you think of my young man?" she added to Mona.

"I thought he was just lovely," said Mona promptly.

"You didn't think he was lovelier than my young man, surely?" cried Eileen. "I never thought Ralph Vansittart half good enough for Norah. Now my young man——"

"Oh, we all know your young man is perfection," said Norah good-naturedly.

"The fact is, we are two lucky girls, and they are two lucky young men. But the others—what do you think of Guilderoy?"

"He is just perfect, Norah," cried Mona, without any attempt to conceal her real opinion.

"Yes, he is a good looking-fellow, and he has a nice manner, and all that. I like Lord Guilderoy very much, but how silly he makes himself over Nadith Brancepeth. He cannot marry her—she has got no money."

"Has he no money? Is he Irish?" said Mona mournfully.

"No, he is not Irish, but he has very little money, and Nadith has none, so that it is no use their thinking about each

other or spoiling better people's chance. I do think it is so silly for people to go in for hopeless love affairs; it is so tiresome."

"But are they in love with each other?" said Mona eagerly.

"Well, it does look like it, does it not? He comes over every day that he can make a decent excuse, and she hangs on week after week—we are getting heartily sick of her. I should not be at all surprised if she held on here till leave season sets in."

"Leave season? What leave season?"

"Why, the Army leave season, of course."

"Oh, well," put in Eileen, "after all, we're very glad to have Nadith; we have always been very fond of her, and of course the Mater and Dad are very fond of her, too; so that, all said and done, we don't particularly want to get rid of her, Norah!"

"No, no, I didn't mean anything so inhospitable; but she has been here an unconscionable time, and she is rather difficult to entertain, isn't she? Particularly when we have our own fish to fry?"

"If you keep on like that Mona will think we shall be frightened of her if she stays more than a few days," exclaimed Norah.

"Now, you are sure you have everything you want?—and remember, that if you should happen to need anything in the night, you have only to come to the door exactly opposite to this and knock, or come in—I don't lock it. So, be sure that you don't stand upon ceremony if you don't feel well, you know, dear, or anything of the kind; and we'll come and look you up in the morning. Breakfast? yes; you will have your tea and toast about eight, and breakfast is between nine and ten. Good night, darling; hope you will sleep well."

When she was left once more alone, Mona sat down on a little stool before the fire, for there was a fire, although it was but early Autumn, and thought over the events of the wonderful day. For it had been a wonderful day for her, a glimpse into a new world, into a smoother, more cultivated, more luxurious world than her own; a world whose chariots ran on oiled wheels, a world

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in which the chairs were all softly cushioned, a deliciously delicately seasoned world, a world of ease and brightness, wherein things could hardly go wrong.

CHAPTER II.

A few days later, Mona FitzGerald received a letter from her step-mother: "Dearest little Mona," it ran (and by the bye, I have not told you that Mona and her step-mother were on the most tender and intimate terms one with another), "Dearest little Mona, First of all, let me advise you to keep this letter to yourself for reasons which I will tell you. We have had a letter from the lawyers of your poor god-mother, Lady Charlotte. She died the day before yesterday. I know that you will be sorry for this, because she was very sweet and good, and, latterly, her sufferings have been something terrible; and you must try to forget any grief that you may feel, and be only glad that she should be released from her sufferings, for there was never any chance that she should find any relief save in death. Your father had also a letter from her maid, Theodora, whom, of course, you cannot have forgotten. Lady Charlotte has left her comfortably provided for during her life-time, with reversion to yourself; that is to say, she has left her two hundred pounds a year, which will come to you at her death. Theodora tells your father that Lady Charlotte's last words were: 'There shall be no more pain,' which tells a pathetic story of what she must have gone through in those later days. To yourself in the actual present, she leaves five hundred a year, which, dear child, will make all the difference to you now and afterwards. I think that it will be better if you say nothing about your god-mother's death or her legacy to you, because the Chesneys might think it necessary for you to curtail your visit and go into mourning. As Lady Charlotte did not live near us, and was not known to the Chesneys, I think it an unnecessary expense to incur, and that it certainly is not needful to curtail your present pleasant visit. I am sending to the funeral, which is on Monday, a wreath in your name from Dublin. The neighbourhood here is extremely quiet

just now, nothing of any moment has happened since you left home, excepting that the Shetland pony has a very beautiful foal, which promises to be quite as lovely as his mother. Your father sends his fondest love to you, and I am, as ever, with many kisses, your affectionate mother, AGNES FITZGERALD."

It seemed to Mona, as she sat with that letter in her hand, as if the very heavens had opened before her. Five hundred pounds a year, to say nothing of the additional two hundred which would come to her on the death of her god-mother's faithful old maid! What would she not be able to do with five hundred pounds a year? She would be able to ease the strain at home, to pay her own personal expenses, to make her dear, affectionate step-mother presents from time to time! She planned it all out in that five minutes—a hundred ways of spending five hundred a year—very much after the manner of the little boy with his first half-crown:—"I have got half-a-crown," said the urchin, "I am going to buy that jeweller's shop with it."

She gave a few sighs to the memory of her god-mother, of whom she had seen but little; but, if the truth be told, the wonderful fortune which had come to her far outweighed any other feeling. Then she realised that she would be the last to appear at the breakfast table, and hurried through her toilet, going down presently in one of her smart tailor-built dresses, with a face so radiant, with such a pair of shining eyes, that Mrs. Chesney remarked upon her looks at once. "Why, Mona," she exclaimed; "surely you must have had pleasant dreams, or good news, or something this morning. You look as blooming as a rose, my dear; I believe our Blankshire air suits you better than your native Ireland."

"Thank you, Cousin Margaret. I do feel particularly well this morning," she said, stammering slightly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chesney, confidentially to her eldest daughter afterwards, "keep your eye on that little girl. Who is it?"

"Who is who, Mother darling?"

"The cause of her altered looks. Don't let her waste her heart over Guideroy; he is no good to any girl, not even to Nadith Brancepeth."

Norah laughed. "Guilderoy would be good enough if he had any money, or, at least, if he had sufficient of it," said Norah sagely. "But, with all his philandering, I don't believe that he means to make Nadith Lady Guilderoy."

"Well, that's his business, not ours," remarked Mrs. Chesney sensibly. "Only I don't want him to be putting ideas into the child's head which, perhaps, might make her unhappy afterwards."

"Very well, I will keep my eyes open," said Norah, in her downright, sensible fashion.

But, with the best intentions in the world, I must confess that Norah Chesney did not keep her attention very closely fixed upon her young Irish cousin. You see, she was engaged herself, and as her young man was staying in the house, she naturally spent most of her time with him. Then Miss Nadith, to the relief of the entire household, brought her visit to an end and went away.

It was quite an affecting leave-taking. The whole party at Aldmanham drove into Blankhampton in the omnibus, which the Chesneys always used when they had a large party to convey here or there, and had tea at Bonner's, the celebrated confectioner's in St. Thomas' Street; and amongst others, Lord Guilderoy came to join the parting feast. Then the whole gathering went up to the station to see Miss Nadith off by the four o'clock express.

"And now, Lord Guilderoy," said Eileen mischievously, as he was standing at the door of the omnibus, "I suppose we have seen our last of you?"

"Really, I don't see why," said Lord Guilderoy in his ready steady voice.

Eileen laughed. "Oh well, the reason is a little obvious, is it not?"

"You seem to think so," he returned. "Does that mean that my room is preferable to my company at the Priory?"



"IT WAS QUITE AN AFFECTING LEAVE-TAKING."

"Oh no, no, I didn't mean that at all. We shall always be delighted to see you, but now that Nadith is gone——" she broke off in a silence that was more eloquent than words.

Lord Guilderoy took her quite seriously. "Do you wish me to suppose," he said, looking Eileen steadily in the face, "that you have only tolerated me so far as an appendage of Miss Nadith's? Because if that is so, I shall certainly not come to the Priory any more."

"Oh, but I didn't mean that at all," she cried, wishing she had not spoken at all.

"Well, if it really is not so, I shall make my appearance before very long," he said, as he raised his hat.

"Oh, Eileen," said Mona, as the carriage rolled away, "how could you say such a thing to him?"

"My dear child, why not?"

"But to joke him about——Oh, how cruel of you, Eileen!"

"Cruel! Oh, my dear, it is no use petting up men and letting them think too much of themselves. Don't trouble your dear little heart about those two—they're both worldlings who can take very good care of themselves. She has been amusing herself at the Priory, when she had nothing better to do, and had no convenient invitations to fill up these few weeks. My dear, there is no glamour about us—we know exactly what Nadith thinks of us, and we never sham to each other. She says that Lord Guilderoy has proposed to her every time he came over, and that she always refuses him because he has not money enough."

"But she must be rich," cried Mona?

"Nadith!" echoed Eileen. "No, Nadith is not rich—Nadith is about as poor as a young lady of fashion very well can be. She is a worldling, my dear child, to the very tips of her fingers."

"Don't you think she cares for him?" cried Mona.

"Hush!" cried Eileen in warning tones, as the carriage passed from the cobble stones to a strip of wood pavement. "Don't let the others hear you. Care for him? Oh, in a sort of a way she does. She would take him fast enough if he had fifteen thousand a year, or ten or five, but he has not, poor fellow. He is about as poor as he can be to be Lord Guilderoy, and will be poor till all the charges on the estate are paid off; it will be twelve or fifteen years, I believe, before he is free, and do you think a girl like Nadith, who has been brought up to think of marriage as a market, is going to waste her time and opportunities over somebody who has not more than two or three thousand a year? Indeed, I doubt if he has as much, and there is Guilderoy to keep up all the time. Oh, you little know these fashionable women, my dear! If they have hearts, they keep them in such order that nobody is any the wiser, and I don't know that they suffer a throb themselves in consequence. Nadith will marry to make a settlement, not because of any fid-fads about fancy and liking."

"Eileen, you are horrid," burst out Mona.

"I may be horrid," said Eileen, with a good-natured laugh, "but it is all true, every word of it, and he——"

"Do you think he has really ever proposed to her so often, or at all?"

"I don't know—I have never been able to make up my mind about him, yet I think he likes her, but I am not quite sure. One never knows with a man unless one is the girl oneself. Well, yes, I think he is a little bit bitten, but there!—he is a man of the world, and a man doesn't go bleating around because some girl he fancies does not see her way to marry him—not a man who admires girls like Nadith."

The Irish girl choked down an indignant reply. She put her head back against the corner of the carriage and relapsed into silence. Her heart was sore for the heart-ache of the man whom she would have given anything to have as a lover herself. It did seem hard, her thoughts ran, that such a love should be thrown away upon one who did not value it, though of course, a man of that kind would never under any circumstances think of looking at a little wild Irish girl like Mona FitzGerald; "but," she argued, "if he were my lover how gladly I would, for his sake, give up the whole world. How can she care so little for him that she could go smiling away, just as if she were going on the most pleasant visit imaginable, and not give a thought to the aching heart she was leaving behind? Why should the love of such a man be thrown away on such a woman? Oh, how hard things are—how—how badly everything arranges itself."

She was quite sad that night. She sat for a long time in her bed-room gazing into the heart of the fire that was burning in the grate, and wished, yes, wished, that she could transfer that wonderful fortune of hers to him, and so let him be happy with the woman of his heart; and yet, Eileen had said something about two or three thousand a year not being enough for her. Then, what would five hundred be to a woman like that? A mere drop in the ocean. There were tears on the girl's eye-lids as she, at last, shook herself out of her reverie; and though she got into bed, she lay wide awake far into the night. But the end

of all her thinking was to no purpose, and she had no choice but to admit that no matter how badly Fate might choose to arrange for the children of this world, Fate will not be interfered with; at all events, in making or marring the fate of Lord Guilderoy and Nadith Brancepeth, she, Mona FitzGerald, could have no hand.

CHAPTER III.

Two days later, Lord Guilderoy drove over to the Priory.

"Is it really you?" Eileen exclaimed.

"I believe, Miss Eileen, that there is no mistake about my identity," said Lord Guilderoy, with a bland air of urbanity.

"Well, of course we are all delighted to see you,—how could we be otherwise?" she declared; "but Norah has gone out with John Markham, and I was just going out myself."

"Miss FitzGerald promised me a game of tennis one day," suggested Lord Guilderoy, in his smoothest tones.

"Oh, yes, I am sure she will be delighted, I am sure she will; and she plays a stunning game. Let us go and see where she is. Mona, here is Lord Guilderoy!" she called out, as she caught a glimpse of Mona's white dress on the lawn.

"I came over to see if you would give me that promised game of tennis, Miss FitzGerald," said Lord Guilderoy quite humbly.

"With pleasure," said Mona. "But what are you going to do, Eileen?"

"Well, the fact is," returned Eileen, "I have a previous engagement. Ralph and I faithfully promised to drive over to see somebody this afternoon, but—but—" cheerfully, "you two will be able to play tennis all the time, won't you; and Mother will be in about five; but you need not wait till five to have some tea, need you? Varley will bring it as soon as you ring for him."

Having thus unceremoniously arranged the afternoon for the two, Eileen whisked herself away in a great hurry, lest any new complication should arise which might prevent her keeping her engagement with Ralph Vansittart.

"Lord Guilderoy," said Mona, turning her grave young face upon him, for she was still over-pressed by the shadow of

his trouble, "you never asked me to play tennis with you!"

"I know it, Miss Mona," he said very meekly; "but, in this world, one has to make opportunities if none make themselves. We could not possibly propose to spend all the afternoon talking to each other, whereas, the tennis gives us a legitimate excuse for passing the whole afternoon just as it suits our taste. Of course, it is rather hot for tennis," he said ingeniously. "Now, if I might propose—you see I know this neighbourhood so much better than you do—if I might propose, there is a little spinney just across that corner by the Park, through which brawls a little stream, and by the side of the stream, there are some fallen trunks of trees. It is cool, and extremely pretty, most picturesque, in fact—and there we might improve the shining hour to our mutual advantage."

"I don't know that spinney," said she doubtfully, "and I think it is very hard upon you—at least, I mean—is it not rather—or I should say—"

"Yes, Miss FitzGerald, I am all attention."

"There has not been a letter from her," Mona burst out. "They were wondering at lunch how it was she had not written a single word."

"A letter from her—from whom?"

"Why, why from Miss Brancepeth, of course."

Guilderoy's face changed. "Oh, are you quite sure?" he asked.

"I am quite sure," said Mona. "She has not written a word to one of us—I mean, to one of them, for she would not write to me, of course, in any case."

"Well," said Lord Guilderoy deliberately; "then the spinney is off. I must propose something else. Let me see—it is rather warm to-day for this time of the year, a sort of Indian summer, is it not? And yet, there is a chill in the air—a very decided chill, don't you think so, Miss Mona? Now, round on that side of the house, there is a sort of conservatory; it is the favourite conversation corner of whichever young lady happens to get there first. They are both safely out of the road, so let us go and take possession of it, and then I will consult you about—about various things."

Mona's heart sank. Evidently he was going to consult her about Nadith Brancepeth.

"You said," remarked Lord Guilderoy, as soon as she had seated herself in a big deck chair, "you said something significant just now about 'her' and 'she.' Why should you imagine that every personal pronoun, feminine singular—should apply to Miss Brancepeth?"

"Well, I naturally thought that you

"But you asked,"—Mona began, and then broke off sharply.

"I asked?—Yes, what did I ask? Not for any news of Miss Brancepeth when I suggested that spinney."

"Oh no, I did not mean that, I did not mean that."

"Then what did you mean? That I was what?"

Mona flushed and began to tremble. She felt as if she had put her foot into



"LORD GUILDEROY LEANT FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR."

would take an interest in her," said Mona in a tone of self-defence.

Lord Guilderoy drew another chair of large dimensions opposite to hers. "I suppose your cousins," he said, "have been telling you tales about me. They have been making you think that I am specially and deeply interested in Miss Brancepeth. Well, in a way, I am. I have known her for a long time, and she is always pleased to bestow a certain amount of her attentions upon me, and that is all."

it, and yet, there was something in his face which compelled an answer. "Oh, Lord Guilderoy," she burst out at last, "why do you make believe *when we all know*—when some of us are so sorry?"

"For me? You were sorry for me?"

"Oh, yes."

"But why?"

"Because of her," she stammered.

"Another personal pronoun, feminine singular. How very curious this lesson in analysis is. You were sorry for me

because of *her*. Does it again stand for Miss Brancepeth? Do you all think that I am in love with Miss Brancepeth? Because if you do, let me tell you that you are wrong. I have never been seriously in love but once in all my life, and that was with a little girl who is the exact antithesis of Nadith Brancepeth."

"And she has refused you?" cried Mona incredulously.

"No, she has not refused me," he replied coolly; "at least, not yet—because, you see, I have not yet asked her. I have been watching her and comparing her with—with others, and wondering whether she was a worldly little girl and would hesitate to take a man because he did not happen to be rich."

"She would be a beast," flashed out Mona, without any suspicion that he was speaking of herself.

"Do you think so?" said he.

"Perhaps she has money," said Mona, "and would not mind."

"I do not think," said Lord Guilderoys, "that she has a penny—not many pennies, anyway. Well now, should you think I had any chance?"

"I could tell you better if I had seen the girl," said Mona, looking up at him.

Lord Guilderoys leant forward in his chair and caught hold of her hand. "Mona," he said, "cannot you see her in my eyes?"

"But I have a penny," said Mona presently. "I have heaps of pennies."

"What!" he exclaimed incredulously.

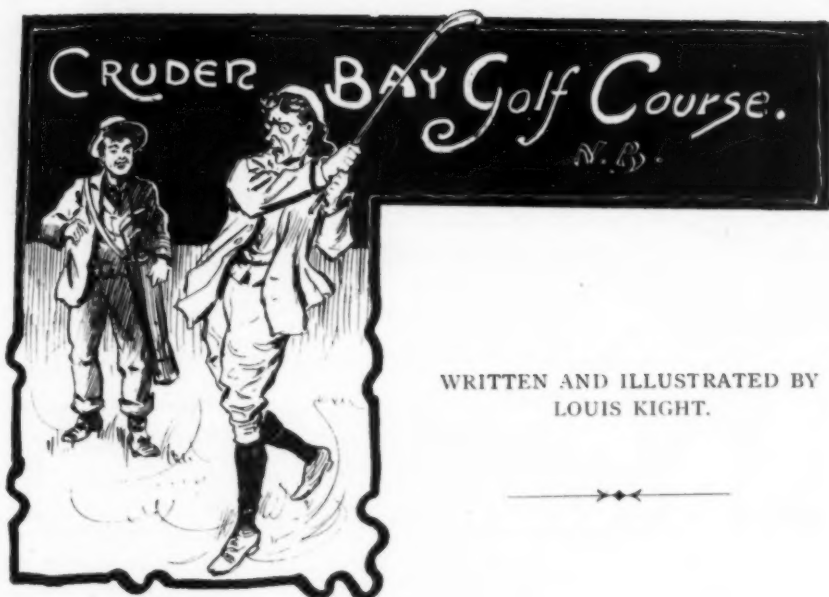
"Oh, yes!"

"But your cousins have always spoken about you as being so poor."

"But my cousins don't know," cried Mona, "that I am far from poor—that I have a whole five hundred pounds a year—of my very own—to do what I like with. Do you know," she went on—"that, the other night when we were coming home from the station, I was wishing that I could give you my five hundred pounds a year to—to help to make you happier."

"Did you now," said he. "Well, the Lord knows there never was a man less proud than I; so I will take your offer, my dear, and yourself into the bargain. And as I would like to do everything in a thoroughly business-like way, I will pay you the interest in love for ever and ever."





WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
LOUIS KIGHT.



GOLF: a Scottish game of ball. The players number one or more on each side, and each is provided with a separate ball. The more skilful player is he who can land his ball in a given series of holes with the fewest strokes of his club. Thus, briefly and tersely, are the intricacies of the ancient game of golf set forth for the instruction of the student in a certain cyclopædia, published some fourteen years ago. The editors of that publication estimated the interest in the game at that period with reasonable accuracy, and allotted a proportionately moderate space to their allusions.

It is within the last decade that the mighty wave of enthusiasm for golf has spread over the South, and, later than that, has the recoil reached the far North, the nursery and home of the pastime. 'Tis a poor suburb of London that does not boast of, at least, one links.

The common lands are appropriated to the infinite jeopardy of the unwary nursemaid or elderly pedestrian

ignorant or deaf to the significance of the portentous "Fore!" that is intended to indicate that all and sundry should run for their lives.

The owners of arid wastes of land ornamented by disused sandpits, who had despaired of profit from farming or the erection of "desirable villa residences," have reaped substantial rentals by the conversion of their desert properties into golf courses. Our sea-coast towns have taken advantage of the golfing craze, and the cliffs and moorlands of the South resound with the click of the cleek and the ring of the driver.

But Scotland is the home of golf, and it is the ambition of the Southern golfer to wield his clubs on classic ground.

St. Andrews has long held undisputed sway as an ideal links, not because there is no other site to equal it, but because no other course with equal or superior advantages had been developed. The historic interest of St. Andrews remains unchallenged, but its natural advantages as links are challenged.

Far away in the North of Scotland, thirty miles beyond Aberdeen, on the



Great North of Scotland Railway, lies Cruden Bay, and there is to be found the mighty rival to St. Andrews.

From countless time this natural golf course has been there, inaccessible, rugged, and swept by winter tempests. The railway company have altered much of this. From Aberdeen the trains take one almost to the doors of a huge hotel, built of Scotch granite, but designed by a southern architect. The granite is a guarantee of its stability; the Southern architect has guaranteed a reasonable use of the material, with the result that the hotel is palatial and rich with luxury and comfort.

Immediately in front of the hotel lie the golf links. In the language of a local authority, "they abound in hazards calculated to

test the most experienced golfer in every department of the game; while here and there can be detected a well-kept 'green,' smooth as a billiard table, and affording scope for the utmost dexterity in 'putting.' Beyond is the

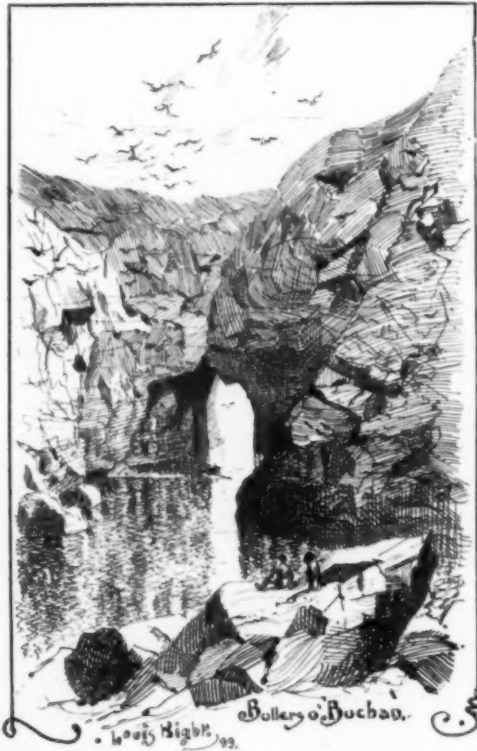


NEAR THE HOTEL

German Ocean, reflecting the tints of the passing clouds, and fringed with reefs and cliffs which constitute a most interesting bit of coast scenery."

The links were opened late in April, the inauguration ceremony taking the form of an "open professional handicap" for prizes amounting to £120. There were some twenty-eight entries, including the most potent names in the

for the adventurous explorer. It will be a matter of surprise to some that Dr. Samuel Johnson should have visited a place that, in his time, must have been indeed out of the way. Nevertheless, the Doctor acted as a pioneer for the present-day tourist and has set down his experiences at the *Bullers o' Buchan*, locally known as "*Birs' Buchan*," of which a sketch is given. Thus pom-



Bullers o' Buchan.

golfing world. Harry Vardon, the professional champion, was there, and proved the conqueror. Andrew Kirkaldy, Braid, Fernie, Sayers, Archie Simpson (the Aberdeen Balgownie Links professional), and Kinnell were among the competitors.

Apart from golf, the neighbourhood of Cruden Bay is full of interest. The two miles of golden beach afford excellent opportunity for bathing and boating, and the rugged coast-line affords scope

pously said Dr. Johnson: "We found ourselves in a place which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were enclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all laterallight caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a per-

pendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below us an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice "against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller Buchan." The faithful and attendant Boswell's views on this perilous venture are not recorded.

On the bluff high granite headland, that shelters Cruden Bay on the north, stands the modern Slains Castle, the seat of the Earls of Erroll, almost insulated and approached only by a narrow isthmus. Not far from the castle is a curious cave which opens to the sea below water-mark, runs horizontally for a considerable distance into the rock, and then rises until it comes to the sur-

face in a field some way from the edge of the cliff. From the rolling of the waves into this cavern below, an atmospheric current is created sufficiently strong to blow into the air any light article thrown into the upper aperture of the cave. In easterly gales a column of spray rises from it high into the air. The local name for the cave is "Hellum," which being interpreted is "Hell's Chimney," *lum* being Scottish for chimney.

As a golfer, the writer is in the front rank of novices; but the air of Cruden Bay spells golf. So, on the succeeding day, following in the wake of twenty-eight of the finest professional golfers, he was induced to try the merits of the course that rivals the best in the king-



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dom. It is not necessary to enter into every detail of the uncompleted round, nor to allude at length to the damage done to tees and drivers, which latter, incidentally be it recorded, were borrowed; but it may be of interest to record the evolution of the patient caddie's smile, and to note that the same caddie had on the preceding day accompanied one of the crack expositors of the game. However, there were not many onlookers, and beyond a strained wrist, a damaged driver, and some injured tees, there was little harm done;

and some good came of it, for a scoffer was converted.

To revert to the glories of Cruden Bay. Probably on no part of our coast have the elements played such pranks with the rocky armour designed to resist them. In the Twa E'en, the Sugarloaf, the Water's Mou', the Dun Buy, are to be seen evidences of the mighty contest between wind and water on the one side, opposed to the solid granite headlands that protect the coastline from the ravages of Northern storms. The Dun Buy Rock has been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott's introduction to the story of "The Antiquary." "Are ye mad?" said the mendicant; 'Francie o' Fowl's—heugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speeled a heugh (mair by token, he brak his neck on the Dun Buy of Slains), and na hae ventured upon the Halket Head craigs after sundown.'" These rocks form a secure breeding-place of thousands of sea-fowl, and when the sun shines on them, lighting up their reflection in the deep emerald and purple-tinted waters, the sight is indeed impressive, and one is grateful for the enterprise of the railway company that has brought such scenes within our reach.

Those who were present at the opening of the Cruden Bay Golf Course, and were privileged to meet Mr. A. Govan Reid, the traffic manager of the Great North of Scotland Railway, were enabled to learn from this courtly Scottish gentleman (who, by the way, is a brother of Sir Wemyss Reid, editor of *The Speaker*) some interesting facts in connection with the vastness of the enterprise. The sum of £80,000 was expended in the building of the Cruden Bay Hotel and the development of the golf course. The natural advantages of the district for the purposes of golf have



FOLLOWING A CHAMPION

been long known, but it was hardly to be supposed that so vast a sum would be forthcoming for the purpose of adaptation.

The railway company, however, seem to have been prophetic in their anticipations, for apart from the enthusiasm of the Southern golfer, which will surely tempt him to the far North, it would seem that the management had a notion that members of the Royal family, during their visits to Balmoral, which is on the Great North of Scotland Railway, would be tempted to try their skill on the adjacent links of Cruden.

The Prince of Wales has started to play in the South of Europe, and it is not unreasonable to expect that he will not confine his efforts to so remote a course.

A score of our foremost professional golfers (including the champion), from North and South, have testified to the excellence of the links; but here is country that should be painted by Robert Allan, Colin Bent Phillips, and David Murray in his more robust moods. It is an invigorating country, full of colour, light and shade, ever moving, and there is blue sky.



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A Corner of Alaska Worth Seeing

WRITTEN BY LINCOLN WILBAR. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

OUT of the two months that we spent in cruising along the Alaskan coast, there were perhaps ten days that could be called pleasant. This is not counting the mornings before it began to rain, or the afternoons when it cleared up. All the other days were either foggy or rainy, and not infrequently both, so that when the old residents told us that the season was exceptionally pluvial, we were somewhat sceptical on the point. We had an idea, and we did not hide its light under a bushel, that all seasons are exceptionally rainy in Uncle Sam's North-Western territory, and that our informants were influenced by patriotism to minimise the amount of the rainfall, which was given as one hundred inches, not including the precipitation of fog.

Having but recently come from Southern California, where the meteorological condition is irritating and protracted dryness, the excessive rainfall of Alaska proved most depressing to us. It began to rain very soon after we passed the International Boundary, and a dismal soak accompanied us pretty constantly throughout the trip. By the time Wrangel was reached we had seen rain enough to copiously irrigate the Sahara desert, and we asked a tired-looking man on the pier where all the rain came from. He was chewing tobacco, and he spat a large amber-coloured stream into the water reflectively.

"Well," said he, and we knew that he was a Yankee, "back East we say it

comes from the Lord, but hereabouts it comes from the devil."

This retort, like Ben Jonson's reply to Sylvester, contained more truth than poetry.

Wrangel, formerly called Fort Wrangel, is interesting historically through having been the scene of many a conflict between the Hudson's Bay Company and one of the early governors of Russian Alaska, from whom the town is named. There are very few souvenirs of Russian occupation left in the vicinity, however, nor is there much of other interest, barring, of course, the curious totem poles, which are the insignia of the "first families" of Alaskan Indians. Once popularly supposed to be symbols of worship, these poles are now known to be literally heraldic trees, the rude carvings indicating the line of descent of the family from some famous progenitor.

The finest carved totem pole in Wrangel, and probable in Alaska, has a whale's head at the top and a crow at the bottom, the twenty-five feet of space intervening between these two symbols being occupied by a curious conglomeration of figures, to understand which would require the services of an expert mystagogue.

As with other Indian nations, the tribes of Alaska are divided into families, among which stand out saliently the bear, wolf, whale, eagle, and crow branches. Members of one family must marry with members of another family, a breach of this tribal law bringing social ostracism upon the delinquents, and debarring them from totem pole

privileges. Every great event in the family life is commemorated upon its totem pole by the addition of a suitable figure, while a blot on the family escutcheon is represented by a toad—the *bar sinister* of the Alaska Indian.

Like all frontier towns, Wrangel lacks grace and beauty of architecture. Its houses appear to have started out in life as the prey of despair, and its streets are execrable. Pedestrianism in Wrangel during the winter must be highly dangerous. Some of the streets are made of planks elevated some height above the ground, and as the planking

the theory and practice of this to the buying of groceries on one hand and the sale of same on the other, we have a large stock of pure enjoyment to put to the credit of the seller.

Being in want of supplies, we went to interview a grocer, who had been recommended to us as a "strictly honest man." He was not in, and our dealings were with his twin brother. This person was not in the least honest, and when he told us that he was "the other twin"—the "real *bonâ fide* twin," we knew him for a base impostor.

He was hopelessly depraved. So were



A STREET IN WRANGEL

does not reach from one side of the roadway to the other, there is great danger of falling over the edge in the dark and breaking one's neck. Unfortunate as this would be for a denizen of more hospitable localities, temporarily sojourning in the town, to the weary-looking inhabitants of Wrangel it would not be so bad a fate.

Still, life there undoubtedly has its bright side. Grocerying, for instance, must be an occupation from which great enjoyment can be derived. It is one of the tenets of life that one man's pain is another man's pleasure, and extending

his eggs. He sold us four dozen infant fowls sadly in need of sanitation, a half-peck of dried peas somewhat vermiculous, a five-pound pail of fresh butter well endowed with the means of self-defence, an odoriferous and maggoty ham, and a slab of india-rubber bacon. He then proceeded to charge for these as if he thought that we tied our dogs with sausages.

From Wrangel to Taku Inlet, near Juneau, is a distance of perhaps two hundred miles, rather less than more; but the geographical distances are so elastic in those regions, that a hundred

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miles either side of accuracy doesn't matter. All the way the marine and landscape views are of the finest—alternating mountain peak and umbrageous valley, gleaming glacier and cascading stream, rocky wooded islands and winsome bays and sounds; the culmination of all these scenic effects being attained when Taku Inlet is reached, and the mighty mass of Taku glacier dominates the landscape with its majestic wall of glittering ice.

Much has been said and written of the famous Muir Glacier in Glacier Bay, but the Taku Glacier is in every way larger and more active. It is constantly carving off huge masses of ice, and the tremendous surges thrown up as the bergs take the water make the vicinity of the glacier very dangerous for small craft. Immense quantities of floating ice block the upper end of the inlet in the neighbourhood of the glacier, and the crunching and grinding of the cakes as they are moved by the surges is appalling.

We were fortunate in having a beautifully clear, quiet day for our visit to the glacier, but near approach to it was inhibited by the great extent of the floes. We made one or two

attempts to ram in sufficiently to get some details of ice formation into our photographs, but each time we were driven back by surges that nearly overwhelmed us. Some plates that we exposed later, however, developed very satisfactorily, though owing to the great distance from the glacier that essential feature was dwarfed into insignificance.

Retracing our course to the mouth of the inlet, and there turning northward up the beautiful Gastineau Channel, we came presently to Juneau, the largest, most prosperous, and wettest town in Alaska. As frontier towns go, it is above the average. Its location, at the foot of the precipitous Juneau Peak, is charming. The population, by the latest unofficial census, is given as three thousand men, women and children, and six thousand canines; certainly the dogs are much in excess of the humans. This, however, may be due to the faculty possessed by the Indian dog of being in four or five places simultaneously. Ubiquity of individual life upon this planet has been denied and ridiculed by scientists, but scientists have never considered the psychology of the Juneau dog, which has as many



A PART OF THE CITY OF JUNEAU!



INDIAN TOWN, JUNEAU

lives as a cat, and lives them wholesale, in different spheres of action.

Wherever you go in Juneau, or, for the matter of that, in any Alaskan village, you are annoyed by the multitude of mongrel curs that yelp at you and obstruct your passage. If you swear at them in good (not in the moral sense) English they merely proceed to yet more offensive familiarities. But if you say "Chook," your tormentors instantly put tail 'twixt legs and are meek and lowly. "Chook," in the Indian tongue, means "get out," and an Indian never says "Chook" to his dog without giving a kick by way of punctuation. This has imbedded the Indian dog with a great respect for the word "chook," and every one planning a trip to Alaska would do well to lay in a supply of heavy boots and cultivate ferocity in "chooking."

"A-ku" (pronounced "arkoo"), on the other hand, means "come here." With these two words at command one can pass through an Alaskan village with all the facility that the talismanic word *combien* is said to give the traveling Englishman in France.

That part of Juneau known as Indian Town is not a picturesque section. It

is not clean, either. One's first impression is that if cleanliness is next to godliness, godliness is still a long way off from here. The streets are, so to say, panoramic displays of stinks. The dwellings are desolate looking. "House," in its application to Indian life, signifies a feeble and inadequate effort to restrain a majestic and expansive stench; and though I have visited many Indian villages, I have never been able to determine whether their stagnation is a consequence of filth or filth the result of stagnation, or whether both are not the inevitable concomitants of the noble red man.

While we were criticising the atrocities of Indian Town architecture, condemning its system of street paving, and commenting forcefully on its odours, an incident occurred that reminded us vividly of Awansamog holding his court, where, by his own showing, he used to "whip um plaintiff, whip um 'fendant, and whip um all witnesses."

A couple of little Indian boys had been fighting. Being unable to settle the point in dispute, they took their case to an old squaw who sat braiding a mat on a near-by door-step. Each combatant was supported by several witnesses, and

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the old woman, after hearing both sides of the question, calmly and systematically proceeded to club and cuff first the two principals, then the witnesses. It was the most unique administration of justice that we had ever seen or heard of, barring the above-mentioned precedent, and it had much to commend it, inasmuch as in any eventuality of legal technicalities the guilty party was sure of receiving condign punishment.

The chief business of the town is, of course, mining. In the spring, when the tide of miners is setting strongly from Vancouver and Seattle in the south to

Despite the enormous quantity of spirits consumed *per capita*, there is very little inebriety in Juneau. At first, we were inclined to attribute this to the quality of the intoxicants sold, but later we discovered our error. The fact is that the greater proportion of the population is made up of hardened toppers—of men who can drink anywhere from a quart to a barrel of whisky, and still defy the pink and white hippopotamus and the feathered rhinoceros. To such men the danger that lurks in the cup is, in Juneau, reduced to a minimum.

But though there are few drunken



FISH AND BERRIES FOR SALE

Dyea and Skagway in the north, en route to the Klondike, Juneau is very, very lively. During the rest of the year it suffers from reaction. To counteract this depression, an enormous quantity of whisky is consumed by the inhabitants. The old saying, that "all brands of whisky are good—some better than others," does not hold in Juneau, where all whisky is bad, and some villainous. To the tenderfoot a very little of it goes a long way, and he drinks it slowly, as the gods did their nectar, not because it is so good and strong, but because it is so strong and vicious.

serenaders to disturb the tranquillity of the Juneau night, the deficiency is more than supplied by boys who, upon the arrival of every steamer, dash through the town yelling "Steamboat." At midnight, as you lie asleep on your hard hotel bed, you are roused by the sudden focusing under your window of this cry, and by the time you have got your ears open sufficiently to decide whether it is murder or fire, the identity of the sound has been lost, as it were, down the perspective of vanishing shouts.

A great deal of prospecting is still being done in the territory of which

Juneau is the distributing centre. Now and then a good strike is made, and a quartz vein is opened and "boomed" in Eastern markets. Nothing of late years has even approximated the great Treadwill mine, however, which is located on Douglass Island, not far from Juneau, and which operates the largest stamp mill in the world, with an annual output of over one million eight hundred thousand dollars. Four hundred dollars was the price paid for the property by the Treadwill Company, and no doubt the prospector thought himself very fairly dealt with—then.

Just as we were departing from Juneau—shaking its mud from our feet, as it were—an amusing incident occurred. There had been some misunderstanding among us as to who should settle our hotel bill, with the result that each thought another had paid. Thus it happened that we went down to embark in our launch bliss-

fully unconscious of the fact that debt and a large Newfoundland dog were in the rear. When we were fairly in the launch, however, the dog began to howl. So did our debt, represented by the hotel proprietor.

"Hi, you!" the latter yelled in tones that made the mountains tremble—"hi, you, come back; you hain't paid your bill!"

Needless to say, we returned.

We were received in impressive silence by the hotel man. We endeavoured to explain. No go! The man pocketed our money and watched us depart, fully convinced that we were a set of "dead-beats." Likewise the dog. He waited until the bill was paid, then went away somewhere with a profound air. Even a dog, by living too much in a hotel, can get imbued with a feeling of distrust of human nature and come to believe in nothing, like an Agnostic.



A SONG IN MIDSUMMER



SWEETHEART—Sweetheart—here are summer ways for us,

Hill and lane and purple plain, riverside and shore.

Sweetheart—Sweetheart—here are summer days for us,

Hours to reap and hours to keep in mind for evermore.

Though I heard the prophet bird calling ere the June came,

Two words—cuckoo words—pleasure linked with pain,

Could I tell that all was well ere your voice's tune came?

Could the summer's beauty come till *you* came again?

Sweetheart—Sweetheart—did we ever care before,

Though we sighed when summer died in a younger year?

Sweetheart—Sweetheart—did we ever share before

Such delights of days and nights, such as meet us here?

All the hills and all the rills knew us well as lovers :

Lane and lea and sand and sea surely learned your name.

Heav'n was here, we said, last year . . . and now a glance discovers

Many a prize that 'scaped our eyes, blind at love's first flame.

Sweetheart—Sweetheart—when our summer ways are past,

May we sing at harvesting, ere we wander Home.

Sweetheart—Sweetheart—when our summer days are past,

May our eyes still find a prize, even in the Gloam.

J. J. BELL.



WRITTEN BY EDWARD TEBBUTT. ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

MONSIEUR VARRON sat in his usual negligent attitude and stared gloomily over the great Paris that lay thronged and busy beneath him. Although long past mid-day he had only just left his bed—but what would you? A man must rest, and if he works by night then, surely, he may sleep by day. For the occupation of Monsieur Varron was one which usually extended from dusk to daybreak, a mysterious occupation, and somewhat indefinable. He lodged in the Rue St. Hevier, and if you know Paris at all you cannot fail to remember this street. It glides unobtrusively from two great thoroughfares; the houses, sub-let into offices and lodgings, are tall, meagre-looking, and oppressively quiet. This probably accounts for the slightness of the *pension-rentes*. Your true Parisian is no lover of such gloomy monotony. M. Varron was not devoted to it himself, but the consequent economy appealed to his somewhat uncertain exchequer, which prevented anything in the shape of reckless outlay.

He was a strange man, this Varron, and one of the few who did not carry

his nationality in his features. When you addressed him, you had a vague, uncertain feeling that "Herr" Varron, or "Mr." Varron would be just as appropriate as the conventional "Monsieur." Yet he spoke perfect Parisian French, and his shrug was a poem in itself. To his *hôtesse* he was mystery personified. He always paid his bill with unerring regularity, and never quarrelled with the details—in the Rue St. Hevier somewhat unusual occurrences, and ones which rendered him liable to imposition. Then, too, he seemed to have a decided objection to showing himself in daylight, lolling, instead, in his one small room, sipping absinthe and inhaling innumerable cigarettes. But when the sun set, and man returned from his labour, Monsieur Varron, attired *à la mode*, stole forth from his lair like the son of the night that he was, and penetrated into quarters where his fame had been long established. And respected? you ask. Well, we find various degrees of respect, extended for various reasons, and there are few of us who have not a sufficiency—or an insufficiency—of virtue to lay claim to some portion—of some kind.

On this particular morning, Varron appeared strangely perturbed. The fact was not intensely visible, for he was a man who kept his emotions completely under control. He simply seemed a little more gloomy than usual, a little more morose, that was all. But as the day advanced he grew impatient, and drummed the window-ledge with his fingers, a frown meantime cutting deeper and deeper into his forehead. Whatever the nature of his meditations, however, they were suddenly interrupted by a sharp knock at the door. He sprang to his feet with the air of a man at bay.

"Come in," he cried, with a hasty glance round the room.

Although his appearance was nothing out of the common, the man who responded to his invitation seemed to infuse an air of breeding and quality into the tiny room quite foreign to its usual state. He bowed with courtly ease, and his comprehensive glance embraced the chamber and its occupant at a sweep.

"Monsieur Varron?" he enquired in low, suave tones.

"At your service," replied Varron, with a replica of the other's salute.

"Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, seat-



"HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET"

ing himself uninvited on the edge of the bed. "Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I have heard of you on several occasions."

"I am honoured," replied Varron, "to think that my poor fame should have drifted to such distinguished ears."

"You speak truly when you mention your 'poor' fame," remarked the other negligently; "but the word I should substitute would classify it even more definitely."

As he spoke, he closed the door with his riding-whip, and flicked a speck of dust from his highly-polished boots.

"Perhaps," said Varron, "in place of these veiled insults, Monsieur will favour me with his name and business."

"Claude de Trecci is my name."

"And your errand?"

De Trecci glanced round the bare walls again.

"You have a quiet room here," he remarked.

"And on that account well suited to its occupant. Your errand, Monsieur. You seem to forget that you are an intruder on my privacy."

"If I am rightly informed, M. Varron," said De Trecci, "you endeavour to supplement your income by a nightly attendance at the gaming-tables, and being the enviable possessor of a few tricks of—sleight of-hand, shall we say?—your invariable success has made you somewhat unpopular. Only last night, for instance, you were ejected from the Thermopole Club. After that, I should imagine you will find it somewhat difficult to continue your career in Paris, eh?"

"Paris is not the only city in the world," replied Varron sullenly.

"In some respects it is," smiled the other. "It is almost unique, I should say, in the number of scoundrels it supports, in the human birds of prey who feed on its rotting bones, the rich gulls only waiting to be fleeced."

"Monsieur makes his love of Paris so obvious."

"Have a care, Varron," warned De Trecci sternly.

"Monsieur comes uninvited to my room; he insults me, and offers me a false name. I must ask Monsieur le Duc to retire."

"Then you know me?" cried the other eagerly.

"I have that—honour," sneered Varron, "and your presence here tells its own tale. You have discreditable work on hand, and are afraid of soiling your own fingers. You hear that Varron is ruined and disgraced, so you come to him to act as your scapegoat. Monsieur, you have mistaken your man. I am, I trust, still a gentleman."

"Still, the price would be high, very high, and, as you say, there are other cities in the world."

Varron rolled a cigarette with the aptitude of an expert, but made no reply.

"I have heard," continued De Trecci, "that in Vienna there is excellent scope for card-players of—ability. Or, if you prefer to stay in Paris, it is a very easy matter to change one's name. It is absurd to be handicapped by a mere name."

"Monsieur can never reproach himself with neglect of that maxim."

De Trecci lifted his eyebrows in scorn, and rose languidly from his seat.

"Adieu, Monsieur Varron," he said; "my compliments to the gendarmes."

"One moment," exclaimed Varron quickly; "perhaps matters might be facilitated if you confided to me the nature of your employment."

"That remark proves that my estimate was no false one," said De Trecci, smiling; "I judged you as a man of the world, a man not likely to be hindered by any false sentiment—in short, a Frenchman."

"We are both of us—Frenchmen," returned Varron coolly.

"And as such, you will readily fall in with what I have to propose. My errand, though slight in itself, will be of inestimable value to our country, and to mention that a spice of risk is included is, perhaps, only to add to the recommendation. And then the reward. It is so colossal, that it would naturally appeal to anyone."

"My only doubt," said Varron, "is the fact that Monsieur entrusts this paragon to a total stranger, and does not reap so rich a crop himself."

"I am placed in rather a peculiar position," said De Trecci slowly, "and am prevented by force of circumstances

from so doing. In consequence I am bound to seek an accomplice, and one, moreover, whose doubtful reputation would prevent his word weighing against mine in the event of after-questioning. I hope I make myself quite clear."

"Monsieur's chief failing is that he is so explicit."

"Then I take it that you are willing to assist me."

"You may take it—that I am willing to listen to your proposal."

"But what guarantee have I that you will keep faith with me?"

Varron replied with his usual shrug, and ostentatiously wasted a match on his cigarette.

"With his intimate knowledge of my character, Monsieur can hardly suspect me of double-dealing. If the proposal is feasible, and sounds fairly genuine, I will assist you to the best of my ability. If not—" the remainder of the sentence was confided to his shirt-front.

De Trecci slapped his knee, but without enthusiasm.

"Monsieur Varron," he cried, "I trust you. I place myself entirely in your hands."

Varron bowed. The extent of such liability was not likely to be overwhelming.

"To commence with," said De Trecci. "I must allude to a secret party which has recently sprung up in this city with the object of overthrowing the Government, and restoring the Bourbon claimant to the throne of France. With the inner workings of this plot I do not propose to deal, nor to mention the conspirators beyond saying that they consist of the very highest and noblest in the land—men and women. In furtherance of their schemes, some wild plan of Prussian assistance has been formulated, and detailed drafts of the frontier forts, their defences and garrisons, have been prepared, with the view of submitting them to the German authorities and appealing for help. To-morrow evening, a lady will leave Paris for Versailles, carrying these drafts with her, intending to hand them to a high Prussian official. That lady must be stopped, and the plans secured at all costs."

"I am but a poor hand at dealing

with ladies," remarked Varron, "but of course Monsieur himself will undertake this perilous part of the business."

"That," returned De Trecci, "is impossible. For I accompany the lady to Versailles."

Varron smiled contemptuously and wreathed a stream to the ceiling.

"Now, I begin to understand," he said. "Monsieur himself, in spite of his scorn of my small misdeeds, is not only a traitor to his country but also to his cause. I congratulate Monsieur. I do not wonder that he is ashamed to make use of the name of his fathers."

De Trecci turned white to the lips, and grasped his riding-whip in menacing fashion; then, with a shrug, he threw it on the bed again.

"'Tis idle to quarrel," he said, "and perhaps my rudeness deserved a rude return. I confess, Monsieur Varron, that I joined this plot with the one end of checkmating the conspirators' designs, and what I had intended to do was to take the first opportunity of seizing the drafts, and of placing them, with the full list of names, before the notice of the Government. Unfortunately, however, an incident has arisen to entirely upset my plans. Mademoiselle de Beaufoy, the lady who carries the drafts, is my affianced wife, and if I follow my original design, the inevitable end must be her ruin and our separation. So, to avoid either, I pretend compliance and leave the matter in your hands."

"Then I am to understand that my mission is to stop the coach and secure your papers."

"Precisely."

"But this reward of which you spoke?"

"The moment you have obtained the papers you will speed to my house in the Rue Cahors, where a special friend of mine will await you. He will take the papers from you, and will deliver, in return, the sum of 50,000 francs."

"Monsieur," said Varron. "So far your story has sounded fairly plausible, but that last clause is suspicious, to say the least of it. How do I know that this money will be paid to me? It would be very easy work, when once inside your house, for the papers to be abstracted and the reward refused. And

this friend of yours. Why does he not enact the rôle you offer me?"

"Because it is essential that he shall not be aware of Mademoiselle de Beaufoy's participation. Indeed, of the nature of the papers he knows nothing. He will merely be instructed to hand you the sum I mentioned in exchange for a certain packet—he is but an accessory to my scheme, in the same manner that you are. And with regard to payment you need have no fear. I pledge you my word of honour that you shall be paid in full."

"I would sooner you pledged me the ring you wear," said Varron, calmly.

"However, I will trust you as far as you are trusting me, and hope that I shall no more be betrayed than I betray you. Your coach leaves Paris at——"

"Nine o'clock."

"Then, Monsieur De Trecci," said Varron, opening the door and bowing low. "Until to-morrow night I have the honour of wishing you adieu."

Left to himself, Varron burst into hoarse laughter, the nearest approach to mirth in which he ever indulged.

"The fool," he cried, "to think that I would sell him back his papers for the paltry sum of 50,000 francs. No, my friend De Trecci, as you call yourself. Whilst your accomplice waits me at the Rue Cahors, I shall be speeding over the frontier to Berlin. For even if your drafts are only rough they will make up my half-completed set. And then—God and the Fatherland, for the Prussian eagle shall fly over this cursed city."

The task for which Varron prepared himself on the following night was as foreign to his nature as gentleness to Cromwell's Ironsides. The idea of connecting the man, his silk hat and dainty cane, with highway robbery, was absurd, to say the least of it. Yet, as he waited by the roadside for De Trecci's carriage, the tight line of his lips showed plainly that he would see the matter to its very end, be it for his ultimate good or evil. The night was dark and warm, and the lights of Paris reflected a ruddy glow on the blackness above, which circled the heavens in a sea of crimson mist. A faint breeze sighed and whispered among the swaying

poplars, and to Varron, to whom the voice of nature was an unknown tongue, the minutes rolled slowly and tediously along, though each one, as it passed, brought him nearer to his Fatherland, and to the consummation of his wildest desires. At length, however, a coach rolled heavily in his direction, and, brisk upon the instant, he stepped from the grass-edge on to the road beyond.

"Halt!" cried he, as he caught a glimpse of De Trecci's cynical features through the glass of the window. Obedient to his hail, the coachman pulled up his horses with a sudden jerk, and, hat in hand, Varron stepped to the door and flung it open.

"In the name of the Republic," he said lightly.

"What is the meaning of this farce, Monsieur?" demanded De Trecci, turning on his accomplice with well-simulated indignation. But Varron ignored his presence and bowed politely to Mademoiselle de Beaufoy.

"M'selle chooses a late hour for her journey," said he.

"You insolent dog," roared De Trecci, "close that door instantly, or by our Lady——"

"The road to Versailles," continued Varron imperturbably, "is hardly safe for a lady to travel at night—especially unprotected as M'selle appears to be. I trust I may be pardoned if I suggest that the escort of my gendarmes might perhaps be welcome. But unfortunately my gendarmes are returning to Paris?"

"Gendarmes?" repeated Mademoiselle de Beaufoy.

"They are seeking a traitor who carries treasonable papers abroad. Up to the present, however, their search has not been rewarded as its thoroughness deserves."

"Who carries these papers, Monsieur?"

"Unhappily—a lady. Ladies sometimes have strange ideas that politics are worthy of their attention. *Eh bien*, they had much better devote their charms to the pursuit of love, which, if equally dangerous, at least does not end in the guillotine."

De Trecci drummed the cushions

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"STUDENTS SINGING SOME RIBALD SONG"

with his well-gloved fingers, and glanced from the troubled face of his fiancée to the tolerant smile of Varron.

"I congratulate you, Monsieur," he said, "on the gallantry of your capture."

"Gallantry is a virtue with which Monsieur De Trecci is apparently so well acquainted," retorted Varron.

"If I give you the papers," said M'selle de Beaufoy suddenly, "will you

promise me that M'sieur De Trecci may be allowed to depart in safety."

"I will do more than that, I will promise that you shall accompany him."

"Then take them," she cried, almost flinging the packet into his hands. She fell back on the seat with a rush of tears that dimmed the beauty of her eyes, and tenderly De Trecci bent over and drew her lips to his. Without

a word, Varron placed the papers in his pocket, and, closing the door, motioned to the coachman to proceed.

"I am sorry for that woman," he said, as he watched the carriage lamps grow fainter and duller in the distance, "for between the devil as represented by De Trecci, and the deep sea of imperial politics she is likely to come to grief."

Once inside Paris again, Varron returned immediately to his room in the Rue St. Hevier. Here, at least, he was secure from interruption, and taking the packet from his breast, he carefully removed the huge seals and laid the drafts before him on the table. From corner to corner he scanned them, and as he did so the colour crept from his cheeks, and a wild light sprang to his eyes. He took a second set of drafts which appeared to be already in his possession—rough sketches and incomplete—and laid them by De Trecci's elaborate charts, and again he ran his eye over his newly-acquired treasures. With an oath he sprang to his feet, and banged his clenched fist on the papers before him.

"Gott in Himmel!" he cried, "so the man has played me false."

For De Trecci's charts were incorrect in every detail!

With a mad anger in his heart, Varron leaned from the window and stared at the light and the life below, cursing De Trecci with a vigour one would scarcely have expected to find in a nature so self-contained as his. A party of students passed along the narrow street beneath him, singing some ribald song to the tune of the "Marseillaise." "*Vive la France!*" they shouted noisily. "*A bas le monde, mais vive la France!*"

The frown smoothed from Varron's forehead, and he smiled grimly. He took his own set of plans, folding them precisely as De Trecci's were folded. The false set he tore into tiny pieces, and floated them to the street below. Then he went to bed—a noteworthy incident, when one considers the comparative infancy of the night.

* * * *

His Excellency the Minister of War

was engaged upon affairs of State. All the morning he had been busily occupied in signing his august name to documents of the purport of which he had not the faintest idea, or in according the light of his countenance to measures whose technicality was far too bewildering to grasp. He was just beginning to wonder if the life of a cabinet minister was so infinitely superior to that of a galley-slave, when a secretary handed in a card bearing the simple inscription, "Monsieur Eugén Varron." The Minister—M. Saintaine his name, by the way—had already heard of Varron; in fact, most people had heard of him at one time or another, but there the connection usually terminated. His circle of intimates was limited and peculiar, and confined itself to bounds of discretion. For Varron was a far-seeing man, who based his belief in love and friendship on the old story of Samson and Delilah.

"Admit him," said the politician.

Varron's appearance, as he bowed low to Monsieur Saintaine, left nothing whatever to be desired. He might have been an emperor or an aristocrat or even a mere bourgeois. There is no distinguishing mark, nowadays. It is simply the feathers that make the bird—only in some cases the original bristles protrude. Varron's manners, however, were equal to his appearance, and the Minister was somewhat prepossessed.

"You have business with me, Monsieur?" he inquired. "Then I must ask you to be as brief as possible, as I have an almost immediate appointment." His tone implied that it was with a personage of most overwhelming importance; but, as a matter of fact, it was luncheon, which perhaps rendered its urgency all the more pronounced.

"Then to come to the point at once," said Varron. "I have recently had the pleasure of affording some slight assistance to the Government of which Monsieur is so distinguished a member. Quite by accident I heard of a plot which has been formed in Paris to overthrow the Republic, and again build up the foundations of an empire. In their madness, the conspirators evolved the

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idea of appealing to Germany for assistance, and, as a kind of inducement, sent some plans of the frontier forts to the Prussian Government."

"That statement is incredible," interrupted the other. "In the first place it would be a matter of almost absolute impossibility to secure such plans."

Varron handed his packet to Monsieur Saintaine.

"But for my lucky intervention," he said, "these papers would now be in the hands of the German War Office."

"You broke the seals, Monsieur?" said Saintaine sharply.

"I had no desire to be the bearer of false news."

The Minister unfolded the papers and laid them one by one on the desk; then struck a small bell by his side.

"Send the *Compte de St. Pierre* to me at once," he said, as a secretary appeared in the doorway.

For a few moments there was dead silence, which was broken at length by the entrance of the *Compte*, a young man with nobility stamped upon every line of feature.

"Do you recognise these," demanded Saintaine, pointing to the drafts. The *Compte de St. Pierre* leaned over the desk, and scanned them, one by one.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he gasped, with trembling lip. "They are the plans of the frontier forts."

"And correct?"

"In every detail."

"You may retire to the next room, Monsieur le *Compte*," said Saintaine kindly. "But you had better remain near, as I shall require your services later on. And now Monsieur Varron, the question is, how and from whom did you obtain these drafts?"

"I learned last night that they were to be conveyed by road to Versailles, so stopped the coach and secured the papers."

"But who carried them?"

"Le Duc de Guesclin."

"Le Duc de Guesclin?" repeated Saintaine, incredulously. "Have a care whom you accuse, monsieur. I can hardly imagine him to be a dangerous conspirator such as you describe."

"If he denies it I am willing to withdraw the accusation."

As he spoke, the door was flung open, and De Trecci rushed into the room.

"Your appearance, my lord Duke de Guesclin," said Saintaine, coldly, "is most singularly opportune."

"Thank heaven I am not too late," cried the Duke. "Monsieur Saintaine, I denounce this man as a German spy, and demand his immediate arrest. I heard that he had the impudence to come here to-day, and hold myself lucky in arriving before he has had time to escape."

"One moment," interrupted Saintaine. "There is a charge to which you, yourself, must answer before your accusations can carry weight. I have before me plans of the frontier forts, which this gentleman declares he seized whilst in your possession, and under circumstances suspicious to a degree. This is a criminal charge, my lord Duke."

"Yet easily explained," replied De Guesclin airily, "We discovered that Varron is a spy in the pay of the Prussian Government, so instituted this farce to provide him with erroneous charts, and at once prove him to be the traitor he undoubtedly is. The plans, Monsieur Saintaine, are false from margin to margin."

"Your Grace," remarked the Minister, "appears to have a ready wit and a most enviable imagination. But in this case they are somewhat hardly used, for your own words are sufficient condemnation. The plans of the frontier forts are correct in every detail."

"I say they are not," shouted de Guesclin. "They are drafts of my own construction, drawn up at the college of St. Cyr. If those you have before you are correct, then they have been substituted for mine, and that fact alone proves Varron's guilt. I demand——"

"My lord Duke," interrupted Saintaine sternly. "You overstep the bounds of propriety. Your thanks, together with the thanks of all Frenchmen, are due to Monsieur Varron for preventing what could only have ended in a scandal and an international com-

plication. Of M. Varron's conduct I cannot speak in terms too high, and he may rest assured that his loyalty will penetrate to the very highest quarters of the land. But for you—you have disgraced your name and lineage, and if you are not clear of French soil within twenty-four hours, I shall deem it my duty to place the whole affair in the hands of Monsieur le President. You can go."

"But this is——"

"I repeat, you can go."

With a laugh and a sneer, the Duc de Guesclin stepped to the door and flung it open.

"Au revoir, Monsieur Varron," he said. "We shall meet again before long."

"That is for your Grace to decide," replied Varron gravely. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me."



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THE REV. JOSEPH BROWNE, S.J., RECTOR OF STONYHURST

From Photo by MEDRINGTON'S, LIMITED, Liverpool

A Jesuit College in England

WRITTEN BY SCOTT DAMANT. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

"The Church of Rome I found full well
Would suit my constitution,
And had become a Jesuit
But for the Revolution."

The Vicar of Bray.

HE was so versatile, the clerical hero of that famous eighteenth century ballad, that it is possible he might have found the Church of Rome suited his constitution, although the proposition is at least doubtful. One thing, however, is practically certain; he would never have become a Jesuit. That fact was borne forcibly upon the

writer when, on a visit to Stonyhurst, he ascertained that in the ordinary course it requires no less than seventeen years' study to become a "professed" Jesuit. Seventeen years is a large slice off a man's life. It gives him plenty of time to test his vocation; to contemplate the solemnity of the vows he is about to take. But the severity of this lengthy novitiate, if sometimes irksome

to the individual member, has had one manifest advantage to the society itself. Obviously if a man does not know his own mind after seventeen years' study he can have very little mind to know. As a result, although they are popularly credited with being somewhat terrible personages, and the very word "Jesuitical" has obtained a second and sinister meaning, the Jesuits have at all events always escaped the charge of being fools. It would be strange if it were otherwise, considering their years of compulsory study and the consequent eminence attained by members of the society in all branches of learning throughout the world.

Not only do the Jesuits take high rank as students and scholars; their credit as teachers is also unsurpassed, and few, if any, of their numerous educational establishments scattered all over the globe enjoy a higher reputation than their foremost English College, Stonyhurst.

When St. Ignatius founded his Order he prayed that it might never lack tribulation. That prayer has been signally answered; it never has; and, like that of the Order to which it belongs, the history of Stonyhurst College has been a chequered one. Stonyhurst is the lineal descendant of the college founded in 1592, by Father Robert Persons, S.J., at St. Omers, in Artois. The penal laws against Catholics were then being rigorously enforced in England, and the infant college met with unrelenting persecution at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. Spies were sent over, and when possible students were seized on their journeys to or from the college. King Philip II. of Spain, under whose dominion the province of Artois then was, gave the college powerful aid, but this did not prevent its being looked upon somewhat askance by the inhabitants of the vicinity, owing to its essentially English character.

The first student at St. Omers was Thomas Garnet. He, in due course, became a priest, and proceeding to England on mission work, eventually fell into the hands of the British Government, and was hanged at Tyburn in 1608. Altogether, between the years 1608 and 1681 eleven students of St.

Omers were hanged at Tyburn, one at Lancaster, one at Cardiff, one was killed by "pursuivants," and seven died of hardships endured in various English prisons. That is no mean roll of martyrs.

It has been well said that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. If those good men were murdered for their faith, it was a student of St. Omers who murdered the greatest of Englishmen. He was a Frenchman by birth, and he gave to the world the first translation of Shakespeare into French, wherein he rendered the passage "Love's last shift," "*la dernière chemise de l'amour*." He was not hanged; not even imprisoned. As far as records to the contrary go, he would appear to have been allowed to die peacefully in his bed.

While enduring persecution at the hands of their own countrymen, the collegians were not infrequently brought to book by the rulers of the land of their exile on account of their English nationality and sympathies. Thus in the days of Louis XIV., when Artois had passed under the dominion of France, some of the students threw up their caps and cheered on learning of an English victory over the French. This showed that in spite of their exile they loved their native land, but it was hardly calculated to please their French hosts. Twice the college was destroyed by fire, in 1684 and in 1725 respectively. Wars were common in the country, and their effects were frequently felt. Still, in spite of many mishaps, the college continued at St. Omers until 1762, when the Parliament of Paris declared war against the Jesuits, and included the English colony of St. Omers in its scheme of destruction. News to this effect having been privately conveyed to St. Omers, the Fathers promptly but secretly transplanted their entire establishment to Bruges, which was in that part of the Netherlands then belonging to Austria.

Temporary accommodation of a very primitive character was procured in an old house. Then a large building, known as the house of the seven towers, was purchased and fitted up as an educational establishment, and there the college remained eleven years.

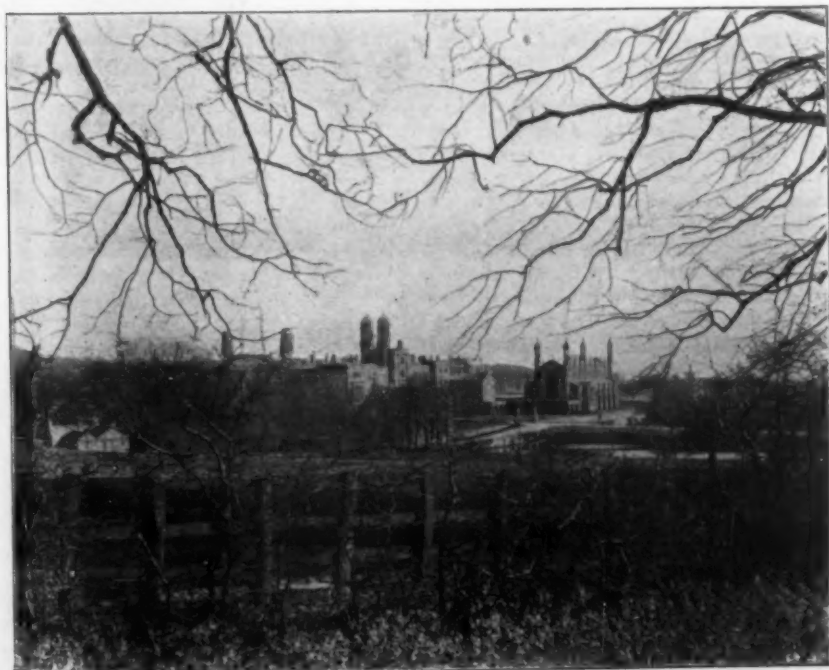
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If the tribulations of the followers of St. Ignatius had already been many, the crowning blow came on the 16th August, 1723, when, yielding to strong political pressure, Pope Clement XIV. issued a Brief, formally suppressing the Society of Jesus, releasing its members from their vows, sequestering its property, and directing the various States of Christendom to see to the execution of what had been thus decreed. This decree the Austrian Government put into execution in a particularly high-handed manner.

The Jesuit Fathers were seized and cast into prison, and then a totally unexpected element discovered itself in the business. The boys rose in absolute rebellion. They claimed that their parents had committed them to the charge of certain persons, and no others would they recognise. In vain were soldiers called in; some of the boys escaped through windows and over walls; others, unable to get away, vented their indignation by wrecking

tables, desks, windows, and all else they could lay hands on. As a last resource the Rector and First Prefect were taken from prison and brought back to the college, whereupon order was at once restored. But when on the following day certain English Dominicans were, much against their own desire, inducted as masters, the disturbances broke out with renewed vigour. The Dominicans threw up their posts, members of a community who were versed in the supervision of madhouses were introduced, and soldiers were actually quartered in the college. All to no purpose. The scholars refused all terms, parents began to arrive from England to take away their sons, and the civil authorities closed the school.

Then assistance came in quite an unexpected way. In the neighbouring city of Liege there had been ever since 1616 an English Jesuit seminary for the training of the scholastics of the Society in theology and philosophy. The Papal Decree had been put in force at Liege



WEST FRONT (1592) AND COLLEGE CHURCH (1835) STONYHURST

as elsewhere, but its effects had been reduced to a minimum. Liege was ruled by a Prince Bishop who had allowed the English community to remain, not of course as Jesuits, but as ordinary secular clergy. The President of the college, Father John Howard, on learning that the college at Bruges had been closed, invited the Fathers and students to take up their abode at Liege, and the offer was gratefully accepted.

The stay at Liege was uneventful until 1794, when, after several preliminary alarms, the French Revolutionary forces marched on Liege, and once more the collegians had to look out for a new home. After more than two centuries of exile, they turned their eyes towards England. They were able to do this, for matters had at length improved with their co-religionists in their native land. In 1778 the British Parliament had passed an Act repealing the Statute whereby a priest convicted of saying Mass was liable to be hanged or imprisoned for life at the option of the judge, and, in 1791 a further Act had been passed permitting the existence of Roman Catholic schools in England.

A ship was hired and the entire staff of masters and the dozen boys who had not gone home—known afterwards as the "Twelve Apostles"—embarked for England, where they landed at Hull. Thence by barge they journeyed to Selby, from Selby they proceeded to Leeds, and then on by canal boat to Skipton, from which town they tramped a distance of twenty-three miles to their final destination, Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where an old Elizabethan mansion had been generously placed at their disposal by its owner, Mr. Thomas Weld. The village near Stonyhurst had always remained faithful to the older religion, and the old hall had been the property of the well-known Catholic family of Shireburn until it passed into the hands of the Welds by the marriage of William Weld, great-grandfather of Thomas Weld, with Elizabeth, heiress to Sir Nicholas Shireburn. Thomas Weld had been educated at Liege, and in this very practical manner he showed his gratitude to his old masters.

The quaint semi-clerical garb of the

students gave rise to considerable commotion on their journey from Hull to Lancashire, and caused them to be taken for foreigners. As a matter of fact the servants accompanying the returned exiles were mostly Walloons, and a good many of the students were French, whose Royalist fathers had sent them to Liege in order to secure a religious education denied them by the Republican Government then existing in France. Now, in the year 1794 it was a very dangerous thing to be suspected of French nationality in England, and, by the irony of fate, the collegians, who, when abroad were looked upon with doubt because they were English, were, when they returned to England, subject for several years to much petty persecution on the alleged grounds that they were French. The trials of Stonyhurst, although irritating at the time, were minor ones, and the college has passed triumphantly through them all. She saw in 1814 the Society of Jesus solemnly restored throughout the world by Pope Pius VII.; she saw in 1829 the Catholic Emancipation Act passed; she saw in 1850 the Hierarchy restored in England; and finally, five years ago, she celebrated her centenary.

The old mansion of Stonyhurst was but ill adapted for a college, but it has been gradually added to and improved upon until the present stately and imposing block of buildings has resulted. The scenery around the college is singularly beautiful and well wooded, it is, however, a mercy that there is much old timber remaining in the college grounds, for Father Wright, the first Procurator, was a terrible Philistine. To mend the rotten timbers and gaping roofs of the house he ruthlessly felled old trees, and even melted down the greater part of the leaden statues which adorned the place. When expostulated with his reply was characteristic, "Stuff and nonsense—I want the money." Fortunately later generations have more than atoned for the good father's vandalism.

The present west front of the college is, as far as the central tower and right wing are concerned, part of the original mansion built by Sir Richard Shireburn in 1592. The cupolas date from 1700,

and were added by Sir Nicholas Shireburn. The left wing was built by the present occupants of the college in 1842, and the infirmary, which stands to the extreme left and is connected with the left wing by a corridor, was erected the following year.

The new, or south front, which was commenced in 1876 and completed in 1888, is 560 feet long and 55 feet high. The west wing is occupied by the community only, the rest being almost entirely devoted to the boys. The basement of the east wing includes music

But much as cleanliness is encouraged and insisted upon, the religious element prevails throughout Stonyhurst, as is right and proper considering the college is conducted by a religious community. Beautiful statues of saints abound on all sides, and besides the handsome church, connected with the college by a corridor, there are three other distinct chapels. The church serves the villagers every Sunday, and on Feast-days the community and scholars worship there, also when the church, although it has accommodation for nearly 900, is



THE NEW OR SOUTH FRONT (1876-1888)

and drawing rooms and gymnasium. In the music room each piano is enclosed in a wooden cubicle, a very necessary arrangement when some half-dozen lads are practising together. There are also, on the ground floor, two reading rooms, two lecture theatres, three playrooms, a chemical laboratory, a most tempting-looking swimming bath measuring sixty feet by twenty-six feet, a covered-in playground for wet weather, known as the Ambulacrum, and in exemplification of the adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness," a "washing place," with tiled floor and marble walls, containing no less than 236 basins and lockers.

practically filled. It was built in 1835, and is most beautifully decorated, as, indeed, are the three chapels which are used respectively by the boys of the Lower Line, the boys of the Higher Line, and those boys of the Higher Line who are members of the "Sodality of Our Lady," this latter being known as the Sodality Chapel.

On the first floor is the Boys' Refectory, once the ancient dining hall of the Shireburns. There, strangely enough, in a Catholic college, or so, it seems at first sight, is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell; but there is a still more interesting memento of the "Lord Protector" on view, for at one end of the

Refectory, under the ancient Minstrel Gallery is the veritable oak table upon which he slept whilst proceeding against the Scotch Royalist Army in August, 1648. In dread of assassination, and not daring to trust himself in a strange bed, Cromwell had this table drawn into the middle of the room. With his sword and pistols by him, and soldiers guarding the door, on this very uncomfortable impromptu bed, the future regicide slept.

Another very important room on the first floor is known as the Academy Room. This contains a most magnificent painting by Rubens, "The Four Doctors of the Church," portraits of King James II. and his first wife, Anne Hyde, and a series of paintings interesting alike from an historical and a sentimental point of view, for they were the property of the last of the Stuarts, Prince Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, known to the Legitimists as King Henry IX. They comprise a portrait of Mary of Modena, the second wife of James II., two adult and one juvenile portrait of James III., two portraits of Prince Charles Edward, a portrait of a daughter of James III., and another portrait of a lady unknown. These pictures are only a few of the many by Rubens and other masters which abound in the college. On stated occasions the Academy Room is turned into an amateur theatre, and a very serviceable stage is fitted up at one end. Devotion to the drama has always been a feature of the life at Stonyhurst, as, indeed, it was in the earlier days over the sea. Tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces have all been essayed, but in no case are female characters impersonated, all such being "masculinised" or eliminated. This needs a certain amount of ingenuity. *Macbeth* with Lady Macbeth transformed into a brother of Macbeth, and *King Lear*



THE SODALITY CHAPEL

without his daughters seem impossibilities, yet both plays have been frequently so performed at Stonyhurst.

In the spacious dormitories on the second floor there are some 240 beds. Over and above the boys at Stonyhurst proper there are some sixty smaller boys in the preparatory school at Hodder, about a mile from Stonyhurst, and about seventy students for the priesthood in the seminary which, although within the college grounds, is quite separated from it. Another feature in the grounds is the Observatory, founded in 1838, and added to considerably during subsequent years, notably by Father Perry, who died in the service of the Royal Astronomical Society, on the expedition to observe the total solar eclipse of December, 1889.

The course of tuition at Stonyhurst, although similar in some respects to that of the ordinary public school, differs in

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certain particulars. In the scholastic nomenclature the difference is most marked. The college is divided primarily into two sections, known respectively as the Lower Line and the Higher Line. The Lower Line is again divided into four classes, called Elements, Figures, Rudiments, and Grammar respectively, the last named being the highest. The Higher Line has only three divisions proper, known as Syntax, Poetry, and Rhetoric, but the most advanced students are called Philosophers. These quaint-sounding names date from the days of exile, and are tenaciously held to as a living link with the past.

It must be borne in mind that until recently students from Stonyhurst, with those from other Catholic schools, were

excluded from the older Universities, so that the educational successes of Stonyhurst were comparatively unknown; but at the London University, to which alone Stonyhurst had access, the Honours Lists bear testimony to the nature of the education given at the College.

But many and signal as have been the scholastic successes obtained by Stonyhurst boys, recreation and amusement are by no means overlooked. Those who fancy that the interior of a Jesuit college is grim and forbidding are quite mistaken. Most excellent billiard tables and bagatelle boards are found in the playrooms, and the playground facing the new front measures 580 feet by 300 feet. Cricket and football find enthusiastic votaries both



THE BOYS' REFECTORY

amongst masters and boys. The Jesuits are sometimes accused of employing a system of *espionage* because a Prefect is always present when the boys are at play. A Prefect, it may be observed, is the name given to certain of the under-masters at Stonyhurst, and not to elder boys, as at some public schools. It is hard to see what valid exception can be taken to the presence of one of the priests during playtime. Certainly the boys themselves show no signs of feeling that they are spied upon or under undue restraint. Another complaint sometimes levelled against the

and difficulties which would never otherwise be felt.

That Stonyhurst boys themselves look back in after life with gratitude to their old masters and affection towards their *Alma Mater* is evidenced by the fact that generation after generation of the same family have, in innumerable instances, been educated there; and the roll of distinguished Stonyhurst men is a lengthy one. Amongst those who have become members of Parliament occur the names of Richard Lalor Shiel, who, later on, when made Master of the Mint, issued the "graceless florin,"



THE HIGHER LINE PLAYROOM

Jesuits, and given prominence to by a recent writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, is that they are "Obscurantists," on the ground that they ignore the "Higher Criticism" when teaching their scholars. There are no more able defenders of their faith than the Jesuits, but, as nineteen out of twenty of the boys passing through their hands will probably never be troubled with the Higher Criticism as long as they live, there is much to be said for the contention that, to deal specifically with the Higher Criticism at Stonyhurst might, in many cases, suggest doubts

whereon the usual *D.G.* and *Fid. Def.* were omitted; Sir Charles Wyse, who was successively a Lord of the Treasury, Under-Secretary to the Indian Board of Control, and Minister at Athens; Richard More O'Ferrall, who became in turn Secretary to the Admiralty, Secretary to the Treasury, and Governor of Malta; the Hon. Charles Langdale; and Philip Howard. To the army Stonyhurst has given Colonel Sir Charles Chichester, afterwards Governor of Trinidad; the seventh Lord Clifford, who fought in the Peninsular War, and his son, Sir Henry Hugh

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Clifford, who won his Victoria Cross on the field of Inkerman, together with many others who have borne arms in the service of their country. Of Stonyhurst men in the navy, Admiral Arthur Jerningham is a good example; and amongst lawyers reference should be made to Stephen Woulfe, Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, the first Catholic to be raised to the Bench after the Emancipation. Greater Britain has known many Stonyhurst men, witness Miles Gerald Keon, Secretary at Bermuda; Sir Frederick Aloysius Weld, G.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, and then successively Governor of West Australia, Tasmania, and Straits Settlements; Sir Thomas Sidgreaves, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements; and Sir Charles Clifford, the first Speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives. In the Diplomatic service, apart from Sir Charles Wyse, occurs the name of Sir Henry F. Howard, Minister at Brazil, at Lisbon, and at various German Courts. The Stonyhurst theatricals have prepared several of the boys for the professional stage, as in the case of John and George Vandenhoff, father and son. The college has produced at least one well-known antiquary in the person of the Rev. Dr. George Oliver, and a famous naturalist, Charles Waterton. Many examples of Waterton's skill as a taxidermist are on view in the college museum, where in their own way they vie in interest with the wonderful collection of old missals, old black letter volumes, old vestments, and old plate.

Of living men of mark who were educated at Stonyhurst there are Cardinal Vaughan, Lord Herries, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Clifford, Sir Montagu Gerard, C.B., K.S.I., Admiral Whyte, Captain Kenna, V.C., Lieutenant Costello, V.C., Sir Nicholas O'Connor, Ambassador at Constantinople, Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., Mr. Murphy, Q.C., Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, Conan Doyle, Bernard Partridge, and Percy Fitzgerald.

The list might be prolonged, but sufficient has been said to refute the oft-repeated assertion that there is some-

thing quite incompatible with the English character in the system pursued by the Jesuits. There is another fact which militates against the truth of the assertion. As is, of course, well known, ever since the days of the Oxford Movement there has been a more or less steady stream of secessions from the Anglican Ministry to that of the Church of Rome. As might be expected, the bulk of the converts become secular priests, but those who become regulars nearly always join either the Benedictines or the Jesuits. The late Father Henry Coleridge, brother of the late Lord Chief Justice, is an example. Fathers Thomas Harper, Albany Christie, George Kingdom, Sylvester Hunter, T. Hathaway, and Joseph Stevenson are other instances. Even now there are a considerable number of Jesuit priests in this country who were once clergymen of the Church of England; take Father Huson, once a Cowley Father, and Fathers Sydney Smith, Edward Purbrick, George Tyrrell, Frederick Jones, R. F. Clarke, John O'Fallon Pope, and Ignatius Grant, as examples. The Scottish Episcopal Church has also contributed its quota, Father Humphrey, for one, having been a clergyman therein once upon a time. Now these have received the ordinary English University education, yet, like our friend the Vicar of Bray, they have found that the Church of Rome suits their constitutions, and, as Jesuits, have risen to positions of responsibility and importance in their Order.

The Jesuits are undoubtedly the best abused body of men in the world, but it is probable that a good deal of the feeling expressed against them is due to misapprehensions as to their aims and ideals. As missionaries and masters, however, the Jesuits gain the respect and admiration of those most opposed to their doctrines. In the former capacity we constantly hear of them giving their lives for their faith in far distant lands, in the latter capacity they gain a wonderful hold over the affections of those committed to their charge, and nowhere is this more noticeable than in the stately and beautiful college of Stonyhurst.

The Most Gorgeous Train in the World

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GOODRICH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HAD the old Roman writer who wrote, "*Pecunia obediunt omnia*" lived in these days, he would have altered his opinion as to all things obeying money.

In a measure, of course, they do. With a goodly supply, most tastes can be gratified. You may dress as you like, eat what you like, and live where you like. But you cannot, at least, as far as railway locomotion is concerned, travel as you like.

Fifty years ago a journey behind the iron horse, having the supreme merit of novelty, was regarded as a pleasant variation from the wearying routine of everyday life; but the railroad has now come to be so closely identified with the daily life of the community that one would have thought that something besides utility would have been apparent in the accommodation provided for travellers. But no!

The pleasant fiction that a railway company knows its own business having sunk its roots deep down in the national mind, the public, in unconscious imitation of captives who grow to love their cells, have got to believe that a railway carriage is a place admirably adapted for remaining several hours in one position, either looking out of window or taking a nap—providing, of course, that the seat occupied is the corner one. Then the Briton's regard for his traps is very great. The lighting may be disgraceful, the heating arrangements clumsy, but as long as the slave of custom is provided with plenty of room in the shape of

racks for the smaller luggage, he will be as miserable as you please during the journey.

Of late, however, there have not been wanting signs that the dark ages of railway travelling are drawing to a close. The dawn of progress and improvement may be deferred a few more years, but not longer. When the night breaks, a railway journey will be regarded as a romance, not a penance, and utility will be impregnated with sentiment.

In the coming century we shall have our railway companies following the lead of America, and boldly announcing that their carriages contain all the comforts of home.

True, we have sleeping berths now, and on some of the lines there are cars where dinner can be obtained—by giving notice beforehand. But the comforts of home! Well, they will come as most improvements do here—when the public is ripe for their reception. But there is no occasion to hurry. The innovating hand of time has already played havoc with so many customs and observances cherished by our forefathers in the early days of the "splendid century" that there will be nothing left for the future to redress if we take any further reforms at a gallop. Besides, John Bull is getting old, which is tantamount to saying he is becoming a trifle conservative, so we shall probably go a little slower in the next century than we have done in this. But should there be a demand for a train with all the comforts of home, then, and not till then, will Colonel Taylor, the

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VIEW OF CORRIDOR

INTERIOR BY DAY

INTERIOR VIEW OF SMOKING-ROOM COMPARTMENT

DINING-ROOM SLEEPER

European representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, U.S.A., take the people of this country into his confidence. The Colonel admires our institutions, and, as a people, loves us too well to draw any comparison between our mode of railway travelling and that favoured by his countrymen. For this he deserves our thanks, for, were he to devote his great energies to reforming our system of travelling, the perfection which followed would deprive us of one of our dearest privileges. With every line in the country rejoicing in a *train de luxe*, what would

become of the Briton's priceless prerogative of grumbling. Besides, Colonel Taylor knows that the world does not like being lectured into reforms. Does not the history of all great movements show that the inexhaustible capacity of some people for giving advice is only equalled by the invincible determination of others not to accept it. Reformation is an internal process. The seeds of conversion must be sown within. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are now running on their system the most gorgeous train in the world. It is, in fact, so magnificent,

so luxurious, so unlike anything we have here, that the average Briton, on beholding it for the first time, would gasp and probably murmur, "What eccentric people these Americans are!" Why, certainly; all innovators are eccentric. They would not be innovators if they did not despise existing conditions. But they are none the worse for that; indeed, it is the readiness the Americans display in assimilating new ideas which renders them such delightful companions. Of humdrum people, who think, talk and act as if they were all fashioned in the same mould, we have such an appalling abundance that the innovating American should be welcomed with open arms. So let us learn all about his wonderful train, and pave the way for its introduction by familiarising ourselves with the devices employed to reduce, by convenience, comfort, ease and excellence, the horrors of railway travelling to a minimum. Be prepared, therefore, to learn that we have everything to learn from America in the matter of railway travelling—at all events, where comfort is concerned. Ask any American what he thinks of our railway carriages, and he will tell you that they are on a par with our climate. Last summer I met an American legislator rusticated in the Surrey hills, who delivered himself thus:

"I suppose it is the climate that has developed those qualities which have enabled your people to conquer India and retain it; but even if it is, there is no reason why, because you are a hardy race, you should elect to display those qualities on a railway journey at the expense of your physical comfort."

"You English tell me," says another American I know, "that you must have plenty of exercise, and that bustle is necessary for your health; and yet, so great is the force of habit, that, in a railway carriage, you are content to sit for hours in a long overcoat, with a rug on your knees, thick gloves on your hands, and with an expression of countenance—well, let us describe it as vacant." This may not be flattering, but it is true. But to our muttons. Now, in the Pennsylvania new drawing-

room palace cars a passenger can walk from one room to another just as he would at home. He is in a house, or rather, palace on wheels. He wants to write his letters? Well, he goes into a beautifully appointed study. A drink? There is the bar. Dinner? A perfectly appointed dining room, where all the delicacies of the season can be obtained, cooked by a master hand.

A house, a place of business, a club, a restaurant, a concert room—all in one. You might pass a month on one of the Pennsylvania dining-room cars and never once be attacked by the demon of weariness. It may be urged against all these innovations that people in this country have a great regard for privacy. If it is true what they say of us on the Continent, that we are an overbearing, arrogant, insolent people, surely the best way to treat us is to see that we travel alone. There being no doubt that one of our insular customs is to scowl at the person sitting opposite you in a railway carriage, it must be clear that the surest way of keeping the Briton in good humour is not to disturb his love of privacy. The most discontented man, when alone, is certain of an admiring audience. Mere sophistry, the reader will say. Possibly; but it is because I believe in the American drawing-room palace car that I do not admire our railway carriages. Does any one mean to say that listening to your wife playing the piano, for instance, is not a better way of passing the time than sitting opposite her hour after hour, only breaking the silence by hackneyed remarks on the weather, reading the newspaper and going to sleep?

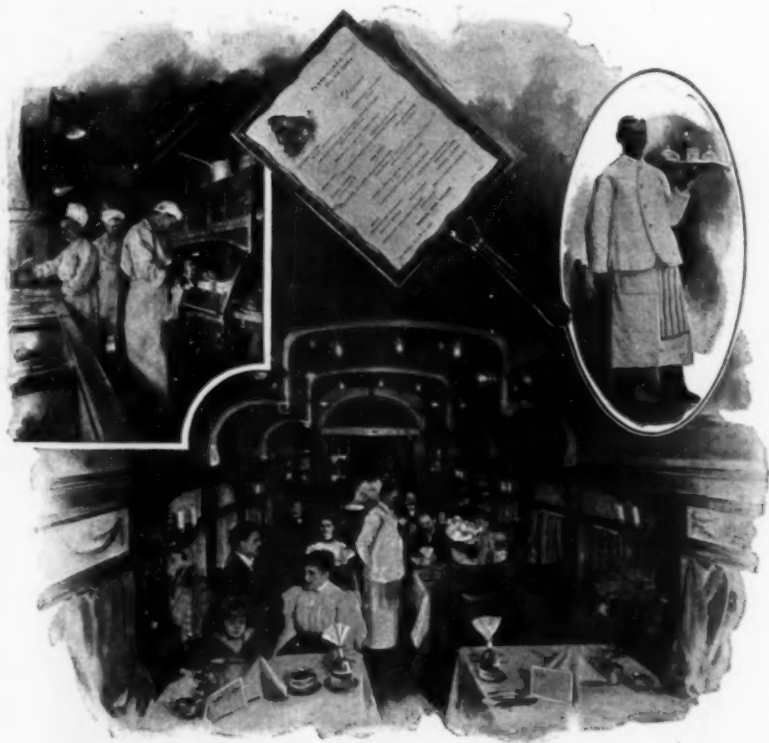
To those who have grown accustomed to the British railway carriage, cool, neat, and negative, the outward appearance of the Pennsylvania drawing-room palace car train would, for a moment, cause a shock. To describe it as striking would not be sufficient. Carpers might call it gaudy; I prefer calling it novel. The colour of the wheels being red, imparts a cheerfulness so great that, although the cars below the window are painted a bottle-green, the effect aimed at is not destroyed. Some people declare bottle-green to be

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a trying colour. It may be, but it is not noticeable in this train, for its oppressiveness is relieved by broad bands of Roman gold, and the use of a delicate cream above the window line, with a Renaissance style of decoration, also in gold. But the exterior, striking as it is, gives but little indication of the magnificence and completeness of the interior. The spectator rubs his eyes and looks round. A railway train?

decorations, the upholstering, are so varied that to do them justice the descriptive powers of even an experienced lady expert would be severely tried. I should like to dismiss this branch of the subject by saying that a great deal of the upholstering is in royal blue plush of the finest quality, and that its tint blends most harmoniously with the highly polished, carved and decorated woods. But I am



DINING CAR

No. An eastern palace or a spot in fairyland, where the sordid concerns of life find no place. The Pennsylvania *train de luxe* is rather difficult for a male journalist to describe. It is easy to say that the vestibule runs the full length of the train; and that passengers are provided with that desire for locomotion which seems one of the characteristics of this feverish age. But the

called on to describe a *train de luxe*, and as the one I am grappling with has the supreme merit of novelty, details are necessary. One of the most striking features of the train is the "observation" car, situated in the rear of the train. I will say something of this apartment later on, for there is an arrangement at its end which affords me an opportunity I have long sighed for,

of dealing a deadly blow at that hideous monstrosity, the guard's break. There may be a more unsightly vehicle in the world than a guard's break. If there is I shall be glad to know what it is. On this train the Pennsylvania directors have, in lieu of the break, substituted a recessed end, a sort of conservatory, to which the passengers, in fine weather, repair to enjoy a view of the country through which they are passing.

In fine weather the popularity of this platform is shown by the number of campstools scattered about. We may not be ripe for a *train de luxe* in this country, but the company which presents us with a conservatory, with an adjoining buffet (not too far away) at the end of the train in place of the break, deserves the thanks of all those who think there is room for improvement in our railways, which is equivalent to saying the gratitude of the entire community. The recessed end in the *train de luxe* is nine feet by eight feet. The railings which run round are composed of highly-ornamented brass; and so that those seated in the rear shall not have their view obstructed by the towering edifices so warmly cherished by American ladies just now, the sides have been made of glass. The observatory takes up half the car, and in keeping with the decoration, the windows are of most ample proportion. Before I plunge

into the unfathomable ocean or upholstering, just a word on the lighting. In the front end of the baggage car is a fifty-horse dynamo. Colonel Taylor thinks that the wretched lighting of our railway carriages in the past has led the English optic, in its struggle of adaptation to environment, to develop a new sort of sight—a cat-like gaze, able to read a newspaper in a light not much greater than that afforded by a rushlight. When the American *train de luxe* has converted the British director, the problem of near-sighted travellers being able to read on our lines will be solved. In the *train de luxe* there have been two policies at work—one to make it magnificent, the other to make the magnificence endurable. So, in the event of any of the electric lights failing, there are numerous gorgeous chandeliers, burning gas of a high illuminating power, to take its place. Altogether the electric lights number 500, and the gas lights half that number. A most desirable feature of the electric light is to be found in the small globes which are placed in all berths, so that passengers afflicted with insomnia can try and read themselves to sleep.

Water is furnished by air-pressure, the old-style faucets in the toilet-rooms being dispensed with.

Behind the baggage-car is the barber's



ELECTRIC LIGHTING

DYNAMO COMPARTMENT

READING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

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OBSERVATION CAR

SECTION IN SLEEPING CAR

BARBER SHOP

LIBRARY CAR

shop. "A shave on the train!" the reader will incredulously exclaim. "What about the oscillation?" Well, there is none, or what little there is does not prevent the traveller from placing his chin at the disposal of the barber, without fear of being sliced. The barber, I am given to understand, is an artist in his way; but as Pullmans, when building the train, paid especial attention to its balance, those who prefer operating on themselves can do so. The barber's shop contains a perfectly appointed bath-room, and every convenience known to the tonsorial art.

In the car with the barber's shop is the smoking-room, which is so beautifully decorated, carpeted and upholstered, that the visitor might easily fancy himself at his club. The chairs are of wicker, and removable. This car also contains the buffet, and a hand-carved writing desk.

But if the smoking-room is cosy, the dining-car is gorgeous. A truly sumptuous apartment this, furnished in vermilion mahogany. The ceiling is of wood, with a yellow background, decorated with gold. The seats are beautifully carved, and the tables are detachable. The light fixtures are all

wrought, and are of the finest workmanship. The car, too, is plentifully mirrored, even the windows being of plate glass. The sideboard is a miracle of the cabinet-maker's art.

The kitchen, which is modern in every respect, is entered only through a small door. When this is closed no gastronomic odours can penetrate the car's interior. The *chef*, being an artist of European reputation, the cooking is superb. Few people, in this age, at all events, will find fault with this feature of the *train de luxe*; and considering that, to put it mildly, we, as a nation, are disposed to regard dinner as the most pleasant, if not the most important, event of the day, those who regard a well-cooked dinner as the greatest triumph of civilisation, would perhaps be inclined to put up with the guard's break if a good dinner could be had when travelling; and, certainly, when dinner is designed with due regard not only for good cookery but conviviality, the meal secures an increased popularity. Hear Colonel Taylor on this point: "Our train is not only a luxury, but it is a social power. Two old friends meet, who have not seen each other for years. In England they would say 'How are you? Glad you are well,' and part at the journey's end without turning a hair. On our train they say 'Let us dine together.'" This sentence of the Colonel is pregnant with meaning. The dying embers of many an expiring friendship have been kindled anew over a succession of well-cooked courses. Dinner on the Pennsylvania train is, I am told, a sight never to be forgotten, the management of light and heat, the silent and rapid service of the attendants, the smiling guests, the pleasant remarks, the handsome dresses of the ladies, the cunning artifices in fruit and flowers, engenders an intellectual gratification of which the directors should be proud of being the parents. Surly and morose beyond all powers of reclamation must be the misanthrope who can resist the mellowing influence of a good dinner. Dinner over, forty winks for digestion, and then a cigar or a little music. When we have become a little more civilised we shall not only

insist on having a music-room with our *train de luxe* and a first-class grand, but shall expect the company to provide an experienced performer as well. Who is there to-day who does not shudder at the prospect of a journey from London to Edinburgh? But in the music-room the hours would simply fly.

At the back of the dining-room are the sleeping cars, replete with every comfort, costly fittings in mahogany, crystal and gold-plate being everywhere apparent. There is not an hotel that can boast the luxurious appointments of these bedrooms on wheels. The carpets of the finest Wilton, hangings of costly silk, beautiful furniture, heavily framed mirrors, give this part of the *train de luxe* a look of truly oriental magnificence.

The general colour scheme of the bedroom is royal blue picked out with gold-leaf. The mahogany finish of the car walls is thrown at intervals across the dome, which breaks the long expanse of ceiling. The bedroom fittings never fail to impress the male biped, just as the blue tapestry upholstery invariably wins the approval of the ladies.

Although each car contains every convenience of the toilet, the general appearance is not crowded, as all the lavatories are cleverly concealed. In these latter rooms the colour scheme is green and gold, the ground-work of the ceiling being a deep rose tint of uncommon beauty. Reverting one moment to the observatory, the observation car contains six compartments, so arranged that any two or more can be used together. Each of these is adorned with beautiful wood carving, the upholstery being of the most costly description. Each compartment, in addition to all toilet facilities, contains the accessories of a well-fitted sleeping-room; these, however, are so skilfully concealed, that the compartments look like a richly furnished drawing-room.

These different compartments are worthy of further mention. The first is finished in Santiago mahogany, inlaid with pretty blending woods. The colour effect is green.

In the second prime Vera mahogany predominates, the prevailing tone being cream.

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The third presents a somewhat lurid appearance, with its vermilion mahogany and green and gold colouring.

In the fourth, as a compliment to the mother country, English oak is used. This wood is of a deep rich reddish

ance. The prevailing colour of this room is blue.

The handsome Circassian walnut is employed, but this has been reserved for the best room on the train.

The ornamentation of the ceilings is



INTERIOR DRAWING-ROOM

SLEEPING CAR

LADIES' MAID

VESTIBULED ENTRANCE

brown, which blends admirably with the upholstery.

The fifth compartment contains the queer Tobasco mahogany, the grain of which, as it runs in all directions, gives the apartment a very striking appear-

ance. They are all beautiful in their way, that of the "observation" car, designed to harmonise with the colouring of the carpet, being very noticeable.

So much for the magnificence. Just

a word on the train in its utility aspect. Those who have letters to answer will find everything they require in the writing-room—desks, paper, pens and ink, not forgetting the indispensable typewriter. The lights form a commendable feature of this room. They can be placed in any position, so as to accommodate all descriptions of sight.

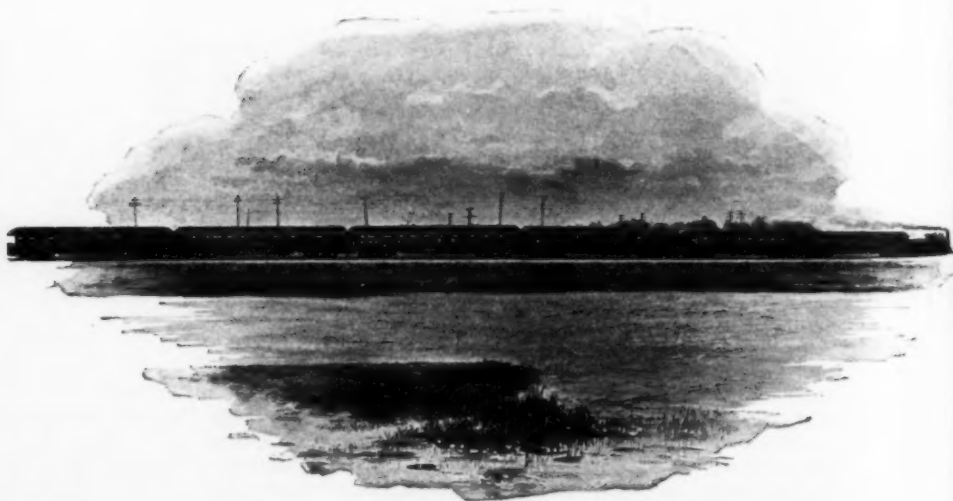
It is now time to pause, for the space at my disposal precludes mention of all the astounding novelties to be found in this *train de luxe*, but the waiting-maid constantly on duty to attend to invalids and children, and the other servants, should not be forgotten. They are treasures in their way. The ingenious arrangements for bulletining reports for the benefit of persons who may desire to trade as they travel also deserves to be chronicled. By this means all the commercial, financial, and general news of the world is presented fresh from the wires as the train rushes along.

Fancy English passengers whilst travelling being placed in communication with the outside world! The brain reels, the heart throbs, at the bare contemplation of such an innovation.

The Pennsylvania *train de luxe* is not only perfect, it is unique. There is nothing to beat it in America, and, needless to say, nothing approaching it in Europe. The company refuse to state its cost, but it must have been tremendous. Whether considered from the utilitarian or the purely artistic standpoint, Pullmans, who built this train, must be held to have excelled themselves.

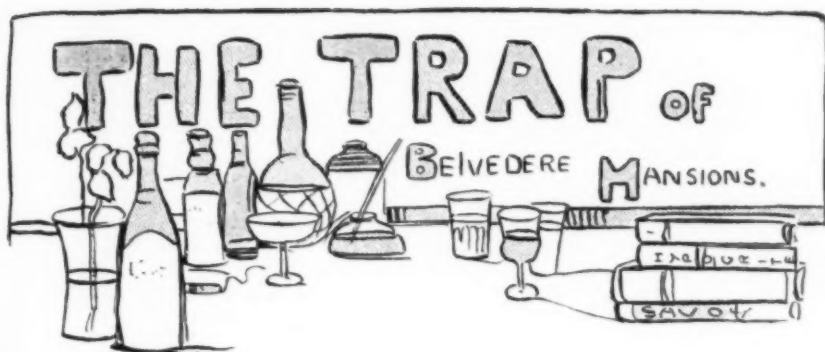
There may be people who really enjoy a long journey in our own trains, as at present constituted. Personally I have never met any of these folk, but if they exist, they must not only possess quite exceptional powers of endurance, but be imbued with a perfectly fanatical horror of comfort, to say nothing of progress, if they do not reconsider their views on railway travelling after reading this article.

Public opinion in this country is slow to assert itself, but if some of the Pullman drawing-room palace cars could be placed on our lines, the belief entertained by our companies that their antiquated survivals are really up to date would be speedily denounced as one of the most extraordinary superstitions that ever took into captivity the railway mind.



FULL LENGTH VIEW OF THE PENNSYLVANIAN, LIMITED

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WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY Y. A. D. LLUELLYN

I.
THE Secretary's morning suit was of a dark grey tweed with a green check in it, and his speech was the speech of Inverness that had been watered down by many years of business employment in town.

His little room was full of the noises of the outside world, but he abated in no degree the speed and regularity of his writing, though at times the rumble of a heavy van would move him to a momentary exasperation. When the noises became unbearable he would grind his heel into the carpet and lick the flap of the envelope that he had just addressed, with a savage sweep of the tongue. These demonstrations of annoyance were infrequent, as he prided himself very much on the repose of his manners, and, moreover, had one morning discovered to his horror that the Turkey carpet, which had been most expensive, was, in the portion that lay beneath his secretaire, becoming extremely threadbare.

As he wrote there was a knock at the door, and one of the male servants of the house entered in a discreet manner.

The Secretary swung himself round in his chair.

"And where," he said, "is Mr. Cormorant's answer to my letter?"

"He desired me to tell you," answered the man, "that when the weariness of the morning had left him he would presently see you, and talk with you in person of the matters dealt with in your note."

"The impudent scoundrel!" began the Secretary, rising from his seat; "I will go to him myself. That will do, Johnson," he continued, and, as soon as he was alone, sat down again. His first impulse had been to immediately seek out Mr. Cormorant, and demand from him an instant consideration of the letter; but on second thoughts he reflected that his sound business arguments would be, without doubt, worsted by the pleasantries of Mr. Cormorant, and that probably many disreputable artistic people would also be present to assist at his discomfiture.

Mr. Philip Mundell, Secretary and part proprietor of Belvedere Mansions, had risen from a very modest beginning to a state of prosperity that almost fulfilled his greatest expectations. After a brief career as office boy to a dishonest and truculent solicitor in Inverness, he had run away to London, where, after

many unpleasant vicissitudes, he had at length become the Secretary of a small City club. The duties of a Secretary suited him, and from that day he had never sought any other class of employment. In the many different clubs that he had managed, he had gained a wide experience of men and manners; and when, at last, his savings amounted to so respectable a total that they enabled him to find a part of the capital, and become Manager and Secretary of the new residential buildings known as Belvedere Mansions, it would have been difficult to find a man more suited to the post.

At first the prospects of the new undertaking confirmed the most extravagant hopes of the directors. The building was conveniently and pleasantly situated, and the comforts of the flats that it contained charmed every prospective tenant. The culinary and domestic arrangements were in every way excellent, and the large staff of servants had been carefully selected by the indefatigable Mr. Mundell himself. Applications for sets of rooms were very numerous, and after a few short

weeks every flat contained its bachelor. Mr. Mundell went very gleefully about his business, and when he chose to visit some of the clubs that he had been connected with in former years, he would often surprise his acquaintances by the cheery liberality with which he invited them to refreshments.

For a time all went well, and Mr. Mundell wrote often to his friends in Dingwall and Inverness, telling them of the little green brougham carriage that he was about to buy, and of the great society that he was privileged, in a sense, to be a member of. The monthly accounts were settled with amazing regularity, and the high scale of charges fixed by the management had elicited a grumble from no single tenant.

It was at the end of the fifth month that the tenant of Flat No. C 3—Mr. Charles Cormorant—requested that he might be allowed to defer the payment of his bill for a few days. He was, he stated in a pleasant note to the Secretary, suffering from a temporary financial embarrassment, consequent on being over-confident in loans to his friends.



"THE TWO MEN WOULD OFTEN SIT TOGETHER IN THE LITTLE OFFICE"

Mr. Cormorant had been one of the earliest tenants of the Mansions, and had indeed been the means of bringing several others to the establishment, so that he was very agreeable to Mr. Mundell; and the two men would often sit together in the little office discussing the rumours of the town, and the truly excellent flavour of the Secretary's whisky. It was, therefore, with a gracious movement of dissent that Mr. Mundell waved aside the proffered post-dated cheque, and assured Mr. Cormorant that the time of payment was his to choose, and that Belvedere Mansions would never be inhospitable to a gentleman of so agreeable a disposition and so rounded an experience.

At the end of the sixth month, however, and also the seventh, the Secretary had failed to discover Mr. Cormorant's cheque among the little pile that lay before him; and when three of the gentlemen whom he had been so proud to welcome as Mr. Cormorant's friends, also prayed that their inability to be prompt in their payments might be for the moment excused, Mr. Mundell was unable to persuade himself that his generosity was altogether well considered.

Nor had other signs been wanting that the conduct of Belvedere Mansions was not as peaceful as of old. Mr. Mundell had been not infrequently disturbed in the early hours of the morning by the riotous departure of belated guests, and not a few of the more sedate inhabitants had lodged complaints about the inconvenience caused to them by the boisterous behaviour of Mr. Cormorant and his friends.

Mr. Cormorant was an artist more decadent in his art than his manners. He painted very delicate designs on many rare and unusual textures, but it was his habit to be frequently intoxicated on the most commonplace of liquors. Of the friends whom he had introduced to the Mansions some were artists, some writers, and some masters of conversation, and they all professed, by their works and by the punctilio of their rooms, to be very refined indeed.

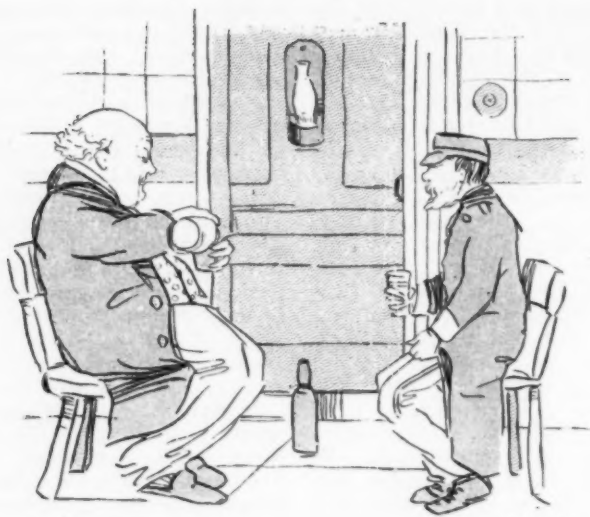
Mr. Mundell would delight, when he visited them in their flats, to see the profusion of exotic flowers, and the

number of bottles of strange drinks that stood upon the sideboard. Their pleasant manners, the delightful way in which they would tell of an *esclandre*, and the pity and contempt that they affected for toilers in the ordinary walks of life, made them in Mr. Mundell's bourgeois mind persons of a world quite apart. Accordingly, when on one occasion the chance opening of a door discovered Mr. Esmè Vaun, the novelist, and Mr. Alfred Leaf, who drew on ivory, drinking bitter beer out of large flagons, and reading the works of an American humourist, he surprised a feeling of astonishment and pain.

It was, however, shortly after the noted author, Mr. Caradoc Milnes, came at Mr. Cormorant's suggestion to live in Belvedere Mansions, that Mr. Mundell became possessed of a real uneasiness. With Mr. Milnes came his father, John Fiddeyment Milnes, or as his familiars lovingly called him, "Uncle Fiddeyment." It was impossible to withstand the influence of the cheery old gentleman, and the young decadents, who had hitherto observed a most decorous conduct, would frequently scandalise the other inhabitants of the Mansions by merrily assisting Uncle Fiddeyment in his most extravagant humours. It had been necessary to discharge the lift porter for drunkenness, since Uncle Fiddeyment, who disliked solitude, but was seldom tidy enough to accompany his son to the elegant parties that he affected, would, when left alone in the evenings, place a chair by the lift, and summoning the porter by the electric bell, regale the honest fellow with jovial tales and strong drink, to the marked displeasure of those waiting below.

The sum of Mr. Mundell's tenants was completed by several Members of Parliament, a considerable number of gentlemen engaged in the production of serious literature, and a few stockbrokers, who were absent every day at the City, and every evening at the "Empire."

These worthy folk frequently suffered rude shocks as they passed to and from their rooms, and the chance encounter with a band of decadents, following Uncle Fiddeyment in a gambol through



"UNCLE FIDDEYMENT WOULD REGALE THE PORTER WITH JOVIAL TALES AND STRONG DRINK"

the passages, or the eruption of a sudden and dreadful noise from behind a closed door, would send them at once to compose a most indignant letter to the secretary. It was after the discovery of the head waiter and one of the upper housemaids, made up by Mr. Cormorant as Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Eliza Brownrigg, dancing with Uncle Fiddeyment in the dim corridors of the fourth floor, that Mr. Robert Iron, the noted mediævalist, gave up his flat. He left after many bitter remarks as to the correct discipline of a residential hotel, and establishing himself in a suite of underground chambers, beneath the important library of which he was secretary, became presently a convert to socialism.

In this way Mr. Mundell came to be on the horns of a most hazardous dilemma. He stood in danger of losing the serious tenants, who were the staple of his enterprise and he yet conceived a reluctance to employ harshness against those who had made him privy to their society.

As he sat that morning in his little plainly-furnished room, the Secretary was not pleasant to look at. He was a

man of forty or upwards, thin, but very square of shoulder, and his long neck, that came out stiffly from an open collar, carried a face in which the wolf and the fox struggled for mastery. Months of anxiety had chased all kindness from his mind, and he was now fully determined to be rid of Mr. Cormorant at all hazards. Several of the Members of Parliament had followed Mr. Iron's departure, while Mr. Cormorant grew every month more prodigal in his orders, and more fertile in his excuses for postponing payment. The crisis had been reached the night before, when the Secretary, aroused from his sleep by a great clamour in the artist's flat, had gone himself to insist that it should cease, and entering unannounced, had been seized by a tall powerful man, of a Napoleonic cast of countenance, who rising suddenly out of the smoke, had hurled him incontinently into the corridor.

The memory of his experience lay sore upon the Secretary in the morning, and his note to Mr. Cormorant had demanded an apology, and an instant settlement of accounts. He was by nature little of a coward, but the

prospect of conveying himself a definite order of dismissal to the artist was one over which he found it impossible to be comfortable. A knock at the door interrupted his reflections, and a gentleman, whose voice proclaimed him a German no less loudly than his features a Jew, and whose age may have been twenty-eight, entered in an accustomed manner, and wished Mr. Mundell a good morning.

"You are very happy, Mr. Birnbaum, in your arrival," said the Secretary. "Here is a matter in which I wish your help, and a problem which I promise you we shall not find easy to solve."

Mr. Francis Birnbaum was assistant-secretary of Belvedere Mansions, and though Mr. Mundell, in the first elation of the friendship of his artistic tenants, had affected a considerable condescension in his dealings with the young man, he had of late discovered in him a clever and valuable ally.

"The matter," continued Mr. Mundell, "in which I shall be glad of your aid is one which concerns very nearly the future of Belvedere Mansions. I believe that you are yourself interested to the extent of a few shares in this enterprise, so that you will be the more willing to help one who has the major part of his fortune at stake, in an affair which affects the future welfare of us both."

Mr. Birnbaum bowed his assent, and the Secretary pushed a heap of papers across the table towards him.

"You will see," he continued, "that Mr. Herbert Glass, M.P., Mr. Donckerly, and the Reverend Peter Knollys have to-day given a month's notice, pretending in each instance the same reason, namely that the disturbances created by Mr. Cormorant and his friends have made Belvedere Mansions a place in which a gentleman of reputation can no longer live. You will also note that Mr. Cormorant has now been our debtor for six months, during which period his bills have nearly always been the largest in the establishment. Now the scandal of a public eviction might do infinite damage to the good fame of the Mansions, and such a course of action must be, if possible, avoided. We must therefore endeavour to discover some means of inducing Mr. Cormorant to

leave his flat without having recourse to the majesty of the law."

The secretary paused, and looked enquiringly at his assistant.

Mr. Francis Birnbaum was a pale, undersized little man with an eager and crafty expression. It was his humour to wear a heavy moustache and to belong to a Volunteer corps, and in the bosom of his family at Fulham he affected a flavour of Lord Roberts at home. The tailor, in the City, who made clothes for the little mean man, knowing his type, always sent home parcels addressed, "Captain Birnbaum." Be that as it may, no moustache or single eye-glass could disguise the fact of Mr. Birnbaum's parentage. His soft, yellowish nose and greedy, sensual lips proclaimed him unerringly for what he was, the dirty little continental Jew, of a mixed breed.

He deliberated for a few seconds before he answered.

"You have, I believe, tried the experiment of ordering the servants to refuse him meals and drink?"

"I have," said the Secretary, "but since it has always been his practice to dine from home, and ignore entirely the meal of breakfast, that measure has only affected his friends who occasionally sleep in his flat, and who so find no means of satisfying the morning hunger. As for drinks, the pernicious influence of Mr. Fiddymont Milnes has aided him in procuring them from the servants despite my orders. I confess that, at present, I see no way of ridding myself of this troublesome tenant, yet done it must be, or the reputation of Belvedere Mansions will shortly be irretrievably lost."

"I will speak quite frankly," said Mr. Birnbaum, "and avow myself to be in this matter a man of few scruples, for I most cordially detest Mr. Cormorant. I will stick at nothing that will rid us of the fellow, and I think I am right, Mr. Mundell, in supposing that you are not a man to be difficult over trifles in an affair that may save your fortune."

The secretary half-turned his head, and looked fixedly into his companion's face. Mr. Birnbaum bore the scrutiny with composure, and, leaning back in his chair, seemed to invite his superior to

continue. No word was spoken for a few moments, each man trying hard to gauge the intentions of the other. Then the Secretary broke the silence, talking more rapidly, and with a slight uneasiness.

"I am glad," he said, "to find that you share my detestation of the man Cormorant. I will own that I was, at first, won by the superficial charm of his address, but, of late, his apish tricks and unprincipled conduct have filled me with a loathing that will excuse in my own mind any rigour that may be necessary. So far, Mr. Birnbaum, nothing has arisen in my career that has compelled me to be other than a man of peace, but in this case I am ready to adopt any scheme that you, or both of us, may evolve."

The assistant rested his elbows on the table, and as he spoke his eyes were half-closed, and there were wrinkled lines round his mouth.

"I have been, in my time," he said, "connected with the turf, and I have never entirely lost sight of a few friends, whose assistance might be extremely useful in such a case as this. Cormorant is, I believe, inclined to be indiscriminate

in his evening wanderings, and the hint of an unusual adventure would be sufficient to bring him willingly into the society of my friends. It would not be expensive, and should he return, which I doubt, the fact that the management of Belvedere Mansions were the authors of his abduction would never transpire. There would, of course, be no bloodshed."

"I have already canvassed that idea," said the Secretary, after a pause, "and have been compelled to dismiss it, since I feel sure that he would contrive to make his escape, and, on his return, would consider, by reason of his suspicions of our complicity, that he was more than ever entitled to indulge, at our expense, his appetite for drink and fantastic behaviour. Besides, he would so exaggerate and glorify the events of his capture, and the ingenuity of his escape, that his friends would make a hero of him, and, every night, Belvedere Mansions would be full of the disreputables of town, seeking to offer him their drunken congratulations. Should Cormorant, or that dirty old rascal Fiddeyment Milnes, be able to prove our share in the action, they would become such a millstone round our necks as would inevitably



"MURDER," SAID MR. MUNDELL. "OF COURSE I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD HAVE TO COME TO THAT"

sink us to the bottom of an ocean of ruin. No," continued the secretary, wearily, "there must be no question of his re-appearance. I am desperate, and you may suggest what you will."

"I understand you perfectly, Mr. Mundell," said the assistant, "and I am rejoiced at your last words, we can now talk as men whose intentions are one, and I would suggest that my friends are people who would, if necessary, entirely preclude the possibility of any return. It would be more expensive, but much more satisfactory."

"Murder," said Mr. Mundell. "Of course I was afraid it would have to come to that. Well I suppose we must make up our minds to do it, but not with the assistance of your friends, who, worthy gentlemen as they doubtless are, might not be able in a period of financial depression to resist the opportunity for blackmail. I confess that is a contingency that inspires me with the liveliest horror. No, Birnbaum, this thing must be carried out by you and me alone. Let us hatch the plot, I look to you for suggestions."

"I think," said the little Jew, "that though I have no reason to fear an eavesdropper in this room, yet I would rather be sure of the matter. Let us take a stroll to the Park; the business of the streets may lend us ideas."

After a few minutes' absence he came back with his hat and coat, and walked with Mr. Mundell to the lift. The iron railings were open, and the secretary was about to step through the doorway when he saw to his horror that the car was not there, and that a deep black tunnel yawned almost directly underneath his feet. He recovered himself hastily, and slamming the gate pressed the bell button angrily. "Really Mr. Birnbaum," he said, "your new porter is most careless. I might have met my death in that trap."

The lift in the hands of a new porter descended swiftly and stopped with a jerk that threw both men against the sides of the car. While the secretary had been loudly rating the porter during the descent, Mr. Birnbaum had been very silent, but as the two men passed through the hall he might have been seen talking rapidly to his companion.

In the doorway they encountered the vast bulk of Uncle Fiddeyment, who saluted them with a bland and spacious smile.

"They tell me," said Mr. Birnbaum, as they stepped out into the street, "that that shabby old gentleman is one of the best known celebrities of town, yet I cannot but think that his humour of being intoxicated at the Lyceum Theatre on first nights, is, to mention one instance only, presuming too much on the licence extended to the great."

Uncle Fiddeyment took some letters from the rack, and exchanging a happy pleasantry with John Bol the porter, was carried swiftly to the fourth floor. The healthy exercise of the morning walk always put the old gentleman in a delightful temper, and dismissing from his mind with a light laugh the unpleasant contents of the bills that he had found in the rack, he made one or two sparkling epigrams, which were hastily copied down by his son Caradoc who was seated at the writing table, and sauntered out in search of Mr. Cormorant, whose flat was close by. He found the artist dressed in a suit of flannel pyjamas and a coarse Inverness great coat, seated in front of a large unfinished picture called "The Hadger." He had begun this seven years ago, and every morning on rising from his bed he made strong resolutions to finish it at once. He seldom attempted his real work till late at night, when with the aid of correctly disposed candles and the right degree of intoxication he found that grotesque ideas came to him very readily.

The studio was a large bare room, with at one end a tall window giving on to Jermyn Street, and at the other a mirror of exceptional size, before which the decadents would often rehearse their poses before going out to tea parties in Sloane Street. There was little furniture except a large table covered with bottles and glasses, and the yellow paper on the walls was unspoiled by pictures save where, over the mantel-piece, hung a pastel called "Boys drinking Brandy." This was Mr. Cormorant's most cherished possession. He had painted it one summer at Calais, where he was staying with his friend, Ernest Advowson, and the most

tempting offers from American amateurs of the bizarre had never induced him to sell it. He would often sit and look at it and think pleasantly of his own mis-spent boyhood.

Mr. Cormorant was a man of about thirty years of age, slight, with a delicately moulded figure. His eyes were of a watery blue, and his smile was very winning. He wore a fair moustache, and his hair was reddish and rather untidy. He looked gloomy, and shivered a little as he sat, palette in hand, staring vacantly at the big canvas. The morning was always a bad time for him, and it was with a look of genuine pleasure that he welcomed Uncle Fiddeyment.

"I'm so pleased to see you," he said. "I really don't feel in the humour for work this morning, so bring a chair to the fire and look at this letter that I have just received. That impertinent secretary has been really most insulting. It appears that he came up here at some period of last evening, and that some one threw him out, I think it must have been Arrogant, but I'm sure I can't remember—at any rate the fellow says he was hurt and insulted. He has also some foolish notion about my rent being overdue, it is really most unfortunate."

"St. James's is no place for Scotchmen," said Uncle Fiddeyment, as he tossed the letter into the grate. "Please do not let us talk of Mr. Mundell, it would make me dull for a day. I have just left Caradoc; he is working, and smoking too many cigarettes; they only make him stupid, and he is so cross. Decadence in the morning is like Brighton on the August Bank Holiday, very cheap and nasty, but he will try it, he is so conscientious. You and I have never been conscientious, Cormorant, so you shall dress, and we will lunch with Caradoc, and then take a walk in Piccadilly. Caradoc is going to tea with Mrs. Levy, but we will drink absinthe in the Cafe Royal and watch the players taking an intelligent interest in dominoes."

Lunch with the two Milnes was always a serious business, since, while the rules of decadence forbade the exhibition of a hearty appetite at breakfast time, they made no stipulations about lunch, and

the young gentlemen of Belvedere Mansions were accustomed to set about it very earnestly indeed. Mr. Caradoc Milnes was in the happiest of moods. He had found that the three epigrams which Uncle Fiddeyment had let drop earlier in the morning were sufficient material for the construction of a whole chapter, and he had just finished it with, he assured himself, even more than his accustomed brilliancy.

With flow of wine and wit the afternoon passed rapidly away. It was about four o'clock when Mr. Caradoc Milnes' hansom was announced, and after his two friends had assured him that the set of his frock-coat and the arrangement of his hair were quite perfect, he was driven rapidly towards Mayfair.

Mr. Cormorant and Uncle Fiddeyment walked slowly up St. James' Street in the direction of Piccadilly. They were both wearing long dun-coloured overcoats, Uncle Fiddeyment walking with a firm and youthful step while the artist limped a little in his progress. At the corner of Old Bond Street they met the Secretary and Mr. Birnbaum, who responded nervously to their polite salutations.

The Cafe Royal was full, and many of the most famous decadents of town were present to celebrate the hour of the absinthe. Uncle Fiddeyment and Mr. Cormorant passed slowly down the room, bowing to their intimates on every side, and sat down at last at a table near the opening into Glasshouse Street. A few sips of the opalescent liquid and the merry clink and clatter of the restaurant soon brought the two men into the happiest of moods, and Mr. Cormorant began to detail with great vivacity many ingenious schemes for solving the question of his pecuniary embarrassment. His chief hopes, he told Uncle Fiddeyment, were centered in an old aunt that he had, Lady Elizabeth Tittle, who enjoyed the possession of a large income and a fine house in Pont Street, and who had a passion for doing good among the middle classes. It was owing to her bounty, he said, and there was a trace of emotion in his voice, that he had been enabled to pursue his artistic

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studies in Paris and Vienna, since his father, who was an engineer retired on a pension, affected an abhorrence for any class of design that did not deal with the construction of railway bridges and aqueducts.

"I have spent many terrible hours," said Mr. Cormorant, "in accompanying Aunt Tittle to the great meetings which are her especial delight; I have



"SHE HAD A PASSION FOR DOING GOOD AMONG THE MIDDLE CLASSES"

inspected to the minutest sanitary detail the prodigiously ugly building which she has erected for the better housing of unmarried solicitors, and I have even gone so far as to design a cover for the magazine published by her pet church, which was returned by the Vicar with a most impolite note. She is," pursued Mr. Cormorant, with the air of a scientist discussing some interesting phenomenon, "a most worthy lady, and her

opinions are frequently referred to by the upper clergy. It was my fortune to introduce to her a retired gutta-percha merchant, who desired to spend the remainder of his life and immense wealth in the laudable endeavour to provide journalists with an university education. This, I am bound to say, failed, owing to the lamentable ingratitude of the journalists, who would cash the cheques provided them for the purpose of proceeding to Oxford, and with the money conduct unseemly revels in Fleet Street and the Strand. The few who did go were sent down almost immediately, and the directors of the fund received a pathetic letter, signed by the heads of twenty-three colleges and halls, praying them to send no more journalists. However, he was not discouraged by his failure, and my aunt has since found the honest fellow so painstaking and capable a partner in the majority of her ambitious schemes that she has always extended towards me the warmest affection. Widespread as are her charities, they do not consume her entire income, and I feel no reluctance in acquainting her with the rigour of my circumstances, and do not doubt that she will readily accede to my request for a little ready money. She has told me that I am her sole heir. She will leave nothing to charity, since she believes that no committee could possibly administer her fortune in the satisfactory manner that she has done herself. The thought of her thousands being dribbled away by incompetent management would prevent her, she declares, from resting quietly in her grave. But I fear I bore you," and Mr. Cormorant, who had been talking fluently in a clear and melodious voice, came to a sudden stop as he noticed with real concern that Uncle Fiddeyment was fumbling nervously with his glass. Hastily summoning the waiter, he continued.

"We have time for another absinthe. After that we will dine at a little restaurant that I know, near Portland Place. The proprietor is a man of infinite spirit and an appreciator of my art. There will be no necessity for immediate payment, and he will be delighted to meet you."

"Cormorant," said the old gentleman, as with practised hand he sent the little stream of water splashing on to the sugar, "your Aunt interests me immensely, and I am not in the least bored. How soon do you propose to negotiate the loan?"

"To-morrow night," answered the artist. "She is going to a meeting on the better understanding of the meat tea as a social force, and I am to sit with her on the platform. It is one of my less irksome duties, and I confess that I am not unwilling to go, for I like to watch the sea of earnest, upturned faces. Aunt Tittle is a very convincing denouncer; she was a great deal in America as a girl and studied under the best preachers. When she is at her best the younger members of the audience are often moved to tears, nor can I myself ever listen to her remarks about Brigham Young without a choky sensation in the throat. After the performance she is coming back to my flat for supper—by the way I must rely on your aid in the matter of getting something to eat and drink, the servants are beginning to obey that ridiculous Secretary's orders, and positively deny me food. Aunt Tittle has never seen my flat, her days are so taken up with good works that she has no time to waste on nephews, so she is going to be unconventional and come at night. I shall behave very nicely at the meeting, and at supper I shall lead the talk to money matters. That, Uncle Fiddeyment is all my plot, and now let us go to dinner. I must go home and work directly afterwards." Just then a little ugly man, like a monkey in a turn-down collar and spectacles, came across the room, and greeting the two men warmly, asked them to dine with him and go on to his box at the Empire. Mr. Cormorant and Uncle Fiddeyment accepted eagerly and they all went out of the restaurant together.

II.

Meanwhile, the secretary and Mr. Birnbaum had finished their walk, and about five o'clock in the afternoon were comfortably seated before a blazing fire in Mr. Mundell's dining room. There

was no light save what came from the fire, and the two men's faces were thrown into sharp relief as they looked towards the grate. They were talking slowly and composedly to each other, but the secretary's eyes were rather bright, and his assistant's hands trembled a little as he folded and unfolded his fingers across his knee. A large brown paper parcel lay upon the hearth-rug between them.

"I have been to Clarkson's," said Mr. Birnbaum, bending down to untie the strings of the package, "and I think I have got everything. Here is the uniform and here are the beard and eyebrows, I didn't bother about a wig. I tried the make-up in my room, and really the disguise is most complete." He produced a commissionaire's braided coat and trousers, almost exactly similar to those worn by the lift porter in Belvedere Mansions, and laid them on the table. Then he handed Mr. Mundell a short black beard which the latter fingered uneasily.

"Put the things on in the bedroom," he said, "and then walk in here quickly, so that I can judge the effect."

Mr. Birnbaum disappeared through the door and the secretary lit the burners of the chandelier. In a very few minutes Mr. Birnbaum walked rapidly into the room, assuming the military bearing that his volunteer drills had taught him. The transformation was quite startling, and the additional hair on the face and the tight-fitting coat made the little Jew almost distinguished. The heavy eyebrows lent a brilliance to his eyes and the black beard and side whiskers toned down the prominence of his nose.

"Excellent," said Mr. Mundell, "quite excellent. You had better take the things to your room now, while I ring for John Bol and give him a holiday; he can go to-night about ten, and you can take on the lift at once."

Mr. Mundell explained briefly to the porter that the management, being desirous of not over-working their servants, had decided to give him a week's holiday. The worthy fellow mumbled his astonished thanks, and retired at once to wire to his widowed mother in Cornwall announcing his

speedy arrival to pay a long promised visit.

At half-past twelve that night Mr. Cormorant left Romano's and walked slowly towards Trafalgar Square, joyously humming little snatches of French songs that he had learnt in Quarrier Latin days. The bars were disgorging their guests through all the length of the Strand, and Mr. Cormorant's progress was constantly interrupted by the noisy greetings of friends who were standing in groups at the doorways. He was alone, as Uncle Fiddeyment, in whom a good dinner produced an instant desire for sleep, had gone home two hours earlier. He reached Belvedere Mansions about one o'clock, and as he walked jauntily up the long half-lit hall, which was quite empty, despite his troubles, no man in London was happier than he.

A light shone through the lift door, which was open, and Mr. Cormorant turned quickly into the opening. His outstretched foot met no floor, and he was only saved from falling among the wheels that were whirling just below by clutching at the iron railing and wrenching himself back into the hall. The lift was not there, and the light that had deceived him shone from a lantern fixed against the damp stone wall of the shaft. Almost immediately the car dropped with a loud rattle, and he found himself staring into the face of a heavy-browed, black-bearded man, dressed in a commissioner's uniform, who glared at him wildly and mumbled an apology. For a few seconds they stood looking at one another, and a horrible sickly feeling came over Mr. Cormorant as he realised the dreadful death that he had so narrowly escaped. Then, very slowly, and without a word of reproach to the porter for his carelessness, he turned and walked quietly up the stairs. When he reached his own room, he sank back in a chair feeling dazed and terrified, while the dreadful picture of the black pit with its whirling wheels, that glistened as the flickering rays of the lantern met their oily surface, made constant menace before his eyes.

As soon as he had in a measure recovered from the shock, he could think more calmly, and the idea began to form slowly in his brain that there was some-

thing very suspicious in the whole matter. He never remembered the lift door to have been left open before, and that a lantern should have been hung to the wall without any ulterior design, seemed to him to be in the last degree improbable. Again, the fact of the new porter's evident uneasiness and a strange familiarity in the man's face that he could not account for, brought the sure conviction to him that he had very nearly been the victim of a foul plot. He knew that his presence in the Mansions was extremely obnoxious to the management, but he could never believe that dislike would lead the Secretary into a deliberate attempt upon his life. He determined to find Uncle Fiddeyment and ask his advice upon the matter.

Once more the clatter of the lift disturbed the silence of the house as he walked along the passage, and he reached the door that opened into the shaft just as Mr. Caradoc Milnes stopped out of the car. The porter's hand was stretched out to pull back the gate, and Mr. Cormorant's eye caught the glitter of a strangely fashioned ring which he recognised at once as having often seen worn by Mr. Birnbaum, the assistant-secretary. In a flash he realised the situation, and the familiarity of the man's face was explained. The porter was Mr. Birnbaum himself, disguised with a beard and whiskers, and the occurrence of the open door and the lantern, was part of a deliberate attempt on his life. Mr. Cormorant shivered as the remembrance of his stumble over the edge of the pit, and the shrieking fall of the car came back to him with terrible distinctness, and clutching at Mr. Milnes' arm, he pleaded a sudden faintness. Leaning heavily on the young gentleman, he passed with him into his flat.

Mr. Milnes was in the highest of spirits, for he had spent a most delightful evening, without forgetting a single epigram that he had prepared, and two publishers and a whole room-full of distinguished people had laughed continually at his pleasant witticisms. He was genuinely disturbed at Mr. Cormorant's distress, and after hearing a brief version of the sad story, readily acceded to his proposal of waking Uncle

Fiddeyment and thoroughly discussing the matter. In another ten minutes, the old gentleman was comfortably installed in an armchair by the fireside, and with a long glass at his elbow and an opium tainted cigarette between his lips, was gravely listening to Mr. Cormorant's recital of the affair of the lift, and his subsequent discovery of the wicked plot. He looked very dignified and distinguished, and as the firelight threw fantastic shadows across his kindly face and great massive brow, many of his young friends who were accustomed to regard the old man as a mere figure of fun, would have been startled to see how firm and steadfast an expression a real emotion could lend his countenance to wear.

"There is no doubt at all, Cormorant," he said, as the artist concluded his story, "that a dastardly attempt has been made upon your life. The porter John Bol told me, on my return earlier this evening, that the Secretary had very suddenly given him a holiday and insisted that he should start within a few hours. He had even made him a present of some money for his railway fare, and this most certainly confirms your suspicions. The Secretary and his creature, that detestable little Jew Birnbaum, have concocted this plot between them, for you have not, I believe, paid your rent for some months. Moreover, I have been given to understand by Lumsden, the head waiter, who is confidential to me, that several of the men who have recently left the Mansions have pretended the reason that the noise made by yourself and your friends made a further stay insupportable. So, for these very trivial and ridiculous reasons—that Scotch criminal Mundell and his assistant have determined to get you out of the way."

"It would have been a most dreadful death," said Caradoc Milnes. "Conceive the fall among the wheels and the crushing blow of the lift, oh horrible! The idea has quite taken the taste of Mrs. Merrilee's delightful supper out of my mouth."

"They will certainly try again, or invent some new trap," said Mr. Cormorant. "What am I to do?"

"It would be capital to push the Se-

cretary in himself," said Uncle Fiddeyment, "but I doubt it could be managed, and our suspicions hardly justify an appeal to the police."

"It is so hard," said Mr. Cormorant, "for I am sure that my aunt would have given me some money; at any rate she will not live very long, and I am the heir. I have the best prospects of being presently a rich man, and am I to go in fear of my life? It is very hard indeed."

Caradoc Milnes sat bolt upright and struck a sounding blow on the table. "Cormorant," he said, "do you love your Aunt?"

"I have an excellent respect for her," said Mr. Cormorant in a surprised tone, "but I could not really love any one so dreadfully inartistic."

"Then," said the young gentleman, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "she must be the victim of the trap, you must push her in, Cormorant, you must push her in."

As he said this, a bright happy light came into the young man's eyes. He looked extremely young and ingenuous, and smiled with all the glee of a school-boy who has hit on some clever plan for deceiving a master. There was no pose now in Caradoc Milne's manner, he was frankly, absurdly happy, as he leant back laughing towards his father and his friend, and waiting for their approval of his plot. The brilliancy of the idea had taken immediate power of speech from the other two; they sat spellbound and gazed reverentially at Caradoc Milnes.

Uncle Fiddeyment was the first to break the silence; the grave and serious bearing that had characterised his attention to Mr. Cormorant's story gave place in a flash to an abandon of laughter and the solemn lines that had held down the corners of his mouth twitched into an ecstasy of merriment. Mr. Cormorant's heart was too full for words, but there was a wonderful gratitude in his eyes as he ran to Caradoc Milnes and wrung his hand again and again. The young gentleman jumped to his feet.

"Father," he shouted, "Champagne! The Roederer '84, we have still a few bottles left, and can they fall in a worthier cause than the pledging of Charles Cormorant's future happiness. This shall be a great night, let us drink

in the dawn of the day that is so heavy with fate for us."

The wine foamed merrily into the glasses, and, standing in front of the fireplace with his two friends on either side, Mr. Cormorant, in a firm, manly voice, proposed the health of the trap of Belvedere Mansions. They sat long in eager debate, and the Roederer gave place to some wonderful Waterloo year brandy, while Mr. Cormorant built studios in the air, and Caradoc invited all the charming people that he knew to stay in them. When at last Uncle Fiddeyment had definitely settled the details and the furniture of Mr. Cormorant's two great ateliers in Buda-Pesth and Paris, when Caradoc had composed the letter bidding the guests to the inaugural feast, and when Mr. Cormorant himself had made a grotesque design for the menu cards, they saw that day was even now upon them. The curtains of the dark were shaken by the birth pangs of the morning, which was preparing to leap into light. Through the windows the grey light crept slowly, laying cold fingers on the disorder of their revel. The stealthy on-coming of dawn chilled them, and the merriment died from them, as the relentless machinery of the world banished the night. They began to speak of rest and sleep, to fit them for the business that was to do; the sickness of departed merriment was on them all, and the creeping morning was very ghastly. Suddenly a sparrow lighted on the window ledge and began to make small noises. The fat little bird amused Uncle Fiddeyment, who began to laugh. As his chuckles filled the room, the most charming change came over the scene. The sun appeared, the shadows shrivelled up and whisked up the chimney or under the door, and bright sunshine filled the room.

"Let us," said Uncle Fiddeyment, smacking his great hand on his thigh, "let us go to the Westminster baths and swim for half-an-hour; we shall need cool heads for this night's

work. Come Cormorant, come Caradoc, the sun bids us forth, the streets will be glorious with the joy of the morning, and we shall be the three merriest men in all London."

They clattered down the staircase, and when they reached the passage, Uncle Fiddeyment waved his hand and flung a merry jest at the lift door. "Mis-directed Engine of Death," he cried, "to-day you should be hung with garlands, for to-day you shall be the proud instrument of Charles Cormorant's glorious future." So they passed out into the street, arm in arm, very happily, smiling to each other as they went.

* * * * *

The sight of Mr. Cormorant walking alive and well into Mr. Milnes' flat had been too much for Mr. Birnbaum.



"THEY PASSED INTO THE STREET ARM IN ARM"

Slamming and bolting the gates of the lift, he had consigned all later arrivals to the labour of the stairs, and had made his way quickly to the Secretary, who was anxiously awaiting him in his office. Tearing off his beard and eye-brows, he stamped his foot in uncontrollable rage.

"I have failed," he hissed, "failed by a cursed yard; the brute is unharmed; if he had dared to come up with me in the lift I believe I would have beat the life out of him with my hands."

The Secretary was sitting in an ecstasy of nervous excitement. It was obvious that he had been drinking heavily, and his eyes were red and dilated, with deep encircling furrows puckered up all round them. For an hour he had sat thus, a prey to the most conflicting emotions, now confident, now terrified, now torn by the bitterest hatred, his long fingers beating an endless devil's tattoo on the table before him. He rose as Mr. Birnbaum entered and raised a warning finger. "Quiet, man," he said, "it can't be helped; we shall catch him to-morrow night; I'll tie a string across the doorway and then he will not be able to help stumbling in."

"By the Lord above," said the Jew, "I swear that within two days I will kill Charles Cormorant," and gathering up the parts of his disguise that he had thrown down he adjusted them hastily and walked sulkily to his own rooms.

All that day Uncle Fiddeyment and Caradoc Milnes were inseparable companions to Mr. Cormorant. Towards the evening he became very agitated, and it required all Uncle Fiddeyment's most sparkling epigrams and Caradoc's liveliest conversation to keep him steadfast to his purpose. About six o'clock, while they were strolling in Piccadilly, he had a very severe attack of nervousness and had to be hurried into St. James' restaurant. As soon as he was inside the door he rested his elbows on the counter of the American bar, and burying his face between his hands wept bitterly, to the marked consternation of the bar-tender. He allowed himself at last to be led to a seat, and began

between his sobs to relate several touching anecdotes of his childhood and the many kindnesses shown to him by his aunt. A lady who was sitting near, was greatly moved, and offered him her richly chased silver smelling-bottle. The pungent fumes revived Mr. Cormorant a little, and he begged his friends to excuse him his momentary weakness.

"Courage, my friend," said Uncle Fiddeyment; "you must not be influenced by sentiment. Think of the glorious future, for the time is very near at hand, and so soon as our great affair is concluded we will all three go to Paris and commence the proper spending of this great fortune which has hitherto been so unfortunately misdirected."

The cheery speech lent fresh bravery to Mr. Cormorant, and when at eight o'clock Caradoc and Uncle Fiddeyment waved their handkerchiefs after the rapidly disappearing hansom that was bearing him to Exeter Hall, they knew that, come what might, he would not fail in the honest and straightforward execution of his duty.

It wanted several minutes to the hour of commencement when Mr. Cormorant stood on the steps of Exeter Hall, and suppressing an almost irresistible impulse to fly to Romano's, he made his way to the committee-room.

Lady Elizabeth Tittle, her ample form swathed in a simple gown of black satin, was seated in the midst of a perfect mob of dowagers among whom the attendant clergy flitted like the players in an elaborate game of general post. She wore a simple gold bracelet set with a few emeralds of great value that flashed as she waved her hand in animated conversation with the Dean of Ridgminster, and Mr. Cormorant, when he noticed the familiar stones, decided that they would make a really pretty set of sleeve links. The Lady Elizabeth Tittle was a cheery old thing that one forgave at once for not being young. She had all the charm of fat, a rare quality, and her eyes, albeit they were foolish eyes, wore a genial and kindly expression. Though she was an earnest person, she did not look as if she was an earnest person, and you could hand her



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"TOWARDS THE EVENING HE BECAME VERY AGITATED"

the crumpets at an afternoon tea with no twinge of discomfort.

She welcomed Mr. Cormorant with a little squeak of pleasure, and squeezed his hand affectionately between both her mittened palms.

"Oh Charles," she said, in the high pitched voice of the public speaker at bay, "I'm delighted that you've come; you know Mr. Ladbrooke I think; he really thinks that tea with a heavy meal tends to make the middle classes sullen; help me to prove how utterly wrong he is."

Mr. Cormorant was not an authority on tea, but he argued with the Dean in the pleasantest manner in the world, and was deep in a most interesting discussion about the new Altar pictures in Ridgminster Abbey when the Duchess of Salford's butler, who was always retained on these occasions because of his Episcopal manner, announced that the meeting was about to commence.

The dowagers and clergy filed into the hall, and took their seats in a semi-circle, like Mr. Burgess' Minstrels, and Mr. Cormorant, sitting by his aunt in the centre of the imposing group, felt, as he placed his white-gloved hands on his knees, that he bore a ridiculous resemblance to Massa Johnson, at the St. James' Hall. The three weary, smokeless, drinkless hours of monotonous oration passed very painfully for him, and as he heard the cab bells tinkle out in the Strand, and the omnibuses rumble east and west, he thought enviously of the Milnes, father and son, doubtless comfortably established in a merry pub, speculating philosophically about the impending tragedy of the night. He inspected the programme wearily. The list of turns was certainly attractive. Two cabinet ministers, a society actor, some deans, and a host of highly connected ladies, made a combination that should

certainly produce an awed obedience in the assembled representatives of the middle classes. Mr. Cormorant made a pencil mark against the names of the speakers from whom he expected to obtain a little amusement. However, the Bishop of Ledwick, the star of the evening, was painfully dull, and Mr. Herbert Storm, of the King's Theatre, was obviously biased in his remarks by his relation to an eminent tea and bacon merchant. It is true that the expulsion of two persons connected with the press, who suffered themselves to be audibly critical, provided a brief interval of excitement, but Mr. Cormorant was unable to suppress a feeling of intense relief when the Rev. Sydney Bagehot dismissed the vast audience with some well-selected quotations from the Old Testament, and a few gracious words of thanks to the president.

He was prominent in the hunt for carriages, and, after a vigorous search, and a hurried visit to Fleming's, was soon seated with the Lady Elizabeth Tittle in the family coach which had been constructed for the coronation of King William IV. The press of vehicles was very great, and the magnificent pair of bays that were the constant envy of Lady Tittle's relations on her husband's side, stamped impatiently as they were wedged between steaming omnibus horses, waiting for the fall of the policeman's imperious hand. There had been some rain during the evening, but now the sky was quickly clearing, and the long finger of the Nelson monument pointed to a bright star-spangled vault. Through the shaggy drift of clouds that still hung over the house-tops, the absinthe-coloured moon peered like a sea-lion's eye, and Mr. Cormorant, as he stared out of the window, was rapidly arranging skylines for use in future pictures.

The conversation ran lightly from matters of general philanthropy to those of the family circle, and Mr. Cormorant was arguing in a most convincing manner that his cousin, the Earl of Hanley, who had married his valet's widow, was really a public-spirited gentleman, when the sudden stoppage of the horses and the presence of the heavily-caped footman at the door

announced their arrival at Belvedere Mansions.

He jumped out hastily, and while Lady Tittle was still arranging her skirts and furs in the gloom of the carriage, his eye involuntarily sought the upper part of the building. From a corner window of the fourth floor the blind had been drawn a little back, and as the gleam of light shot from the opening across the roadway, Mr. Cormorant knew that Uncle Fiddeyment and Caradoc were waiting anxiously. From a lower window, right above the hall door, he caught a momentary glimpse of a pair of malignant eyes above a heavy black beard, that were watching him intently. He laughed a little as his aunt leant heavily on his arm, and together they walked slowly down the long, dim passage.

The house was absolutely still, and as their feet sank into the heavy carpet there was no sound save the rustle of Lady Tittle's skirts, and the loud ticking of the staircase clock. Then there was a little clicking noise and a distant rumble of wheels turning slowly high up in the building, and Mr. Cormorant knew that the assistant had shut himself into the car, and was poised for his murderous drop through the shaft. A light shone through the lift door, and a faint smell of oil came into the hall, making, it seemed to him, the device so transparent that he remembered with a feeling of great thankfulness, his aunt's extreme short-sightedness. He did not hesitate for a moment, but leading the way to the door with a firm step, he bowed to Lady Tittle to enter. The old lady walked quickly forward, and catching first one foot and then the other in a wire which had been stretched across the gateway, pitched with a terrified scream into the pit, while, simultaneously, the lights of the lift car leaped into view before Mr. Cormorant's eyes. There was a horrible crunching noise, the screech of stopping wheels, and a black-bearded man, with wildly glittering eyes, rushed through the door, and, stumbling to the opposite wall, buried his face between his hands.

Mr. Cormorant watched his heaving shoulders for a few seconds, and then

realising that he was the possessor of two millions of money, mounted the stairs with a free and assured step.

For nearly an hour Uncle Fiddeyment and Caradoc had been sitting in the dining room of their flat, starting at every sound of stopping wheels, and rising continually to watch the street for Mr. Cormorant's coming. At last Uncle Fiddeyment beckoned Caradoc to join him at the window, and the two men saw the fore-shortened figures of a stout old lady and a slim man, who limped in his walk, move across the pavement from a carriage, and disappear under the glare of the hall lantern. Then, after a seemingly incredible length of time, they heard footsteps coming quickly down the passage, and the door swung open to admit Mr. Cormorant.

"It is done," he said, with great composure. "Death must have been almost instantaneous; there was only one scream. I think Mr. Birnbaum believes he has killed me; I was standing back in the shadow and he is blubbering down in the hall like a girl, quite unnerved."

"How shocked they will be when they find out their mistake," said Caradoc, "for of course the poor men don't know that now you are very rich; and how pleased the Secretary will be to get your cheque."

"I trust that Mr. Birnbaum will not be put in prison," said Mr. Cormorant; "he has done me the greatest of services. I will, I think, advance him to a position of trust in my household."

Uncle Fiddeyment's laughter rang loud and clear through the room, while he banged with his feet and hands on the table and floor in a pure ecstasy of childish glee, till the glasses all danced on the sideboard, and the white roses fluttered down from the picture of Charles the First and lay in a crumpled heap on the carpet. His great head wagged on his quivering shoulders as he struggled through his uncontrollable mirth to voice his congratulations to Mr. Cormorant. Caradoc Milnes was laughing too, but there was a reserved self-conscious note in his merriment. It was the deprecatory laugh of the genius to his admiring friends, and he

patted Mr. Cormorant on the shoulder with a friendly grace as the artist poured out his thanks to the inventor of the great and wonderful scheme.

For a long time they sat talking, and in the joyful flow of mirth and jest and breathless anticipation, the murmur and scurry of the scared, awakened household passed all unnoticed by their heedless ears. High up in one of the topmost floors Mr. Birnbaum whimpered as he watched a heap of hair and cloth flame and sizzle and crumble to ashes in the flaming grate, while downstairs the burly constables tramped the corridors.

In the middle of an hysterical group of maids and tenants, the Secretary, white and trembling, answered the crisp interrogations of a suspicious inspector, shuddering to see the pencils of the reporters tracing rapid hieroglyphics in the pages of their note-books.

Next day, while Caradoc Milnes interviewed his tailor in Conduit Street and Uncle Fiddeyment was superintending the packing in Belvedere Mansions, Mr. Cormorant had a long interview with Messrs. Citron and Frost, his aunt's solicitors. Mr. Frost received the young artist in person, and while showing a perfectly sincere sorrow for the lamentable decease of his esteemed client, congratulated Mr. Cormorant warmly on his succession to so magnificent a fortune. He begged that during the necessary formalities for proving the will, Mr. Cormorant would allow him to make any convenient advances of money, and in the misty dawn of the following morning the three conspirators climbed the steep gangway from the deck of the s. s. *Tamise* to the Quay at Dieppe.

For a month they lived in a little village near the town. Oh! the happy joyous days while Uncle Fiddeyment drank deep at the estaminet, and Mr. Cormorant sketched among the fields or on the plage, and Caradoc went daily to Dieppe to talk with the great folk from St. Petersburg or Paris who came from their villas and hotels to the Casino. Like all good things their stay was soon ended, and after the postman had brought a letter from Messrs. Citron and Frost to say that all arrangements were completed for Mr.

Cormorant's accession to his heritage, Uncle Fiddeyment set once more to the packing, while Caradoc and Cormorant bade touching adieus to their friends in the town. Ere long, one bright, fair morning, half a hundred handkerchiefs were fluttering at the pier-head as, from the good ship *Tamise*, the friends waved their farewells and set their faces firmly towards England.

in the affair of Lady Tittle's death, and many of his old clients, hearing of Mr. Cormorant's departure, had returned to Belvedere Mansions, so that it was with a real pleasure and a pleasant recollection of their earlier friendship that the Secretary hastened to accept Mr. Cormorant's invitation to luncheon. After a little correspondence, Mr. Birnbaum had agreed to enter Mr.



"FOR A MONTH THEY LIVED IN A LITTLE VILLAGE"

A few days later a tall, angular man, from whose broad shoulders a long neck, sticking out stiffly from a low collar, bore a face in which the wolf and the fox struggled for mastery, stepped into the hall of the Hotel Cecil, and, giving his name as Mr. Mundell, desired to be shown into Mr. Cormorant's presence. He had been exonerated from all blame

Cormorant's service as body servant, and in a few minutes, vested in the magnificent Cormorant liveries, he bowed Mr. Mundell into his master's presence.

Mr. Cormorant, Uncle Fiddeyment, and Mr. Caradoc Milnes, were seated at a table that bore a most elegant lunch, and Uncle Fiddeyment, who was

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dressed in a beautifully fitting frock-coat, stretched out his hand with a glad shout of welcome to the Secretary.

The others were no less hearty in their greeting and all four were presently drinking champagne out of the great silver tankards that had been given to an ancestor of Lady Tittle's by the Black Prince himself. They pledged the good luck of Belvedere Mansions, and chatting in the most amiable manner in the world about the event of a month ago, discussed Mr. Cormorant's brilliant future. As good Birnbaum brought pen and ink, and Mr. Cormorant drew a cheque for the exact amount that he owed the Secretary, Uncle Fiddeyment could not restrain his emotion. It was a touching sight.

The shadows had all gone, a new and glorious day had dawned, there was no more ill feeling, and everything was like the ending of some romantic tale. Good Birnbaum himself felt compelled to shed a furtive tear. Never was there a more affecting scene, and in after years it became the dearest reminiscence of the Secretary, who always remained Mr. Cormorant's true, though humble friend.

After a little more champagne had been drunk, the Secretary took a profuse leave, and accompanied by The Young Gentleman, who was walking a distance upon his way, left the Hotel.

Mr. Cormorant sank into a deep sleep.

There was no one there but Uncle Fiddeyment.



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Clouds

WRITTEN BY ERNEST G. HENHAM. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



CLOUDS are familiar objects to all of us, in fact we sometimes think that we see far too much of them. How many people, hurrying on their business or pleasure, give them a serious thought, except to remark carelessly upon some particularly beautiful sky-picture, unless it is when they are preparing for a day's excursion, and anxiously watch the dark masses as they roll up with threatenings of rain? Perhaps a little general information concerning the natural roof that hovers over us may not be unacceptable.

First of all let us consider the cause of cloud formation. We may rise on a clear summer's morning to find a cloudless sky, but in a short time up come the heavy masses, blotting out blue sky and sun, and down pours the rain. These clouds have drifted up gradually with the wind, but how did they come into existence? In this way: when the air at any part of the atmosphere is cooled below the temperature of the dew point, a portion of the vapour that is suspended in the atmosphere becomes condensed, that is converted into little drops of water, and the result is fog, or a cloud, according as the condensation takes place near the ground or in some higher region. This sounds a little scientific, and we must hasten to explain the meaning of the term dew point. By it we understand the temperature to which the actual temperature of the air must be reduced, in order that the vapour which it contains may be wrung out as it were in sufficient quantities to saturate it. We call it the dew point, because it forms a limit, and when the temperature drops below this limit, the air is no longer capable of holding the vapour, some of which is deposited as

dew. For a familiar instance, take a sponge that is in constant use and squeeze it between the hands, when drops of water will be forced out.

We have all noticed the dew in summer and the frost in winter. They are precisely the same things; but not everyone, perhaps, has observed that the supply of each is entirely withheld on a cloudy night. During the day the earth receives from the sun far more heat than she gives forth, but when night comes the surface cools rapidly, with the result that there is a deposit of dew, or if the temperature drops below 32 degrees (Fahr.) the dew becomes frost. The clouds form a protective mantle to the earth against the cold of space. Certainly the earth gives forth its heat, but the clouds intercept this heat and simply return it to the earth. Those of us who are gardeners are in the habit of protecting our young plants, when the temperature approaches freezing point, by throwing a matting, or some such covering, over them. We know why we do this, and we ought to understand the principle that is involved. The heat continually rises, but the covering as persistently arrests it and returns it to the earth. This goes on all the time, and thus the plants are kept from becoming nipped by the frost. To all intents and purposes this covering over the plants serves exactly the same purpose as the kindly clouds that protect the earth.

We understand that there is nothing massive about the clouds apart from their appearance. They are composed merely of watery vapour, collections of tiny vesicles of water floating in the atmosphere, marking the stage between actual vapour and rain, which rain is poured down at intervals upon the

earth. We know that the clouds give us rain, but is everyone aware that we are only being given back what has been taken away from us, that in fact the clouds are vehicles for removing water from places where it can be spared to spots where it is required? And this brings us to the strange fact of ceaseless change. Note the drops of rain that patter cheerily upon your umbrella. They are falling for the first time, you think? It is hard to realise, unless we have a thorough grasp of the principles of chemistry, that those very drops may have fallen upon the primitive monkey before the age of man had arrived. Everything in nature, each blade of grass, or drop of water, is indestructible. You may take your rain-drop, you may analyse it, swallow it, what you will, but it will defeat you; it will return to vapour, fall again as moisture, and so on, round and round the cycle of ceaseless change as long as the laws of nature hold good.

But we have not sufficiently explained how the rain is made. We may state very broadly that when the thermometer is rising clouds are being formed, that is to say the increase of heat is busy converting water into vapour and replenishing the aqueous atmosphere; when the thermometer is falling the clouds are emptied, that is to say the reduction of temperature condenses part of the vapour, which falls to the ground under the name of rain. We must remember that it is only the clouds which are thus seriously affected by the change of temperature; the atmosphere itself is composed almost entirely of oxygen and nitrogen, two invisible and colourless gases which the most intense cold will not reduce to liquids; were it not so, existence under our present form would be impossible; these two important gases moderate the action of the clouds, influence the changes, and regulate our rain supply. We have said that heat draws water into the air in the form of vapour, but the process is a lengthy one. It may be compared to a drop of water falling at intervals into a sponge; it is a long time before either air or sponge can be saturated. When the air becomes so, the slightest fall in temperature forms what we may call

the squeezing process, and down comes —not all the rain. Certainly not. Just that portion of the vapour that these invaluable gases, oxygen and nitrogen, have permitted to be condensed. When the Almighty brought the flood to destroy the earth, we believe that He simply suspended the operations of the atmospheric gases for the time. Here is the process of rain-making. Take the dirty puddle that gleams in your street under the powerful rays of the sun. The latter draws up this water into vapour; the vapour condenses into vesicles, literally tiny hollow bubbles of water, so light that they float together, millions of them, and form a cloud, and when these bubbles are broken by reduction of temperature, they fall, either in drops of rain, or in flakes of snow. Watch a child blowing soap bubbles, and notice, when the bubble bursts, that a single drop of water falls to the ground. It is the same principle.

But, some will say, how is it that rain is so unevenly distributed? Clouds drift everywhere, but how often do we hear of rain falling over the desert of Sahara? It is a natural question, but one that can be easily answered. Many of us look upon mountains as huge masses of barren rock, cumbersome and useless, spread over territory that might have been valuable had it only been flat and verdant; at first sight we do not perceive how there can possibly be any sympathy between clouds and mountains. That such an attraction does exist, many a small country knows to its salvation. Notice how the mountain chains are distributed over the face of the earth in fair and just proportion; evidently they were not so placed without an object. Compare the mountain-enclosed region with the flat desert; one is covered with fruit, flowers, and verdure, while the other shows nothing but arid sand, where the wanderer must perish unless he is well provided with supplies. The reason for all this rests simply upon the fact that mountains are nothing more or less than condensers, which attract the clouds and drain them of their contents. The numerous rivers that have their sources among the mountains afford us the best proof of this, nor is



FIG. 1

this the only way in which mountains benefit the human race; we may return to this subject later. Forests have the same power, on a lesser scale, of thus attracting clouds.

When we come to consider the classification of clouds, we find that they exist in three primary forms, namely, Cirrus, Cumulus, and Stratus, from which we obtain the modifications, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Cumulo-stratus, Cirro-cumulo-stratus. This last variety is the most interesting, and many will recognise it more readily by its other name, Nimbus.

Cirrus (Fig. 1) is the daintiest and in some respects the most beautiful of all the clouds. It is also the loftiest, not infrequently attaining the height of ten miles. We have all seen this lovely cloud on a bright clear day, and have compared it to everything that is pretty and fragile, such as a feather, which it often resembles, though it varies greatly both in extent and form. It would, however, be impossible to give it a more fitting name than the one it possesses, which signifies first a tendril, and later a lock of hair. The density of this cloud is very slight, and it is thought to be composed of minute snow crystals.

Any unoccupied person, sitting in the open when cirrus is present overhead, might do worse than while away an hour watching the dainty fragments. During that time, he may see a complete change, or he may leave the scene practically as it was when he first looked upon it. If the cirrus is near other clouds, he may see it disappear quite suddenly—melt as it were like a hand-

ful of snow in the sun. By this he may know that the cirrus is on a low level. If little or no change takes place, he may learn that the cirrus is in a lofty position, and quite isolated from other clouds.

As this fragile cloud is of great service in indicating coming storms, we must here briefly mention the wind. Most people, when they wish to know the direction of the wind, look round for a weathercock. If they looked at the clouds, they might notice detached fragments floating in contrary directions, and they would rush to the conclusion that such erratic messengers could be nothing but unreliable. As a matter of fact, this is just where the clouds are so serviceable. If we had not them to guide us, we could not be so accurate in forecasting weather and approaching changes. The weathercock has scarcely any value at all, and no meteorologist would dream of going by it when making his observations. It is the clouds that give him his information regarding the wind. Now the cirrus, owing to its lofty position, shows in its motions the general movements of the upper atmosphere. We have little other means of discovering the direction of these currents, therefore it is the beautiful cirrus that so often warns us of that approaching atmospheric change which threatens us when we open our morning paper and glance at the forecast.

Cumulus (Fig. 2) is another beauty, and is popularly known as the "cloud of day," because the conditions necessary for its formation are more commonly



FIG. 2

present in the day. Though this cloud is formed during the hours of light, it may often be seen after dark, and very beautiful is the sight of cumulus on a clear, quiet night. This cloud forms a few hours after sunrise, goes on increasing until the hottest part of the day, and is supposed to vanish about sunset; but, as may be gathered by observation, it by no means allows itself to be bound down by these arbitrary rules. We all know the appearance of this cloud—convex masses piled one upon another, as implied by its name. Probably many of us have indulged in some happy day-dream, lying among the heather, lulled by the murmur of the bees, and watching the mighty masses of the great white snow mountains, as we have aptly named the cumulus. There is no sight in nature more gratifying or more soothing; the cumulus is as essentially the fair weather cloud, as the cirrus is the cloud of fragile beauty. Towards evening we have seen the white crests dyed by the colours of the setting sun—colours that increase and grow darker as the shadows rise. Taking our scientific peep at this impressive cloud, we find that, unlike the cirrus, it is a cloud of dense structure; under the heading cumulus are included all clouds that have a rounded form. This globular apex is caused by the ascending current, which is much stronger at the centre than at any other part, and therefore carries up the vapour to a greater height. For a comparison, look at a sail bellying, as the expression is, with the wind. It is a lower atmosphere cloud, and moves

with the earth winds, being entirely uninfluenced by the air of the upper strata. The cumulus is formed by currents of warm air, rising from the ground as the latter is heated by the sun; of course, when the air reaches a stratum that is cold enough to reduce its temperature below the dew point (as explained above) it becomes condensed into cloud. For an analogy, look at the condensed steam that issues from the spout of a kettle.

Other varieties of this cloud are the Small Cumulus (Fig. 3) and the Roll Cumulus (Fig. 4). The latter is very rarely seen, and an inexperienced eye might set it down as a variety of cirro-stratus. The rounded pipe-like appearance shows that it is a true cumulus.

Looking at Stratus (Fig. 5) after cumulus is something like turning from the pleasures to the dark realities of life. This ominous cloud is very like the storm-cloud, indeed the latter is sometimes called stratus in meteorology, for



FIG. 3

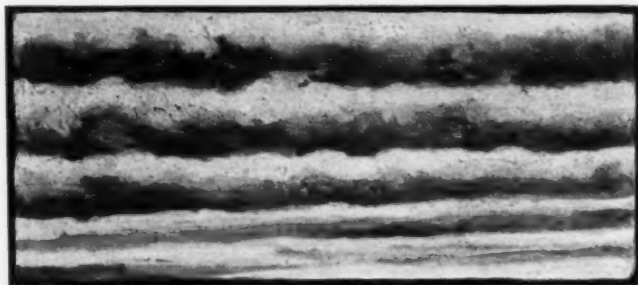


FIG. 4

unless rain be actually falling at the time of observation, the clouds are recorded, not as nimbi, but strati. The actual operation of the storm is necessary before a cloud can be nimbus. The stratus is a broadly-extended horizontal sheet spread over the face of the sky, increasing in density as it proceeds upwards. Although it is called the "cloud of night," we often see it by day, indeed almost any winter's day in London we may look upon the depressing prospect

earth and spreads upwards gradually; as a natural consequence the condensation of vapour appears first near the earth; it increases as it spreads upwards, as numerous layers of air are cooled below the dew point. Nor is this all; smoke, soot, and particles of dust contribute to the density of the stratus, not only by their actual presence, but because each such particle as it is cooled by radiation, receives a deposit of water from the air. The stratus is

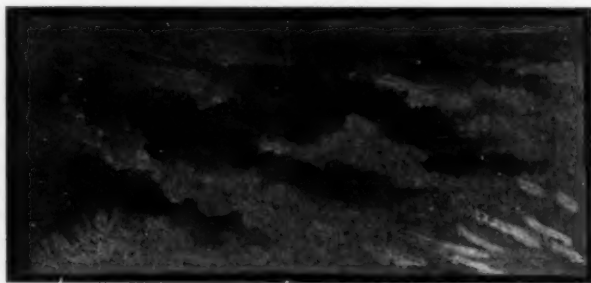


FIG. 5

of the dark sheet of vapour spread above the foggy mist of carbonic-acid gas that is formed by the smoke of a million or more chimneys. The theory of the stratus is that it forms about sunset, grows denser during the night, and is dispelled by the rays of the morning sun. It is caused by vapours that have risen during the day; towards evening these vapours naturally approach the earth, because the ascending currents fail for lack of heat. During the night the cooling of the air begins near the

usually accompanied by small white patches of cloud that at first sight seem to have no affinity with it. These are known as detached strati (A, Fig. 5), which have been broken off from the parent cloud. From what we have said it can readily be gathered that the stratus belongs to the lower atmosphere.

We come to the modifications of the three fundamental types, which, with a single exception, we may dismiss with a few words. First we have cirrocumulus (Fig. 6), which, as its name

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implies, is a mixture of cirrus and cumulus. This is an upper atmosphere cloud that is dear to the heart of the artist, who, by the way, generally does all he can to improve upon nature. The cirro-cumulus forms what is known as the mackerel sky, and the quaint little groups of clouds have been compared to all sorts of things; the best comparison

the mock suns and moons, the Coronæ, and Halos. It is formed through the gradual settling down of cirrus through the atmosphere. In some respects this is the most interesting cloud of the series, as it is, *par excellence*, the fantastic cloud of fiction and fact. For this is the cloud which forms those strange shapes of giants and monsters



FIG. 6

is a flock of sheep, which they certainly resemble. This cloud is formed from cirrus, by the tendrils of the latter breaking; they then collapse into the roundish masses we are all familiar with on a quiet summer's day. The holiday-maker may rejoice when he sees the mackerel sky, for cirro-cumulus is a sure sign of dry and warm weather.

that we sometimes gaze upon in wonder. This is the cloud that has given the idea of the fighting warriors of the air, with many another sky-picture, to the poets and writers of old. This is the cloud that Hamlet pointed out to Polonius, with the words, "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?" This cloud is frequently broken up

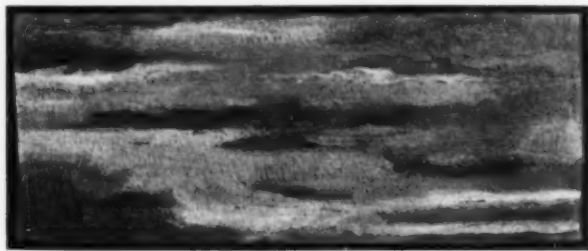


FIG. 7

The blend that naturally follows is that known as cirro-stratus (Fig. 7) another lofty cloud, and one endowed with most erratic tendencies; sometimes it descends to quite a low level, and then it ceases to be a snow cloud and becomes a water cloud. It possesses very wide extent indeed, and is the cloud through which are exhibited

into groups that resemble shoals of fish. The cirro-stratus will amply repay a long and careful observation with its Protean freaks of change.

Cumulo-stratus (Fig. 8) is perhaps the grandest of all the clouds. It lacks the beauty of the simple cumulus, and possesses few points of real interest to the non-scientist. It rises from a

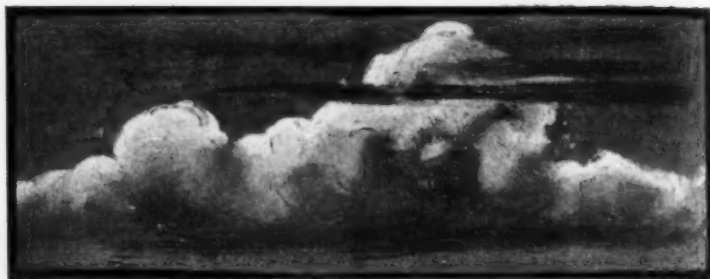


FIG. 8

horizontal stratum and forms great overhanging masses of cumulus, while it is formed, as may readily be guessed, by a blending of cirro-stratus with the snow mountains of the cumulus, and is not infrequently traversed by lines of dark cloud; it has been called the "mushroom cloud," as it sometimes assumes the form of a gigantic fungus. It is a lower atmosphere cloud, like the last and greatest of them all.

Cirro-cumulo-stratus, or Nimbus (Fig. 9), deserves an article to itself. This is the rain-cloud, or the storm-cloud, which has been the object of human fear and veneration from the very earliest times. As its name implies, it is a composite cloud made up of the three primary forms. As it advances across the sky, an observer may notice that its front presents a marked outline, like that of a heavy cumulo-stratus, with some cirrus above. When it has overspread the sky, it is mixed up with the falling rain and assumes a uniform dark appearance.

We know that the storm-cloud is a very terrible thing, and some of us

have witnessed its power; we have seen houses, trees, beasts, and men broken and destroyed by its discharges of electricity. Let us see how it obtains this power. Electricity, as we all know, is caused by friction; the wind bears along the storm-cloud at a slight distance above the earth, with the result that the latter becomes from this friction an electric machine, while the rain-charged clouds, after so much rubbing against the mountains and trees are surcharged with the electric fluid, which escapes in sparks we call lightning and in discharges we have named thunder. We cannot wonder at the severity of our storms, but rather at the mildness of their nature, when we consider the immense amount of electricity that has been thus stored away. The reason that we are not altogether destroyed by the storm-cloud is because nature has provided the earth with billions of conductors, that are constantly and gradually draining off the electricity. The most important of these conductors are the lofty mountain chains to which we promised to revert;

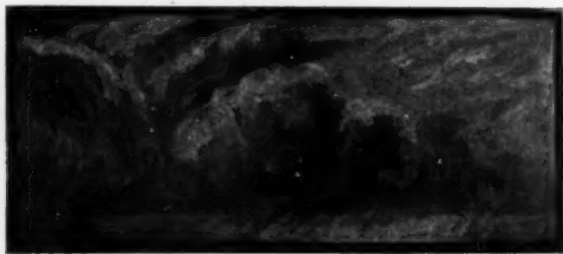


FIG. 9

these craggy summits not only bring us water and life, but further safeguard that life by depriving the clouds of their terrible element of destruction; not only the mountains, but everything pointed in nature, each leaf of the forest, every grass blade in the field, are conductors that rob the clouds silently. The tree is the most perfect conductor imaginable. But it is sometimes destroyed, you will say. Certainly there are times, when the electricity is generated more rapidly than it can be dispersed; under such circumstances we know of no means of conquering the lightning. The pointed conductors on our houses have been copied from nature; how far they fall short of their model can be realised, when we state that the smallest twig on any tree or bush in our garden is far more effectual than the points of our expensive metallic conductor.

When we consider the power of the storm-cloud, we cease to wonder why it has always formed the basis of mythology in every language; even our own ancestors worshipped it under the name of Thor, whose voice was the thunder. It is the storm-cloud that gave the world a strange weird legend, which in the middle ages was accepted as truth. Here is a rough outline of the myth. Men wished to explain how Solomon cut the great stones for the temple, and they finally decided, from legends almost as old as the world itself, that he had made use of the blood of the worm *Schamir*, which he had procured by sending Benaiah, with orders to cover the pelican's nest with a sheet of glass. When the bird returned, and could not reach her young, she flew away and presently came back with the worm in her beak; she lay it upon the glass, which was shattered at the contact, but when Benaiah shouted she dropped the worm, and he seized it and carried it to the king. It is not too much to say that this myth forms the ground-work of almost all our folklore, the best of our fairy-tales, and the majority of our superstitions. Under various forms the myth flourishes in every country, and in little English villages to-day we may still find the belief in

Schamir as strong as it was over a thousand years ago. But in our Scandinavian lore *Schamir* is never a worm. It is anything that has the power of rending or breaking open. Thus we have the plant that restores life to the dead; the black stone that gives sight to the blind; the fern seed that opens the eyes of man's inner vision; the springwort that cleaves the rocks, and the innocent forget-me-not that has the same power, and which, when left heedlessly behind in the cave of treasures, calls pitifully, "Forget not the best. Forget-me-not"; the "hand of glory," the ghastly hand of the murderer that bursts open locks and bolts. But we need not multiply instances, for they are numberless. They all point towards one and the same thing, each legend and superstition points, as clearly as the needle of the compass indicates the north, towards the storm-cloud, with its electric sparks of lightning that rend and burst and part violently. So the next time we are hurrying on business or pleasure, with umbrella upraised, we may well spare a thought for the cloud that is inconveniencing us. Remember that it has supplied us with many a beautiful story, many a strange myth, that we have enjoyed by the fire-side; remember that the storm-cloud forms the basis of much of our literature, and that it has supplied fuel to the imagination of many poets and artists through the course of centuries. From almost every country on the face of the earth prayers have been offered to the cloud which we now harshly and scientifically designate cirro-cumulo-stratus.

We have not space for a consideration of the optical phenomena of the cloud-world, the Rainbow, the Coronæ, and Halos, and the six forms of the Aurora, but we must briefly mention Scud, a term used to indicate detached broken clouds drifting very rapidly with the wind. They may be moving at a high level or at a low level; if the former they are composed of cirro-stratus or cirro-cumulus; if the latter they are composed of stratus. Scud may generally be accepted as a sign of cold and unsettled weather.

On the Banks of the Seine

WRITTEN BY GEORGE GALE THOMAS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



FROM its source on the slopes of the hills that bound the rich Côte d'Or, the Seine runs its uneventful course for nearly two hundred miles, until, passing through the Pont de Bercy, it enters Paris, and for eight miles throbs with the life of the great city.

In the centre, beneath the towers of Notre Dame, rises the Île de la Cité, resembling—to quote Victor Hugo—"an immense tortoise, its bridges protruding from it like feet."

Time was when the river had glorious sport in battling with these bridges, each of the nine, save one, having been carried away in its turn by some disaster; while one, more unfortunate than the rest—the Pont St. Michel, on the south side of the island—has been swept away three times, once by a pack of moving ice. The sole survivor—the Pont Neuf—has accordingly become a proverb for strength, and the Parisian in vigorous health is fond of referring to himself as being sound "as the Pont Neuf."

On sweeps the river past the stately Louvre and the Jardin des Tuileries, and, finally passing out of the city through the Pont d'Auteuil, clings longingly round the skirts of the Bois de Boulogne, as though unwilling to depart.

Then it winds disconsolately down through the plains of Normandy, awaking to a feeble burst of life at Rouen, and finally loses itself in the sea at Havre. As Michelet observed, "Paris, Rouen and Havre are one street, of which the Seine is the High Street."

Up and down the eight miles of its course through the heart of Paris, stretch the stone *quais* which form the river embankments. Tradition has it that some of them—at the Île de la Cité—were built in the time of Julius Cæsar. This island—the Lutetia of the Romans—is the very cradle of Paris, the tribe of the Parisii inhabiting it giving their name to the city. During modern excavations on the island, beneath the site of the present Palais de Justice, a Roman palace was laid bare, and the great "frigidarium" of the baths, which remains in a state of perfect preservation, is one of the most interesting sights of the city.

On the south bank opposite, some ruins of an ancient vaulted hall were discovered; while on the north bank, the remains of a subterranean aqueduct were brought to light, as also a basin with which it was supposed to be connected in the garden of the Palais Royal.

Most of the quais, however, are comparatively modern, and but little romance of history clusters around their grey stones. Yet from early spring to late autumn they are full of present interest in variety of life and movement.

Here, when the boulevards seem hot and stifling, the Parisian comes to enjoy the fresh, cool air, for which the river acts as a great duct through the city, and to watch the little steamboats swinging merrily up and down stream.

Most visitors see little beyond the changing crowds that pass up and down the pavements, or linger around the bright little newspaper kiosks; but

if you turn aside down one of the narrow slopes to the water's edge, you find yourself in the chief club-house of the tramps and out-of-works of Paris.

Here no ruthless *agent de police* disturbs the weary tramp in his siesta, and orders him to move on. Down under the lee of the high wall, he is safe from prying eyes, and can make himself as comfortable as the circumstances permit on the rough, stone seat, while he has only to walk across the little gravel beach to perform his toilet in the river.

Sometimes a sudden wave from a

which the wondering visitor may journey on a tiny tramway. Here is a corner where the unemployed may be found overhauling their wardrobes in the sun after their morning wash.

A little distance away, in another sheltered spot, we come upon a grey-haired veteran, busily engaged with needle and thread in patching his nether garments. There is a leisurely ease in his movements which is restful to witness. Alas! time is *not* money for him, and so he goes calmly on with head bent over his work all the morning; while a few yards away a noisy



THE CHEAPEST BARBER IN PARIS

passing steamer catches him incautiously, and swamps him in the midst of his ablutions, much to the amusement of his companions; but he takes it philosophically, and calmly proceeds to undress and lay out his scanty garments to dry in the sun.

Under the shadow of the Pont de Solferino, on the Quai des Tuileries, a great iron-barred gate closes one of the entrances to the underground world of Paris—"les Egouts"—the network of sewers and tunnels for electric wires and gas-pipes which honeycombs the foundations of the City, and down

group of loafers is gathered close in under the wall, throwing dice for "sous."

As the morning goes on, the tramps are not left in undisturbed possession. Down comes a shabby little man with a bag, and takes up his post in front of the great blocks of stone piled against the wall below the Quai de la Conférence. He lays out his implements on the stone, ties his strop to an iron ring, fills his mug from the river, and announces to the onlookers that he is ready to shave the world at one sou a head! On Sundays and holidays

business is brisk, and a row of customers wait their turn. When the shave is over, the "shaved" walks down the bank, and, kneeling, washes his face in the river.

The open-air barber is the cheapest in Paris: shave, one sou; hair cut, two sous! Neither rent nor taxes to pay, and the only capital required, a razor, scissors, brush, comb, soap, and a tin mug!

But it is a poor enough life for the barber. He does little business, save on Sundays and holidays, and then only when the weather is fine. Even on a busy morning he can hardly expect to earn more than a franc, or, at most, two, so that the open-air business is not sufficiently attractive to arouse any competition amongst the members of the craft.

Round about the quais, near the Tuileries, one may see here and there, at the top of a slope leading down to the river, a gaily-painted box chained to the wall, and bearing the inscription:

MARIE	OR	MOREL
BAIGNEUR		TONDEUR

or the like, to catch the eye of the passer-by on the promenade. At the bottom of the slope the "*baigneur*" and "*tondeur*" — the dog washer and clipper — may be found plying his trade beside his great tub of yellow wash.

The afternoon is the busy time, when the fond master or mistress of a poodle wishes to have doggy groomed. Doggy's hair has been getting rather long, his face and back want shaving, and the lovely knots on his tail need to be retouched. A chair is provided, from which the owner surveys the operations. The *tondeur's* wife takes doggy in her lap, and holds him securely while the good man clips him skilfully, giving him a beard and moustache, and all those other little touches

which make the French poodle a thing of beauty to some, and a fearful and wonderful monstrosity to others.

After ten minutes' clipping doggy is plunged into a tub of yellow wash to have his coat cleansed, and is then enveloped in a delicious lather of soap. This finished, he is dipped into the river, and rubbed dry with a sponge. Then his master departs proudly with his renovated dog to make room for the next customer, who has been patiently waiting his turn, lying under his master's chair. It is one of the most curious sights of Paris to see a fashionably-dressed Parisian or Parisienne superintending a poodle's toilet on the quai.

In the mornings the horses also are brought for a bath, and ridden down the slope into the stream by bare-legged men, while others are led into the deep water by a man, walking along the narrow stone ledges which are to be found here and there on the side of the quays.

In the summer afternoons the Quai



THE BAIGNEUR.



THE ANGLERS' REACH ON THE SEINE

de la Conférence is the favourite resort of the *pêcheurs à la ligne*. The calm and contemplative craft of Isaak Walton would be thought the last recreation to attract the restless Frenchman, but yet the Anglers' Reach on the Seine is always well patronised. Nobody ever seems to catch anything—except, occasionally, an old shoe—but that does not appear to discourage them. If you watch thirty men for an hour or two you may, perhaps, see one land a fish the size of a sprat.

The game is certainly not worth the candle, but the players seem to enjoy it. As they sit smoking in a long row on the parapet by the promenade, looking patiently out to the broad expanse of Southern Paris, they are regarded by the feverish passers-by as beings of a wondrous superiority, who can sit for a whole afternoon in one place. The Anglers' Reach is the most restful corner of the Gay City.

There is something curious in the attraction which the angler's art has for the Parisian. It is related that, on the day of the Commune, the 24th of May, 1871, when the people in the streets were being shot down by soldiers, and the Communists were setting fire to the public buildings, one or two *pêcheurs à la ligne* spent the day calmly angling from the Quai by the Pont Neuf!

A short walk to the East and we cross the Pont des Arts to the Quai Conti, facing the "Institut de France." The Institut stands on the site of the old Tour de Nesle, renowned for the exploits of the immoral queen, Jeanne de Bourgogne, who, according to the popular legend, used to entice handsome youths into the tower, and save herself from discovery by having them thrown out from a window into the Seine before daybreak. It is also noteworthy that, at this spot, in bygone times, a chain was stretched across to block the passage of the river to an enemy.

We are now on the Quai Conti—a veritable bookman's paradise. For a quarter of a mile the parapet of the quai is covered with a row of little boxes. At night these are fastened down by long iron rods, but in the morning the *bouquinistes*—as the dealers are called—arrive on the scene to arrange their wares, and the second-hand book-market is soon in full swing. The dealers, men and women, take up their position on chairs, at the end, where they can keep an eye on the thirty or forty feet length of boxes which they each own, but everybody is welcome to go through the library at his leisure.

Students going to the "Institut," *ouvriers* going to their work, rich

and poor alike come here for books, and the Quai Conti is the recognised market of Paris for second-hand books and music. Here are theological treatises which a priest on his morning round stops to turn over, novels without number, files of comic papers, works on medicine, astronomy, law, all indiscriminately associated, and rubbing shoulders with worn books that, one may well imagine from their bindings, have once held honourable place in the library of some noble family now fallen on evil days. What histories of family misfortune are written in these scattered libraries.

turning over the books. M. de Freycinet and Alphonse Daudet have, many a time, spent a morning there, and the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, is at the present time, a frequent visitor. A reminiscence of one of the leading English journalists of Paris, published at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, reminds us that the Grand Old Man was also one of the lovers of this spot.

"I remember meeting Mr. Gladstone," he writes: "one bright summer morning on the Quai Voltaire, where he was buying books. He then expressed his admiration of Paris, and said, 'I feel



THE BOOK MARKET

Many a treasure has been found here by the careful searcher, books with personal dedications in the handwriting of Victor Hugo and other celebrities, and rare editions of valuable works. A French gentleman of the writer's acquaintance, who loved to *bouquiner*—as the French call it—once bought here, for a few sous, an ancient Bible which was afterwards sold for six hundred francs.

Many a noted figure has wandered up and down the stalls and shops fronting the Quai Conti and the Quai Voltaire

the warm breath of Albert le Grand, and recall memories of the Sorbonne as I reverently handle some of their volumes. This is the real Paris.' The book-vendors knew him well."

To the stranger with an hour to spare there are few spots more fascinating than this quiet rendezvous, with its curious company of book-lovers. It is France in miniature.

But alas! Like the *blanchisseuses*, so long accustomed to wash the linen of their customers in the open wash-house along the banks of the river, the gentle

bouquiniste is being driven from the spot with which he has been associated from time immemorial, to make way for the new railway from the Gare d'Orléans to the Quai Malaquais.

Never again will he take up his quarters on the parapet of the Quai Conti, and nothing will reconcile him to the change to the other side of the river. The business is decaying, and perhaps the next years will see its extinction on the quais. The large dealers have been such persistent buyers that it is now almost impossible to secure any real bargains at the open stalls. But for some time, at any rate, the *bouquiniste* will remain one of the ornaments of his beloved Paris, and will still continue to be one of the most interesting of the many personalities that frequent the banks of the Seine.

Until nearly the end of the last century the Parisians had no opportunity of enjoying the extended river views which can now be obtained from the bridges and quais. For the bridges were covered with houses from side to side, and the only views to be obtained consisted of a succession of squares of water shut in by the high houses, from bridge to bridge. A series of disasters occurred before the demolition of these houses was ordered by Louis XVI.

In the year 1498 some carpenters reported that the piles supporting the Pont Notre Dame were so decayed as to imperil the stability of the bridge, but the warning was unheeded until towards the end of the following year, when another carpenter made such an alarming report to the authorities that the bridge was instantly closed to traffic and notice given to the householders to remove their goods.

While they were thus occupied, on the 25th October, 1499, without warning, the bridge suddenly collapsed, and the ruins were hidden in the enormous cloud of dust that filled the air.

Many marvellous escapes are recorded

by the chronicler of the time. One man in a house seeing a chasm suddenly open beneath him jumped into the water and swam ashore in safety, while an infant was thrown into the river in its cradle and floated away, to be picked up later quite unhurt.

In 1718 a curious accident happened to a neighbouring bridge, the Petit Pont. In April of that year a woman lost her son by drowning, and was much distressed because his body could not be found. Thereupon a neighbour advised her of an excellent plan. She took a lighted candle and a loaf of blessed bread, set them adrift on a wooden tray and sped them with a prayer to Saint Nicholas.

Her offering floated down to a barge of hay and set fire to it. The men in the boats around cut it adrift to save their own craft, and the blazing barge floated down to the Petit Pont and lodged against the scaffolding in which the bridge was encased. This readily took fire, and the flames spreading to the houses on the bridge, all were destroyed.

The demolition of the bridge-houses has put an end to all such accidents, and the victims of the Seine in these days are of another kind. The melancholy little house on the bank of the Island of the City exhibits to the curious crowd the river's weekly tribute. The victims of the Bourse, the disappointed actors in some love tragedy—or perhaps some despairing victim of the "*vol au cautionnement*"—these look out sadly from the windows of the Morgue, immortalised by Browning:—

First came the silent gazers; next

A screen of glass, we're thankful for;

Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,

The three men who did most abhor

Their life in Paris yesterday,

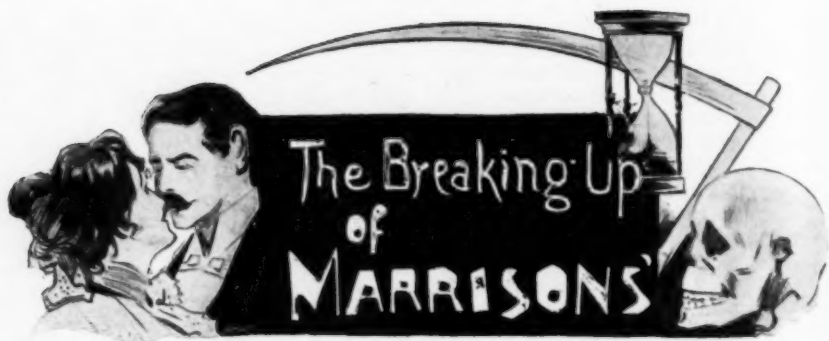
So killed themselves: and now, enthroned

Each on his copper couch, they lay

Fronting me, waiting to be owned.

I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.





WRITTEN BY E. VARRIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL

TWAS, perhaps, some recollection of their ovation of the night before that nerved the arm and spurred the energies of the little fire brigade of Sunningwolde now. But a short twenty-four hours earlier they had marched proudly through the steep, crowded streets in procession, as the insidious confetti lingering in tunic and trappings still bears witness—admired of all beholders, with a ringing accompaniment of cheers lining the route, they swung along, heads well back, and with military precision of step, and each man's unspoken thought was that this—*this* was the feature of the carnival, and the mummery before and behind a mere pandering to popular superstition and favour.

They worked hard enough now—not staying even to wipe the sweat from their honest faces; worked even when hope had turned to uncertainty, and this again to conviction, and the conviction one of defeat.

For "Marrison's" Private Hotel and Boarding Establishment is doomed; and Mrs. Marrison, sitting in the centre of the front lawn, lifts up her voice and weeps—a pale, despairing Dido amid the ruin of her hopes. All around her the wreckage lies strewn—disputed

and wrangled over in four different languages; for the fair dwelling so rapidly approaching destruction had been in connection with Cook's, and the month is August.

Now the verandah has caught; how the flames leap up!—licking the face of the building to the very roof. Another groan bursts from the widow's lips. How neatly have the allurements of this same covered promenade been placed before the notice of the public! Sixty feet long! and in less than that number of minutes to be—what?

Some of the boarders—but these are of the younger, impressionable kind—groan too: an easy, comfortable sort of groan (for is not their luggage quite safe?) tinged with a sentimental regret. "Sixty feet long?—really! It seemed longer, did it not, when you and I . . . sauntered up and down, after dinner? And there . . . quite at the darkest, farthest end . . . do you remember?"

Mrs. Marrison's distracted gaze wanders over the face of the house. The lower windows all belch forth flame and smoke—no pleasant sight, so she looks higher.

A white curtain fluttering from a top window attracts her attention.

Why, what is that at the back of the signalling rag?

The good woman rubs her swollen eyelids energetically with her damp pocket-handkerchief, and looks again.

"Oh!" she screams in high falsetto, "Look! look!"

But others have seen, too, and almost a hush has come to the jabbering, gesticulating crew. A masculine voice takes advantage of the pause to ask

nervous English with a reiteration that verges on monotony.

Then a little Dutch woman claps her hands sharply, and calls aloud. She has been a favourite—has this good-humoured little woman. It seems strange to see tears in her eyes, and rolling down her suddenly whitened cheeks.



"ALL AROUND HER THE WRECKAGE LIES STREWN"

querulously for a Gladstone bag with 'E. M.' on it; and two women wrangle excitedly in the background over the identity of a shoe. One of the disputants proves her right to the article in question by putting it on and walking away in it; but the bagless man continues to demand his property in good,

"God help her!" says an elderly man, and in different tongues others take up the cry instinctively, for of human aid it is plain there is now no hope.

Presently the man in quest of his bag looks up.

A little Frenchman with high bald

forehead and waxed mustachios stands near, wrapped in a travelling rug. He is weeping copiously, and calling at intervals on his God. Suddenly to his excited fancy a whirlwind swoops down on him, twirls him round with great velocity, and departs again swiftly, bearing his cherished rug in its clutches.

Then a groan that is almost a shriek goes up from the crowd on the lawn, and a confused, exclamatory murmur:

"He's mad!—mad!" "The idiot—the fool!" "The brave man!" "It's suicide!" "God!—what a hero!"

Now by twos and threes people huddle quickly off—it is not a pleasant sight to watch one's fellow-creatures roasted to death. One here and there has to be carried: some decorously in limp unconsciousness; others in the plunging paroxysms of violent hysteria. In a couple of minutes a risky, but, in its novelty, pleasurable, excitement has been turned to grimmest tragedy. Though the man now fighting his way up that fiery staircase has been an almost unnoticed item in the lengthy list of visitors, and not two can boast of having exchanged half-a-dozen words with him, they all know instinctively that he will not turn back.

And they are right. But before he has gone a dozen steps he asks himself with a sort of blank surprise: why has he done this? He has no answer ready. What good can he do? None! And then again: why has he flung his life away? Was he tired of it? Are any of us tired of our lives when it comes to the pinch? It was as sweet to him as to most men. Who is this he is now struggling to reach?—a woman. Is she young? He does not know; it is probably one of the servants—fat and ugly. Under the cover of the rug he smiles grimly; no thought of turning back enters his brain. That he has acted on unreasoning impulse is plain enough now, but being an Englishman, he will stick to it and carry it through to the end—even though the end be—

No! it will not be that!—thank God he has the means of averting *that*! He feels hurriedly: yes, it is there. Habits contracted with foreign travel are not always dropped in the mother country.

The stairs creak and sway frightfully; the banisters are well alight. The friendly rug, too, is burning bravely. A thought of its owner's dismayed countenance comes to him, and he laughs aloud.

Now the topmost flight is reached; he flings the useless covering far behind him and gropes his way across the landing.

The air is thick—solid almost—with choking smoke; he can hardly see. Ah! this must be the door. He turns the handle hurriedly: it is locked. He batters angrily: does the fool think she is locking herself into safety?

A voice reaches his ear:

"The key is broken in the lock; I cannot open the door."

He kicks the lower panel in, and putting one leg through the aperture to obtain leverage, bursts the upper half to splinters. The top doors in a house are always thin: they decrease in stoutness with every ascending flight, and this one, too, is old, and the man is angry.

"Why, in Heaven's name, did you lock the door?"

"I do not know; it is habit, I suppose."

"Here: come out!" hurriedly, "let's try the back."

She creeps through the splintered frame easily, and catches at his hand.

"Oh, I thought I was alone—alone!" with a sob, "to die like a rat in a trap . . . Is it too late?"

"Come!" he returns. Hand in hand they run along the narrow passage. At the head of the stairway he leaves her and hurries down a few steps.

A glance is sufficient; he returns slowly, looking up at her as he comes. Heaven! it is a slender slip of a girl with long black hair and frightened eyes. He feels angrier than ever.

"Who are you?" he asks savagely.

"I am a visitor."

"What are you doing there?" with a nod along the passage.

"The house was full; and I didn't mind. I am poor."

"Where does this lead?"

"To the children's playroom."

There are two doors on the way; each one he carefully closes and bolts behind them as they pass. A candle

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still burns in the deserted room. Mrs. Marrison has been justly proud of this item on her tariff: "Children's Recreation Rooms" sounds well, and bears out the surface promise of "Home Comforts" placed prominently on the list, lower down. Though the room is bare and ugly it seems like a haven of peace to the two visitors, for it is empty of smoke and noise; all that is unpleasant is left at the back of those bolted doors, and that these may have closed for good for them is a thought that brings a sensation of rest rather than one of terror.

A rocking-horse balancing on three rickety, paintless legs stares glassily at them as they enter.

"I thought I was alone," she says again breathlessly.

He looks at her keenly: it is evident she knows nothing of his desperate fight up to reach her. The thought is a little galling, but because it is so he instantly resolves that she should remain ignorant. All things considered, he is glad that she is not what his fancy had portrayed. A sudden spasm of laughter catches at his throat at the thought, and shakes him. He turns hastily, but it is too late.

"You are amused?" a little curiously.

"Yes, I am amused."

"And I,—I am frightened."

With clasped hands she moves to the window and stands looking down. The back of the house is flat and bare; not a projection of any kind breaks the severe monotony of surface. This side faces the heights that tower precipitously far up towards the star-lit sky. Not a building is in sight; the evening is calm and beautiful. The fire rages more in the front: even as she stands she can feel the jarring crash of falling masses. Ah! that surely was the staircase: "how long now!—how long!"

She has unwittingly spoken her thought aloud, and the man crosses over to her side.

"There is no hope?" looking up at him.

"There is no hope"—gravely, "it will not be long."

"Ah!—it is selfish, but I am glad I am not alone," she says again.

He draws a chair to her side and motions her to sit down. There are other candles in the room; he lights them all, and then sits down near her. He looks earnestly at the little shrinking figure with the face now hidden in outspread hands.

"Can you talk?" he asks.

The hands drop down to her sides.

"Yes," simply.

"Will you tell me your name?—are you alone here?"

"My name is Anice Bartlett; I am alone here; I have no near relations in the world."

"Have you been here long? I have not noticed you before."

"I came to-day. I am—not strong. They—the doctors—recommended Sunningwolde: it is good for people who have a weak—who are not strong. And you—?" timidly.

"My name is Mallory—Ernest Mallory. I was crossing to-morrow. I am on the staff of a newspaper."

"And are you alone too?"

"I have a mother and sister—at home."

There is a pause; again the hands move up to her face.

"Don't!" he says, involuntarily, "I beg your pardon; but if you could talk it would be better."

"I will try. I, too, work for a living. I am a teacher—in a school: this is my holiday."

Something in the incongruity of this statement again tickles his fancy: he throws his head back to laugh—to check himself almost in the act.

"Yes?" quickly.

"That is all; there is nothing else to say."

How blackly the eyes look out from the pallor of the thin little face. What a slip of a girl she is! Suddenly with crushing force a conviction of the fate that awaits her takes hold of him.

Again he becomes filled with anger: blind, sullen anger and rebellion against circumstance. Why should it be so?—the blatant, senseless cruelty of it! Instinctively he has been trying to push thought off, because it is unpleasant, but it comes back now and overwhelms him with a knowledge of his utter impotence. Is there not anything to

be done?—surely, *surely* there is a way!

He half rises: the savage, resentful feeling makes him restless. Why is he sitting here like a log whilst life—pulsing, lusty, life—flows through his veins? For the moment he feels strong enough to accomplish anything—strong with the desperate fighting instinct that comes to cornered man and beast alike. . . . then . . . then he is conscious that the girl is watching him anxiously, and with a sigh he sinks back again.

"You are a brave woman," he says involuntarily.

"Oh no!—I am not—I am not!"

She rises hurriedly from her chair and paces backwards and forwards down the short length of the room.

"I am a coward—a coward! If you had seen me there," with a look back towards the way they had come, "you would not have said that."

He gets up and walks with her.

"If you could tell me; I might be able to help—a little. There is a certain relief in telling another our thoughts sometimes. Is it—that you fear—death?"

He has tried to think of another way of wording his question—the very sound of the word is ugly—but has failed.

"I *do* fear it—unspeakably; but it is not that. It is worse—worse—much worse! I have lost belief in—in—Oh, tell me! I—I am afraid, and now—There is . . . a beyond?"

He takes the hand nearest to him and holds it firmly, and, for a time, they walk to and fro in silence.

"Tell me: you have never doubted before?" he asks presently.

"Never."

"No: why should you? doubt and unbelief only come to us when we are least mentally and physically fit to grapple with them; they're ugly visitors, but they are cowards too: show a bold front and they will fall back. Try to shake it off, dear!—it will pass! If you feel you have lost something that no longer is anything but a name, why are you distressed and anxious? Cannot you see?—in all your short, uneventful life this is the first strain: are you to part with your simple, earnest beliefs just when they are of most help to you?

With a fuller knowledge of their helplessness comes also the temptation: which is to be the stronger? Have you ever heard S——?"

"Yes."

"Has one the *right* to hear him and disbelieve?"

"After all, what is asked of us?—a little faith. A little time we are granted in which to be faithful—and then—Knowledge!"

Being a man, and not to the office born, he speaks at first awkwardly and with restraint. There is the hesitation, too, of baring his thoughts on this subject for another's guidance—that they are sufficient for us is not enough: when another turns to us, the old threshed-out question, too, comes back—the question of Right and Wrong. He is not a religious man—who would laugh more heartily than he at the idea?—yet at times in his busy, careless life, he has thought deeply over the vexed problem of our Christian faith. At an early period he recognised limitations and pushed thought no further—anything beyond represented disquiet, mental conflict, possible Unbelief, so he shrank back, content to leave matters as they were: a coward's policy he told himself cynically, but one, too, that afforded comparative ease and comfort, and so made the choice characteristic of the man. Then, again, a mocking, teasing thought of the ridiculous side of his spiritual mentorship is with him: how would his position strike a third person—any one of his brothers of the pen?—Dalzell, of the "Piccadilly Observer," for instance? He winces at the idea.

Nevertheless he talks on, and presently all sense of a falsity of position dies away; he remembers only that this timid wavering soul has asked his help, and he must give it.

A quieter look comes to the girl's face, and she draws her hands away gently.

"I am glad I am not alone," she says for the third time. "You are very kind—and right. You make it quite easy to understand; already it is passing."

She looks at him anxiously; almost as if she sees him for the first time.

"How young you are—and strong!"

"You, too, are young," gently, "but you are not strong."

"No; I was very ill last summer—with rheumatic fever; I shall never be well again——"

She stops abruptly. "I forgot!"

Though the candles burn bravely the room is not so easy to see across now; there is an incessant vibration too, and

him through the gloom; quite near a girl with face shrouded in her long, black hair.

Suddenly she begins to sob, hopelessly, drearily.

He goes to her quickly, and puts his arm around her.

"Be brave!" he whispers. He tries hard to think of something else to



"SUDDENLY SHE BEGINS TO SOB"

the locked doors no longer keep out the noise.

Mallory shuts his eyes: it is all a dream, or, rather, nightmare; it will pass.

He waits a moment, and then opens them. Again the bare, prosaic room studded with dim points of light; a battered, wooden horse plunging towards

say, but somehow the words will not come.

She leans her head against him.

"Oh I am a coward—a coward!"

He holds her closer. "You are not—you are not!" strongly.

Again he tries desperately to think of something to say.

"I am very glad we met, Anice."

Though the words are baldly conventional, the accent is not, and she seems to understand.

"I am more than glad." Bending her head she kisses his hand. "I cannot try to thank you."

"Don't do that!" roughly. He moves his arm—only to put it back again, for she sways unsteadily.

The room is now full of smoke: the cracking, grinding reports incessant. For the first time he loses control over his thoughts; a numbing sense of unreality and a consciousness of the girl's shuddering, clinging, presence is all that remains with him. That and an intense, an overpowering, desire to laugh.

The girl stirs and moans, and instantly he gathers himself together again.

"If it were—any way—but this! It is—so cruel!"

He does not speak for a moment.

"If there were another way, would you take it?" hoarsely.

"Any way but this!—any way but this!"

Again he is silent: he *must* have a little time, he argues fiercely with himself—only a little time! He decided instantly—it is not *that*! This is no question of ethics: a moral choice between Right and Wrong never entered his head—no!—only—only it is . . . that for the first time . . . he is afraid . . . horribly afraid!

Personally, too, the sense of sacrifice

is greater than when the result of his impetuous act first came home to him, for he has no second shot; and, as the girl has said, it is hard to die struggling . . . like a rat . . .

He moves his position slightly.

"Anice!" he feels for and draws her arms about his neck; she is very quiet, "say: 'I forgive you!'"

"I—forgive—you."

"And kiss me!—darling."

She kisses him. It is very close now.

"Don't look round! Don't look round!"

At this moment the room rocks violently, and the ceiling parts. The rift runs across from end to end, bits of plaster fall in a shower around them. How hot it is! They are standing up.

Suddenly the girl's arms flag from about his neck, and her light weight shifts.

He catches her hastily as she falls, and stumbles to the nearest light. He bends to peer at her face, hardly able to breathe so great is the revulsion of feeling—of hope—that has come to him.

In a little time he lays her down gently. He takes off his coat, but before covering her face with it, stoops, and kisses her on the lips.

"And some maintain there is no God!" he says aloud.

And then the end being very near, he once more raises his arm.



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"BETWEEN TWO FIRES"



THE ROYAL PALACE

King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, and His Family:

A FEW CHARACTER SKETCHES

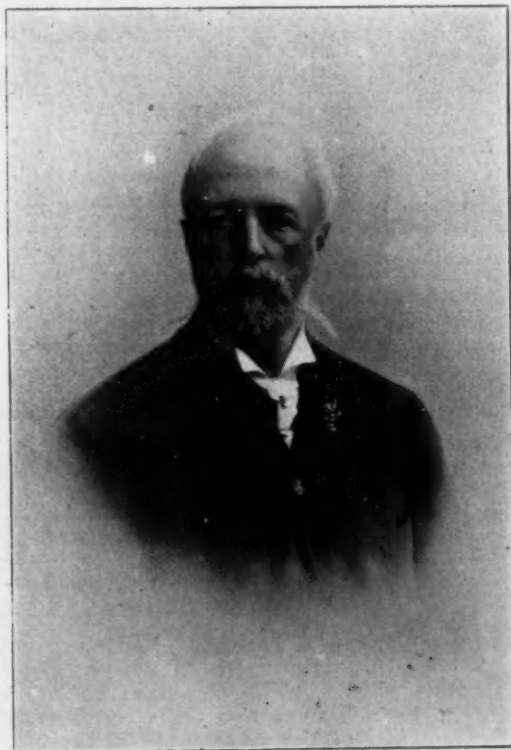
WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

OF the various families for whom Napoleon the Great found thrones none is any longer in possession of a crown, except that of Marshal Bernadotte, of which Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, is the present head. He is now nearly seventy years of age, though he looks much younger, and has wielded the sceptre since 1872. He is six feet high, and is an extremely handsome man; is very reserved, and not very popular with his subjects. He is a scientist of eminence, and a short time ago was made honorary member of the Imperial Society of Naturalists of Moscow. He had conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. by diploma

of Oxford University, on the completion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, and he is a member or correspondent of most scientific societies of the world. King Oscar of Sweden was selected, some three years ago, as the arbitrator in our Venezuelan frontier dispute, as he is renowned for his extreme impartiality. A typical example of this was shown in his treatment of the Norwegian playwright, Bjørnsen. The King, as is well known, possesses considerable ability as poet and author. Bjørnsen somehow believed that the King had mercilessly criticised one of his plays, and, regarding this more in the light of a piece of jealous spite on the part of a rival than as a criticism,

he boldly challenged King Oscar to fight a duel. Democratic and simple as is the King of Norway, this step of Bjørnsen was regarded as beyond the bounds of loyalty, and the playwright was forced to flee his native country, on a charge of *lèse-majesté*. This was as far back as 1879. Thirteen years later the King conferred upon Bjørnsen—whose rabid Republicanism has never

attendants, and arrive back at the palace alone, and sometimes drenched through to the skin, for he can rarely be persuaded to carry an umbrella. He is a tender and devoted husband, and very much attached to his home and family. When he was staying in Paris a little while ago, the papers noticed that he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and another, which



KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN

been concealed—the Grand Cordon and Star of the Order of St. Olaf, in token of his services to Scandinavian letters.

Oscar II. is a hardy and muscular monarch, and very fond of hunting. His favourite sport is stalking the chamois. He is also an ardent pedestrian, and thinks nothing of going for a twenty-five mile walk between breakfast and late dinner. On some of these expeditions he will quite outstrip all his

was declared to belong to some Swedish decoration. As a matter of fact, this latter token of distinction was attached to the medal of the French Humane Society, and was earned by His Majesty thirty-three years ago, when he only enjoyed the title of Crown Prince. He happened to be walking on the Carnice Road just as a runaway carriage and pair dashed towards him, when, with great presence of mind, the young

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Prince ran at once to the horses' heads, and succeeded in stopping them before any serious consequences ensued. Oscar resembles, in one respect at least, our late Grand Old Man, being an expert at felling trees, and enjoying the exercise very much; and it is said no man can beat him at it. Another peculiarity of the King is that he prefers a pipe to the best Havana which may be had.

reign who makes use of his crown most frequently. Of the two united kingdoms over which he rules, Sweden is the richest and most important one, containing the large, fine capital, Stockholm. His position as King is by no means a bed of roses, and the agitation about Home Rule, though a long and fierce one, is still far from a settlement, as we heard not long ago from Chris-



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN

He is said also to be a financial genius, and has made enormous sums of money by the rebuilding of Stockholm. He has at different times privately bought up out-of-the-way slums in that city, which have afterwards been redeemed by the Council, or Crown, for the purpose of creating new squares, parks, and streets.

Though a simple and unaffected monarch, King Oscar of Sweden is a Sove-

tania, the capital of Norway, that a measure had been passed in Parliament to introduce a purely Norwegian flag, without the emblem of union with Sweden. For many years Norway and Sweden have possessed separate ensigns, both for the Navy and for the Mercantile Marine; but hitherto they differed only in respect to colour, being identical in pattern. The Norwegian flag has a blue cross on a red ground,

and that of Sweden a yellow cross on blue ground, each ensign bearing in its upper left-hand corner a small red, blue and yellow design, somewhat resembling the little flag in the corresponding part of the British ensign, and symbolical of the union of the two countries. It is the omission of this sign that will constitute the new departure. It is difficult to foresee the

Majesty of the pupils, "the names of the great kings of Sweden?" "Gustavus Adolphus," cried one. "Charles XII.," said another. "Oscar II.," stammered one of the smallest, who was a little courtier in her way. Surprised, the King went up to her, and asked her to tell him one of the great events of his reign. The child hesitated, then blushed, and finally, in



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN

ultimate issue, as Home Rule has not proved a success in any country so far.

One of the most remarkable characteristics for a man of King Oscar's nature is the great interest he takes in children and their education. He frequently pays visits to the schools. Quite recently he was inspecting a class of young girls, who were, naturally, much overcome by a visit from the King. "Can you tell me," asked His

tears, murmured, "I don't know any." The King kindly stroked the little one's hair, and said, "Don't cry, my dear child; I don't know any myself."

The Queen has created lately quite a sensation at Stockholm on account of her devotion to the Salvation Army. Her fascination for this sensational work of the soldiers of "General" Booth has been more and more manifest of recent years, and now Her



ROYAL VILLA NEAR CHRISTIANIA

Majesty gives the greater part of her time and mind to fostering the already very comfortable "homes" throughout Sweden and Norway, in which work she is assisted by her second son Oscar, who is a naval officer and street preacher at the same time. He is well known in England on account of his morganatic marriage with a young maid-of-honour at Bournemouth some years ago. The Queen neglects to a great extent her duties towards her husband, and sincere sympathy is felt for the King in his loneliness; and his most intimate friends express their feelings plainly as to the rare attendance of Her Majesty at Court functions. The many really deserving poor of Stockholm also complain that they receive little assistance unless they join the "Army." The good which it is intended to do by establishing the "homes" is in no way unmitigated, as their comforts are inducements to able-bodied and healthy men and women to escape work; and recently the head contractor for the cleansing of the capital lodged a complaint with the authorities that he could not proceed with the work owing to the scarcity of labour. When he applied to the Salvation Army Home, and offered good pay, the inmates refused to come out. "They were so comfortable, thanks to Her Majesty," they said.

The new departure in the Queen's life is by no means popular, and many call her "a Salvation lass"; however, the whole Royal Family, with the exception of the King, is renowned for its great piety, almost bordering on fanaticism. The Crown Prince himself is ready to go down the slums at the head of a band, and preach the Gospel, following in this his younger brother whom we mentioned before.

The youngest of the Royal sons, Prince Eugene, whose name was mentioned some time ago as an aspirant for the hand of the young Queen of Holland, has very democratic tendencies. He loves to wander over the hills in Norway, with only one or two companions. He sits down at a small table in the country inns in the evening to his simple meal of tea and fish, or, perhaps, to a glass of beer, and goes about without either looking for or receiving any more attention than anybody else.

When he finds himself outside his father's territory, he is even more unrestrained. He spent three years in the Latin Quarter of Paris, studying sculpture; and not long ago he was an art student in Florence, living among students, and refusing all intercourse with Royalties.

Like the old King, all the members of the Royal Family possess good

looks, and the Crown Prince and Princess are an extremely prepossessing couple. The Prince is a martyr to toothache, as he has every one of his teeth barred, that is to say, a bar of bone runs through the roots of every tooth, and this has to be crushed before a single one can be removed.

We do not intend in our present paper to do more than give character sketches of the King of Sweden and Norway, and some members of his family, but for those who always take interest in the financial position of crowned heads we

will mention that the Royal family have a civil list of about £78,000 from Sweden and £25,000 from Norway.

Stockholm is so well known, and the royal palaces in Sweden have so often been brought before the public, that we reproduce here two of the royal residences in Norway, with which our readers are less well acquainted, namely the royal palace at Christiania, and the charming royal villa in its neighbourhood, "Oskarsholm." We also reproduce the most recent photographs of the King, the Crown Prince, and Crown Princess.



FORGET-ME-NOTS



THE orchid rare, beyond compare,
Is not more dear to me
Than the simple hue of the violet blue,
Or the pale anemone;
But the dearest flower within the bower—
Though others may think not—
Is the one that grows where the mill-stream flows—
The sweet Forget-me-not!

The rosebud red, or the drooping head
Of the arum lily tall,
And such as these may others please—
There's charm in each and all.
The primrose, too, of pale gold hue,
A grace of its own has got;
Yet it cannot bring such a breath of Spring
As the sweet Forget-me-not.

HORACE WYNDHAM

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RELATED BY ELLA STONE. ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTEITH DODSHON

THE fact is, my dear fellow, in these days it is almost impossible to be original. Every conceivable complication in the web of human destiny has been twisted and unravelled; every possible obstacle placed in the course of true love has been removed or stumbled over, as the case may be, by the multitude of writers who crowd the ranks of literature, until the imagination is fairly baffled, and knows not where to find 'fresh fields and pastures green.'

So I replied to a remark made by an old college chum on the triteness of certain short stories which had just appeared in a new magazine.

As a scribbler—in a humble way—myself, I felt bound to say a word in defence of my fraternity.

My friend was a man of action, a traveller, and a hunter, who had but just returned from a visit to North-West America and Vancouver's Island; and as we sat smoking our pipes by the blazing fire in my study, while a pitiless snowstorm raged without, he had been telling me of different hunting adventures he had met with, until our conversation drifted into this new channel.

He carefully knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began to refill it before he replied—

"Then, my dear Bob, why, in the name of fortune, do you not let imagination have a rest, and make use of facts? It is a true adage that they are 'stranger than fiction.'"

"And pray, where would you glean your facts?" I asked, somewhat contemptuously.

"Emphatically not from the Newgate Calendar, nor the records of the Divorce Courts," replied my friend; "but in many a lonely log shanty in those primeval Western forests where I have been wandering, there may be gathered tragedies as thrilling, love stories as tender, as ever fed the imagination of poet or novelist, and to my mind they have a freshness that is lacking in the stories of this over-civilised land."

"You have something in your mind. Well," I said, "come now, let us have your yarn."

"It is true your words recall a story to my mind," he confessed, "and I will tell it you, as far as I can, as it was told to me; but you must remember I heard it from the chief actor in the drama in the white heat of strong emotion, that

all around us lay the vast forest, with its giant trees and wild morasses, the actual scene of the tragedy, and that the narration was interrupted by the sighing of the wind amongst the leaning trees, which as they clasp one another, and are moved to and fro by the fitful breeze, send out long shrieks and moans almost like a human soul in agony. Told in this quiet room, without any such accessories, it may not impress your mind as it did mine."

"Never mind that, old fellow, fire away. I think on the whole I prefer our present surroundings, and am ready to sacrifice dramatic effect to comfort," I replied, as, heaping more coal on the fire, and drawing my easy chair up to it, I prepared to listen to my friend's story, which I will now give in his own words, without further comment.

"In the early part of last summer," he began, "I was on a hunting expedition up the coast of Vancouver's Island, with two Indians to take charge of my comfortable camping outfit and canoe, and also to act as guides. They used to row me from point to point by the many narrow inlets which indent the coast, some of them winding their tortuous way between densely-wooded hills and frowning cliffs for as much as twenty miles into the mainland. Then landing, I would stroll out into the woods for game, or lazily lie on my pile of rugs by the camp fire; while my companions, with a hook and a bit of red flannel for bait, inveigled the fat trout out of his native waters, or trolled for salmon, which at that time of the year were coming into the bay in innumerable shoals, so that in the twilight we could hear an incessant flip-flapping as they leaped up in the water, and often almost stranded themselves on the beach.

"One afternoon I wandered off as usual, alone, following a road that seemed to lead into the heart of the woods for nearly two miles, when I came suddenly upon a broad stream, which crossed the road. Over this was a marvellously-constructed bridge, formed of small trees so arranged that it looked as if it needed only the lightest footsteps on the lower side to tilt it bodily into the dark, gloomy waters that flowed beneath.

"I stood a moment considering whether to trust myself to this frail foothold, when something stirred in the bushes to my left, and turning round I saw a great black bear suddenly come into view, and as suddenly plunge crashing and blundering through the thicket away from me. I had not seen one of these animals in the woods before, though they are common enough, and, the instinct of the hunter strong within me, I cocked my rifle and followed on its trail. A little more experience would have taught me the fruitlessness of the chase, for the under brush was so thick that man or beast could have lain within a few yards of me, perfectly hidden from the most jealous scrutiny.

"However, without thought of this, on I went, over the logs, over the stream, past dank green morasses, with clumps of 'hard hack,' and the prickly poisonous 'devil's club,' until at last the gathering darkness warned me that I must quickly retrace my steps, or run the risk of being benighted in the woods, no very pleasant experience. I had not walked far, when I saw between the trees a large opening, and pressing over a gentle rise found myself overlooking a swamp, partly under cultivation, on which was a comfortable looking log house, prettily situated on a grassy knoll, with tall pine trees for a back ground, and away to the left, a long range of mountains just tipped with snow.

"I went up to the door and knocked, but as there was no response, I was turning away, when I saw a man coming across the clearing in the direction of the house.

"He was evidently unaware of my presence, and as he walked towards me, his eyes fixed on the ground, I was struck by the utter dejection and melancholy of his gait.

"He was a tall, well-built young fellow, but his shoulders were bent, and his head bowed as if beneath a heavy load; his black hair was long and uncared for, and his dark piercing eyes, which he lifted as he heard my steps advancing to meet him seemed to reveal unfathomable depths of sorrow.

"He hastened forward as soon as he saw me, and a slight gleam of pleasure

crossed his face, it seemed almost as if he had expected me.

"You have lost yourself in the woods?" he asked, leading the way into a large and rudely furnished, but spotlessly clean, apartment.

"I explained the cause of my wandering, while he busied himself with

began to realise that I was ravenously hungry, and that these simple viands would be more delicious to me than any delicacies I had ever tasted.

"You have certainly wandered from the beaten track," said my host; "few discover this little clearing. But you are very welcome; you are the first



"YOU HAVE LOST YOURSELF IN THE WOODS?" HE ASKED

heaping logs on the blazing fire, and making preparation for a substantial repast of fried ham and eggs, spreading clean newspapers over his home-made table, and producing out of a large tin steamer, some excellent bread and fresh butter until, as the ham frizzled and spluttered on the frying-pan, and the fragrant scent of coffee filled the air, I

visitor who has crossed my threshold for the last six months, and, strange and incredible as it may sound to you, I dreamt last night of your coming.

"You dreamt of my coming?" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," he replied, "I saw you in my dream, standing by the door as distinctly as I beheld you with my bodily eyes a

few minutes ago, and it seemed to me that you did me a great service, though what service any one can render me, I cannot guess. But come, supper is ready; draw up to the table, you ought to have a hunter's appetite.'

"I gladly accepted the invitation, and, during the meal, the gloom lifted somewhat from my companion's brow, and we became quite sociable, discussing the prospects of agriculture in the country, while he explained to me the hard and laborious processes of clearing and draining, ploughing and harrowing the land, which are necessary before the rich, black, turfy soil will yield her wealth in waving, golden corn and fresh, sweet grass. It was quite plain to me that he was a man of intelligence and education, and I was greatly interested in him, and puzzled to account for the loneliness of his life, and the settled gloom of his aspect.

"When our meal was ended I rose to go, but he held my hand, saying in agitated tones, 'You will stay the night with me? Do not go, I beg. I feel a strange impulse to tell you my story, to tell you what I have never yet told to mortal man.'

"My Indians will be looking for me,' I began; but, at that moment, a step was heard outside, and one of my attendants, Old George, put his head in at the door, grunted in his guttural way, and stared at us both.

"Ah! now I can send a message, and will gladly stay with you, if you wish,' I exclaimed, and turning to the Indian, I bade him return to camp, saying I would be with him first thing in the morning. He looked round suspiciously, and, muttering a few words in his own tongue, departed, leaving us once more alone.

"It was quite dark, but the fire lit up the room with a curious flickering light, its brightest rays falling on the haggard face and wild, gleaming eyes of my host, who sat gazing into its depths with a strange, far-off look.

"For some moments there was a silence which grew almost oppressive, and then he turned suddenly to me, saying in a hoarse, choked voice:

"Sir, you see before you a man who bears on his forehead the mark of Cain,

who, like that first murderer, has fled from the haunts of men, and feels that the punishment of his sin is greater than he can bear. Hark,' he said, sitting suddenly upright, and lifting up his hand. 'Do you not hear it? It is the voice of my friend's blood crying out from the ground for vengeance against me, his murderer.'

"A strange weird cry, twice repeated, rang through the still night air, and a cold shiver thrilled me, but I replied with what composure I could, 'Surely that was an owl's cry?'

"Was my companion mad? The thought was not a pleasant one, and he might have read it, for he said, more quietly, 'Do not fear, sir, I am not mad, though the life I have led and the remorse I have suffered for the sin of a few brief moments might well have made me so, but I have worked hard, and that, I believe has saved my reason. If you will have patience with me, I will tell my story as briefly and as calmly as I may. But I must begin at the beginning.

"Frank West and I had been close friends all our lives—though I was the youngest son of a poor parson with eleven children, and he the only child of the wealthiest landowner in our parish, and my one regret, when it was decided that I should come out here to seek my fortune, was that Frank could not accompany me. We had always agreed in the dear old days, when we used to read books of thrilling adventure up in the hay-loft at the vicarage, that we would go out together, and Frank's last words, as he came with my father to see me off, were, 'Never mind, old fellow, just wait till I've taken my degree, and see if I don't come out to pay you a visit, and we'll have no end of fun together.'

"The first two years of my life out here were very happy ones. Of course there was plenty of hard work, but there was plenty of fun and pleasure too. I was young and strong, all was new, all was interesting, and I made many friends amongst the kind hospitable settlers at the Bay. But my nearest neighbours and closest friends were the McKays, a Scotch family. The two sons, Alec and Kinloch were



"OLD GEORGE PUT HIS HEAD IN AT THE DOOR"

my constant companions, while their only sister, Margaret—the sunshine of the whole Settlement, with her golden hair, her sweet blue eyes, her ringing laugh, her bright helpful ways—how can I tell you of her?’ And for a moment the poor fellow broke down, hid his face, and sobbed. Recovering himself, he went on, ‘How I loved her no words can tell! She always treated me with the same frank, sisterly kindness she showed her brothers, but somehow I never doubted that she returned my love, and only waited until I had made a good home for her to declare it and claim her as my bride. If I had but

spoken then, all might have been different. One morning a letter came from Frank; he was coming out by the next steamer to pay me his promised visit. I was overjoyed, and hastened to the McKays to tell them the good news. “You are sure to like him,” I declared; “he is a favourite wherever he goes, he is so merry and genial.”

“And so it proved; they and all the neighbours vied with each other to welcome the new comer with dances, moon-light drives in the big waggons, pic-nics and boating expeditions, and, though at first, I did not notice this—at every merrymaking his place was by

Margaret's side, while she and I seemed to drift farther and farther apart.

"The first time I awoke to this fact was at a dance at the McKays'. Margaret and I were just taking our places amongst the dancers when Frank came up, and declaring she had previously promised him the dance, half laughingly, half seriously, insisted on his rights, saying as he carried her off with a triumphant, almost mocking smile, "You don't mind, I know, Charlie."

"Mind? When I was half mad with rage and jealousy."

"All the way home that night Frank rattled on about her. "Remember, old chap," he said, "you are not to try and run me off. I claim the pretty Margaret as mine. By Jove! I wonder what the governor will say when he hears his only son and heir has lost his heart to a milkmaid who makes the best of bread and delicious butter. I wonder whether she would look as charming in the drawing-room at Sedge Bank as in a settler's log hut? It will require some courage to face it up."

"How my blood boiled to hear the woman I almost worshipped thus spoken of, yet, coward that I was, I never declared my love, and defied him to take her from me."

"Was he in earnest? I could not tell, for as we parted he bade me a laughing good night, saying, "Don't look so glum, old boy; you know I always like to tease you."

"So I tried to put the thought from me until one night, in the gloaming, he told me in more serious mood of his happiness, and that Margaret had that day promised to be his wife."

"It was too dark for him to see my white, drawn face, and I did not betray my feelings, but all through the long night I fought a fierce battle with myself, and I believed I had conquered."

"If she were happy I would be content. Towards morning I had fallen into a troubled sleep, when Frank's joyous voice aroused me. "Come, Charlie, get up! Let's have a day's hunting, I am too restless for anything else, besides, I want to shoot a deer for Margaret, and if you don't come with me, I shall get lost as usual."

"I arose mechanically, and went with him. We were not successful in meeting with a deer, and beat the woods till late in the afternoon, when we came to a large swamp about a mile distant from my claim, where we perceived traces of one. "Let's divide," Frank cried, "you go round the side nearest home, and I will circle round the other way and meet you at the north end. Shout when you get there, and if I'm first I'll shout to you."

"I tried to dissuade him—for that at least I am thankful—saying he would inevitably turn south instead of north and lose his way. But he was only the more determined to go, declaring "A baby could not go wrong there."

"So away he went, gaily whistling "The Girl I left behind me."

"I tramped silently through the woods on the borders of the swamp, irritated almost to madness by the sound of his happy voice and the tune he whistled, feeling my friendship for him turned for the time to the bitterest hatred."

"Ah, the devil is not vanquished in one conflict! and as, having reached the place of meeting, I rested myself and my rifle against a tree, and waited for Frank, the old battle had to be fought anew; the agony of jealous pain, of love and passionate longing to be wrestled with once more."

"No wonder I forgot my promise to shout. I was utterly unconscious of the flight of time, when all at once, a long drawn out cry fell on my ears. It sounded rather like the hooting of an owl, and yet I felt certain in my inmost soul that it was Frank's cry for help; and I—my worst self, for it seemed as if there were two persons leaning on that rifle and struggling for the mastery—said, "Why answer it? It is probably an owl! If he is lost, so much the better."

"My heart beat wildly, almost to suffocation; my better self whispered, "He is your friend, answer the cry, that can do no harm, even if you are mistaken in supposing it his;" but the whisper was faint and feeble, a louder voice cried, "Fool, fool, it is an owl, don't you see his great white ghostly wings through the mist and fog, rising over the dark green

weeds? Frank has gone home, he had the easier road to take."

"And I turned on my heels and went home to seek him—conscious all the while that he was not there—that I *hoped* he was not there—that he was lost!

"I opened the door, all was darkness and emptiness! Faint and giddy, I leant against the door-post, the evil spirit fled from me, and I felt—O God! the horror of that thought!—that if I did not find Frank I was a murderer. I rushed back by the way I came, firing my rifle and crying on him by name; but though I strained my ears for some answering voice, all was silent as the grave.

"Then I went down to the Settlement and spread the news. They tried to calm my excitement, telling me of people who had been benighted and returned safely with the morning light, but my fears were contagious, they began to feel that something must have happened, and soon organised a search party.

"About a hundred of us in a long spread-out line, each within calling distance of the other, tramped through the forest, going straight on over every obstacle. For days we searched, then they began to say he might have made his way to the nearest town, and taken passage for England, he could hardly have disappeared otherwise leaving no trace. Perhaps he had only been flirting with Margaret McKay, and took this way of getting out of the entanglement. In fact all sorts of suggestions and surmises were rife.

"But I—I, alas! knew that I had heard my poor friend's last cry, and disregarded it, and that somewhere there lay his lifeless body.

"Every one showed a quiet, unspoken sympathy with me in my sorrow, and Margaret, who shared it, drew closer to me, until as the bright summer days returned, and Time, the healer, laid his hands upon our hearts, my old hopes began to revive. We often went boating together, and one day she said she wanted some grebe skins, would I get them for her? I was only too willing to comply. The happiness of floating on the broad beautiful river, with her sweet face before me, strangely sad and wistful still, yet responding with cheer-

ful, self-forgetting sympathy to my every mood, was almost intoxicating, and I felt that morning that I must tell her of my love.

"We were drifting lazily with the current, and there was no occasion for me to use the oars. "Margaret," I began. I do not know if there was anything in my tone that warned her, but she interrupted me, pointing to a bird in the distance and saying: "Look, Charlie, there is a lovely grebe. I only want one more, and then we can return."

"I fired, and the bird fluttered down; flapping its white wings, and uttering a cry so like that one heart-rending cry I heard that night on the darkening swamp that I dropped my rifle in horror. Margaret's words recalled me. "Row round the bushes into that narrow slough, Charlie; the bird has fallen amongst the tall grasses."

"I obeyed mechanically, and as Margaret parted the bushes, and stood up eagerly to seize the bird, I saw her face whiten with a look of intense horror, her eyes were fixed in a frozen stare on something behind me, then, with a wild piercing shriek she threw up her arms, and dropped as one dead at the bottom of the boat.

"Then I knew—I know not how—what fearsome thing it was that lay in the dark waters! I seemed to feel two cold arms rise up and lay an icy grip on my heart till it stopped beating.

"The boat swung slowly round, and I found myself face to face with It—IT—that awful It—that had been Frank—my boyhood's friend.

"I knew no more. I learnt afterwards that two boats full of Indians happened to be passing, and one of them rowed our boat home with its two insensible occupants, the others took charge of the body of my friend.

"When I came to myself, I forced my way into the room where Margaret lay, stricken down anew by the terrible sight, and I told her with wild, raving words, for the fever was already in my blood, that I had killed Frank West—killed him for love of her—I know not if she believed me, for it was the beginning of an attack of brain fever, through which kind neighbours nursed me well; but I felt the curse of Cain was upon me, and



"THE BOAT SWUNG SLOWLY ROUND, AND I FOUND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH IT"

almost before I had fairly recovered I stole away secretly in my canoe and made my way here, where I have lived for nearly two years, seeing no one but an occasional traveller and an Indian whose services I required in building my house and procuring my provisions from a distant town. This clearing that you see was the wildest forest, with giant trees that it took months of hardest toil to hew down, and in fighting and wrestling with Nature, I have gained some measure of peace, while God only knows how bitterly I have repented of that moment's sin. But the ghost of the Dead Past haunts me even here. Hark !' And once again that weird, strange cry rang through the forest. 'It is Frank's voice calling me—I hear it as I sit in the twilight—as I lie on my bed in the dark night—shall I always hear it until we meet before the Great White Throne, and I ask him to forgive me ?' " He paused, while I, strangely moved by his sad story, hardly knew how to break the silence. Yet I had a word of comfort for him.

" 'You are Charlie Galton,' I said,

'and your friends at the Bay mourn for you as lost. I was there last week, and heard the outline of the story you have filled in. Heard too, that you were entirely mistaken in believing yourself the unhappy cause of your friend's death. The cry you heard could not by any possibility have been his, for they tracked his way from the place he left you, to the spot where, deceived by the fog, he had walked into the river. He took a wrong turn almost immediately and must have been miles distant at the time you heard the cry which, like those we have heard to-night, was doubtless that of the night-owl.'

" 'Is this true? You are not deceiving me?' he cried, seizing my hand and wringing it in an iron grasp.

" 'I am not, indeed; come back with me and hear for yourself!' I replied.

" 'But he had sunk down on his knees, his frame shaking with convulsive sobs, as he cried:

" 'My God! I thank Thee. Thou—Thou only hast delivered me from blood-guiltiness! The curse is removed! I am free!'

"I stole quietly into the inner room, and left him alone. When I returned he was calmer, but when I again begged him to go with me, he only shook his head, saying :

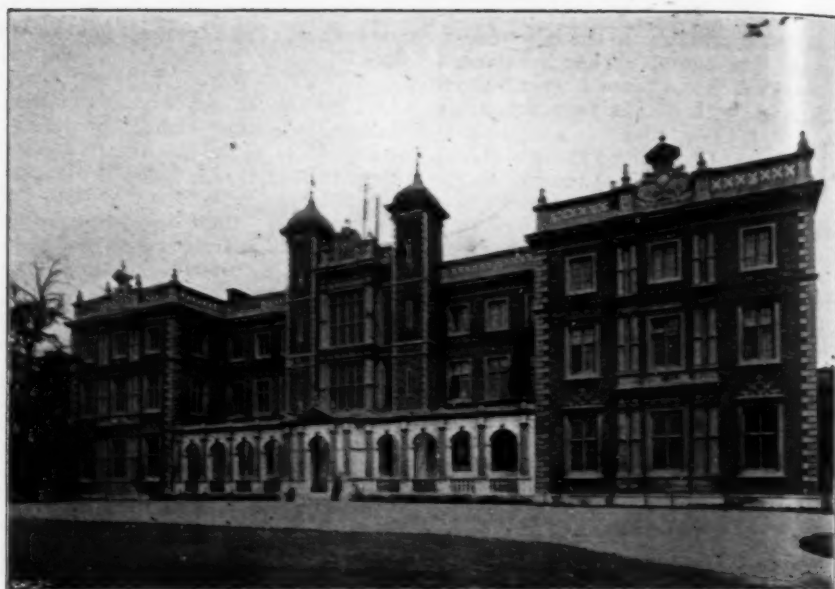
"No, no! I have lived too long alone. I do not feel that I could meet them all yet, but you will tell them of me. You have done me the greatest service that it is possible for one man to do another. You have removed an intolerable load from my heart, and I believe it was no

mere chance that guided you to my door.'

* * * * *

"I have never seen or heard of Charlie Galton since that night, but when I told his story at the Bay, his old friend Alec McKay at once declared his intention of taking up land and settling near him and more than one young fellow expressed his willingness to join them, so I am not without hope that happier days are in store for him."





KNELLER HALL

Our Military School of Music

WRITTEN BY COLONEL E. MITCHELL, R.E., RETIRED.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

HIS long, and justly celebrated Military School of Music, is no new school. It has been over forty years in existence, an outcome of a curious episode of the Crimean War.

During the "forty years peace," between Waterloo and the Crimea, military music had been brought to a good deal of perfection in the different regiments in the Service, by the liberal aid of foreign bandmasters. Of course, during those days, we were at peace with the world; but when war broke out, and the regiments, accompanied by their bands, embarked for active service, the foreign bandmasters, like certain personages of Bible fame, "began with one consent to make excuse." These foreign gentlemen objected to become targets for the Russians, and even those who were

willing to accompany their regiments, in the case of Germans and other subjects of a *Neutral State*, could not be permitted to do so for diplomatic reasons.

At all events, the matter was set at rest by the decision of the then Government, on the grounds of public policy, that bandmasters in the British Army should not only be specially trained on one uniform system, but that they should also be British subjects, enlist in the army, and thus become subject to the provisions of the Military Act and Articles of War, now I believe merged into the "Army Discipline Act." The illustrations, kindly supplied by Colonel Glennie, the Commandant of Kneller Hall, and his predecessor, Colonel Shaw Hellier, show a front view of Kneller Hall and a view of the Barrack Gate

and Stables, the latter being the original stables of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

This school is situated at Kneller Hall, which was purchased by Government about 1848, who has since continued to be its proud and fortunate possessor.

Kneller Hall still retains its original name, derived from its once owner, Sir Godfrey Kneller, the well-known and celebrated Painter to the Court of Charles II. The original building no longer exists, but an old foundation stone, bearing date 1709, still occupies an honoured and a conspicuous position at Kneller. The Hall is situated in the country, in the neighbourhood of Hounslow, Twickenham, and Rich-

neighbourhood of the Thames, were considered to be powerful factors. Anyhow, whatever were the motives, this School of Music has turned out to be a marked success. When Kneller Hall was utilised as a training school for Government schoolmasters, between 1848 and 1857, though under the patronage and direction of Dr. Temple, the late Bishop of London, and now Archbishop of Canterbury, there was, for some reason which I know not, a marked want of success.

There are generally about 205 pupils going through the special course of training to qualify them for holding the important positions of regimental band-



BRIDGE TO ISLAND

mond. It was a convenient situation for the Court Painter, because most of the fascinating young ladies, (the Court Beauties) whom his unique brush has handed down to modern days, resided at Hampton Court Palace, which is within convenient distance. Possibly, when it was selected for the Military School of Music (about 1857), the genial influence of the country surroundings, and its distance from towns, with their manifold temptations, and its healthy situation, rural scenery, and the

masters in the Royal Horse Artillery, and Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the Household Troops, Cavalry, Infantry, etc.

Very wisely, short service soldier pupils are *not* eligible, and only those are admitted who have a good elementary knowledge of, and taste for music. Each regiment in the Service sends up one or two annually, the soldier pupils being selected with due regard to their habits, character, and general ability in music, so as far as possible in after years



END OF LAKE, SHOWING CEDAR TREE

to become a credit to the School, and indirectly to defray the expense of their two years' musical education.

The general round of the week-day education is thus mapped out, and strictly followed :—

At 6 o'clock, the students rise and dress themselves.

Then downstairs quietly trot,
And some they learn their lessons well
And some they catch it hot.

At 6.30 o'clock there is generally parade for drill or inspection of kit, and at 7.30 o'clock all sit down to a good breakfast.

A special musical table of instruction specifies exactly how the morning hours are to be occupied, and about two hours are taken up by dinner and recreation. Then music, according to an afternoon musical time table, goes on during the afternoon, but all comes to an end about 6 o'clock, and by 6.30 o'clock the instruments are "put to bed" till the next

morning. An hour is occupied each afternoon by tea and recreation, and lights and fires are extinguished from 10 o'clock to 10.15 o'clock, by which time all have gone to bed.

One special principle pervades instruction in the use of military musical instruments; viz.—"that the bands, drums, bugles or fifes, or what not, when playing or sounding for military purposes, should closely adhere to the time, *within the minute*, of the exact number of steps prescribed in the field exercise. Of course in the case of the cavalry bands, the time of the music should correspond to the usual action or time of trained horses at the regulation paces laid down for "the trot and canter."

To gain the coveted post of a band-master, the student must be able to play upon all band instruments, and these are many and various. For instance, there are the French horn, the clarionet, flute, cornet, trombone, bassoon, and

big and little drums, etc. They must also be able to teach pupils the proper way to finger and perform on these instruments.

Students and pupils are probationers for the first six months of the Kneller Hall course, and if they qualify themselves by misconduct, etc., the Commandant has the practical power of causing them to be deported back to their regiments, but there rarely arises a necessity for this.

Some years ago a certain smart band boy nearly qualified himself, by forgetting that some apples in some of the neighbouring orchards were not common property, and the Commandant warned him if he again meddled with other people's apples, he would be sent back to his regiment.

Unfortunately, the temptation of ripe strawberries was too great, and the lad was once more before the Commandant, who reminded him of his previous bad doings, and invited him to show cause why he should not be now sent back to his regiment.

"Please sir," responded the delinquent, "you said I should be sent back to my regiment if I took any more apples, and I ain't done so, I only took strawberries."

"All right," replied the Commandant, "you shall not go this time back to your regiment," adding "Sergeant-Major, see that boy gets a dozen strokes with the birch-rod."

"Yes, sir," said the Sergeant-Major, saluting, and to the boy, "To the right turn, right wheel, quick march."

What exactly happened to, shall we say Master Tom, while in custody of the Sergeant-Major, was never, I believe, disclosed, but divers howls were heard to proceed with healthy vigour from the Sergeant-Major's quarters, and Tom did not appear in public next day, and when he did, he seemed to walk and sit somewhat uneasily.

A good many professors of music attend daily to give the necessary instruction in all branches of music—harmony, counterpoint, scoring, and the duties of pupil teachers of music.

The Hall library is a very good one, containing standard works on music by Bannister, Reicha, Cherubini,

Logier, Dr. Stainer, and other well-known writers on Music. I am told the various classes' studies on harmony and counterpoint are based on the instruction given in the writings and works of Sir F. Gore Ouseley of Oxford, and E. F. Richter of Leipsic.

The Kneller Hall band is famed. The Press inserts public notice when it will play in the grounds of the Hall. It usually does so (rainy days excepted) on all Wednesdays from April to October included.

The final six months' students and pupils form the band, and the public throng into the grounds, where they find a "chair contractor," who hires out seats, including the "musical programme," for 1d. each. The scenic beauty of the grounds on fine days attracts many visitors, especially in the spring and early summer, when the gentle progression and growth of trees, flowers and shrubs, when the sky is blue and the sun shines brightly, and the breezes floating across the lawns and flowerbeds, alike charm the eyes and captivate the senses.

The writer and many friends have spent numerous, and let us hope profitable afternoons, on the band days at Kneller Hall, when that excellent and hospitable Commandant, Colonel Shaw Hellier, late 4th Dragoon Guards, one of the best musicians in England, ruled there, but only, under new and enforced age rules, for five years. But he ruled long enough to elevate the character of all under his command, and modified the admirable system, which his able predecessor had left, with such alterations as experience proved to be desirable.

Some of the boys come from the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, and the Royal Hibernian Military School, if they are able to produce, on entering, a fourth-class certificate in education. Suitable provisions for married students living with their wives have been made privately by the excellent lodgings they can secure in the adjacent villages.

There is a large dining hall utilised for musical instruction in wet and cold weather. In fine weather most of the eating of meals and music lessons are carried on under the shade of the white

and pink Kneller chestnut trees. There are so seldom any on "the sick list," that no hospital accommodation has been provided, and there are also no punishment cells. On the rare occasions that the Commandant has to dispense that sort of punishment, the offender affords "a dissolving view" of himself and an escort to the cells in Hounslow Barracks, about two miles distant, and invariably eventually returns a wiser youth.

The great and increasing demand for bandmasters is fully equalled by the

supply, indeed the number of certified musicians who pass through the portals of Kneller Hall could be increased were there accommodation for them. For some time competent pupils have not occasionally been able to enter for that reason—a hardship in several ways, equally so with the system that is in force at Woolwich and Sandhurst, where the unlimited open competition, objectionable in many respects, frequently excludes, with loss to the public service, many well-qualified young men.

The recreation room, library, and billiard room are much

appreciated. Inside the grounds, and as part of the Hall, is the small church, a "gem of church architecture," in which on Sundays Colonel Shaw Hellier always presided at the organ. By a clever utilisation of a vacant space he added at his own expense about forty seats at the end of the gallery, where the choir usually sit. The church services are hearty, and though marriages and baptisms are not celebrated there, within its walls, where the dim religious light is cast by the stained glass windows, there is rarely a vacant seat during divine service, as the public, who come on the chance (from far and wide), are admitted when the students and pupils have taken their places.



THE CHAPEL



A QUIET STREAM

The Finest River Scenery in England

WRITTEN BY C. PARKINSON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

LT was in the year 1771 that the poet Gray, in a letter to his friend, Dr. Wharton, described the banks of the Wye between Ross and Chepstow as "a succession of nameless beauties," and few, I think, will venture to dispute his words; in fact, the lower part is here boldly designated as the finest river scenery in England. The strange thing is that it is not more generally known and explored both by those at home and our American visitors, despite the facile communications with the outer world.

Far away, amid the mountain fastnesses of Plinlimmon, and not far distant from the source of the Severn, the Wye rises at a spot called "the Rest on the Stones." Asphodels and sundews thrive on the saturated moorlands, ring ouzels congregate, and the short-eared

owls flit silently by day amongst the heather in search of the small game they love so well. It is one of the wildest parts of Wales, where the little rills swell into great rivers, rolling onwards towards the sea. A sparkling brooklet at first, the incipient stream ripples and leaps vigorously amid the rocks towards Llangurig. There is an inn here, within touch of the Rhayader and Builth railway, which might well serve as the cyclist's starting-point for the tour of the Wye valley, a distance of little more than 120 miles, with good roads throughout, until Chepstow is finally reached. Above Hereford the river is not navigable, and even the lower Wye lacks the splendid waterway of the Thames. At Llangurig the waters of the Bidno swell the main stream, and there are plenty of trout in

these parts for those who care for the characteristic spring fly-fishing in mountain brooks. Some ten miles lower down we approach the neighbourhood of Rhayader, justly famed for the Falls of the Wye, and the fairy glens situated amid scenery of the most romantic description. The Falls may be little more than salmon leaps, but the bold rocks and profuse vegetation constitute most alluring resorts, where we are brought face to face with the solitude of nature, and the eternal splash of the water has an irresistible fascination of its own. The Marteg and other tributaries increase the volume of the Wye, and the fisherman might find worse quarters than Rhayader or Builth at a season when the March browns and iron blues are on the water. Pedestrians, if so disposed, may strike a mountain path across the chain of hills to the ideal Welsh market town of Builth—a centre for endless excursions. Amongst the heather-clad hills we find droves of Welsh ponies at large; herds of shaggy black cattle, small in size, with long horns and fierce expression, though in reality most docile creatures; and the agile sheep that skip nimbly amid the crags like Alpine goats. The latter are most hardy by nature, and we may find the rough excavations they make as a protection for themselves in the hillside against the cruel winds and snows of winter time. The alternative route by the valley lies *viâ* Newbridge and the junction of the wild Ithon, where the rock scenery is of the finest, and the trout fishing of the best kind.

Builth itself is typically Welsh, with its neat whitewashed houses, animated market, and picturesque situation upon the plain, encircled with mountainous hills. This upper portion of the Wye, if slightly inaccessible, is, in reality, easily approached *viâ* Hereford and Craven Arms, or Three Cocks junction, in connection with the North Western Railway. When the water is fairly high it is quite possible for a canoe to pass downwards all the way to Chepstow, hindered only by the owners—sometimes tenacious of their salmon-fishing rights; for the river is not a free waterway above Hereford. But even where a man is thus challenged he can

carry his light burden across a few fields in order to regain the stream lower down. Passing through a beautiful district known as Wyese towards Boughrood Castle, Glasbury and Hay, the country becomes less wild and more pastoral in character, with a splendid expanse of green hills, hanging woods, and rich meadows. An excellent road from Three Cocks junction passes through this part of the Wye valley, *viâ* Whitney and Boughrood. Sometimes the river is lost between the deep red banks and woodlands; or, again, the stream wanders peacefully through green pastures essentially English in character. In the neighbourhood of Hay, Clifford Castle stands boldly on a terrace overlooking the river. It was a Norman stronghold, founded by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Huntingdon, and is, moreover, said to have been the birth-place of Amy Robsart. The river passes into England at a place called Rhyspence. Offa's Dyke, that great Saxon rampart which defended the Welsh border from the Dee to the Severn estuary, can be traced at Byford, in the same locality as the remains of the old Roman encampment at Kenchester. And then we approach the quiet old Cathedral City of Hereford. The river scenery between Hereford and Ross is tame in comparison with the upper and lower parts of the Wye, although it is pleasant enough rowing down stream by Holme Lacy and Fawley woods. Near to the former place the Lug, another well-known trout river, joins the Wye, and the salmon fishing close at hand is not to be despised. Less than a year ago an angler landed a fish of considerably more than twenty pounds on the bank at Holme Lacy, without a gaff or any other assistance, a proof that all the salmon are not netted in the estuary or lower reaches of the river.

From Hereford to Symonds Yat, that is, to the really grand part of the Wye, the distance is forty-four miles by water. It can easily be covered by a party—say in a Canadian birch-bark canoe—in the day. From Ross to Symonds Yat, a boat drawing nine inches can be rowed in three hours, passing Goodrich Castle, Kerne Bridge, and English Bicknor; and thence beneath the magnificent

cliffs, clad with ivy and a most profuse vegetation, known as the Coldwell Rocks, with the Yat as a culminating point of natural beauty. Goodrich Castle is well worth a visit, not only for its fine situation, but also for the Norman keep, without a rival in the country, save that of West Malling, in Kent. A great deal of the picturesque ruin is evidently of the Edwardian period, if we may judge from the pointed windows, the groinings of the chapel, and the remains of the banquet-

opposite bank. The safe rule is to follow the course of the stream, and to avoid the dense masses of floating weed—the beautiful water crowfoot, which, in places, almost hides the water. The Coldwell rocks are superb walls of solid limestone, which, before Monmouth is reached, attain a height of 400 feet, rising perpendicularly from the river. The Forest of Dean extends practically to the banks of the Wye, and these woodlands lend a most charming aspect to the landscape. The word *Yat* signi-



THE FERRY, SYMONDS YAT

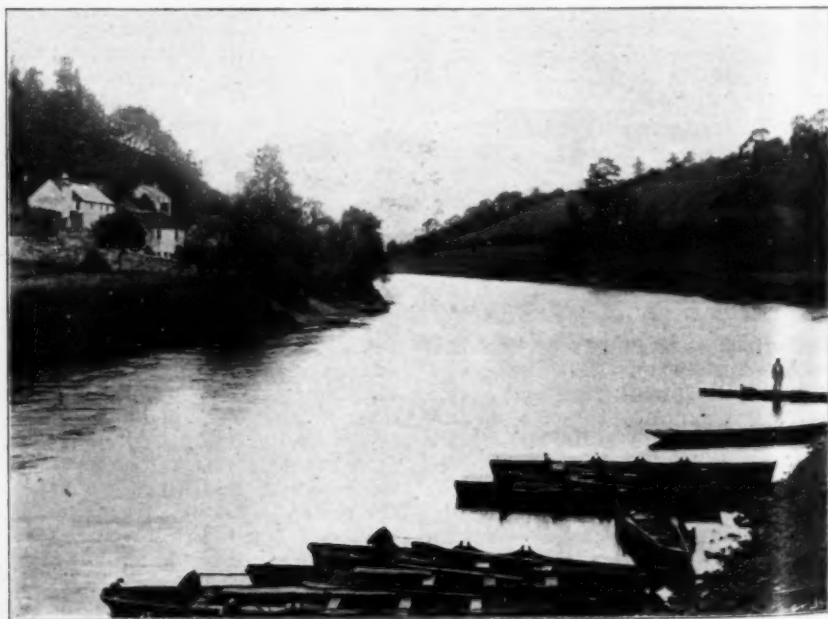
hall. How the ditch was flooded it is not easy to ascertain, but the drawbridge and portcullis are still indicated, with a curiously contrived sally-port on the opposite side of the castle. There are numerous rapids created by sunken rocks between Lydbrook and Kerne Bridge, the circuitous course of the stream requiring very careful watching by oarsmen. There is little danger if a sharp eye is kept on the head of water passing through the deeper channel, sometimes on one side of the river, and sometimes sweeping across beneath the

fies a gate, or barrier, a fact which we quickly realise when the extraordinary horseshoe bend in the river, due to the mass of limestone cliff on the one side of the stream, is observed. The Wye is forced to double back upon itself by the solid barrier, and hence we have all the romantic beauty created for us at Symonds Yat. Fresh vistas are unfolded at every bend, until the broad sweep of green hills away to the right, dotted with white houses on the slopes of the Great and Little Doward complete a most sublime view. On the one

side the cliffs are a mass of ivy, gnarled yews growing from the fissures of the rock, white beam trees, which reflect a silvery light, and a profuse low-growing vegetation, with oak forest above. On the opposite bank the foreground is a blaze of golden gorse, with glades of bracken, and the ridge crowned with purple heather. As Gray remarks, we pass through scenes of nameless beauties in bewildering succession. Those who have the necessary time will do well to leave the river at Lydbrook (or the train, if travelling from Ross) in order to walk over the Coldwell cliffs to Symonds Yat, a distance of some three miles only. A footpath leads through the woods, where spaces are cleared here and there at points of special vantage, for the enjoyment of the magnificent views of the river below. With a sheer precipice at our feet, somewhat hidden it may be stated by the bushes, we gaze spell-bound at the scene. These rock-girt woods are wonderfully prolific with several of the more delicate-flavoured edible fungi; amongst others we have found the chanterelle, the

morel, the edible hydnum, and many less generally recognised as esculent dainties, and singularly neglected in English culinary art.

Those who journey to Symonds Yat from Ross by boat usually land outside the barrier of limestone cliff, leaving the boatman to bring the craft round the four-mile bend of the river. The intervening neck of land is little more than half-a-mile across, with a steep ascent to the plateau of the Yat, and an equally sharp descent on the other side. As we regain the valley, the Wye scenery is at its best, the precipitous crags appearing only here and there amid the rich woodlands which clothe the banks. The village of Whitechurch lies a mile away, but there are hotels and a few lodging-houses close at hand, where a fortnight may be delightfully spent in leafy June amid all the wealth of the fresh foliage. The Forest of Dean occupies that country which lies between the Severn and the Wye. In the olden days the "wooden walls" of England were largely constructed from the oaks grown on the Crown lands of Dean



A BEND OF THE RIVER FROM THE CLIFFS

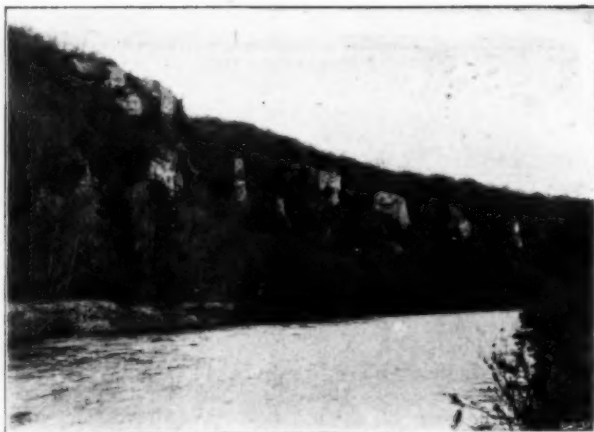
Forest; hence the timber acreage has been largely curtailed, although the woods are still ample, with enticing green drives which extend in every direction. We may penetrate into the very heart of the forest to the Speech-house, or explore another route, by a steady climb, to Staunton and the Druidic Buckstone, or Logan stone, which, for safety, has been cemented to its base. The woodland excursions, in fact, from Symonds Yat are endless, and we have seen baskets of wild orchids obtained in these parts, inclusive of the bee, the fly, the creamy butterfly, bird's nest, pyramid, white hellebore, and the commoner meadow species, that would almost vie with some of exotic growth for colour and beauty, if smaller in size than tropical kinds.

We have spent the greater part of a brilliant summer's night smearing the tree trunks in one of these green drives to attract the rarer kinds of nocturnal moths to the sweet fluid that they appreciate so well. The flash of a lantern reveals the insects sipping the nectar by means of the long proboscis, and a wonderful greenish light is reflected from the numberless facets of the eyes, with a brilliance that is almost phosphoric. The night-jars flit silently round our heads, and the owls shriek as if murder were being committed in the rock-bound thickets. The salmon leap in the river below with a terrific splash, and we feel like guilty poachers stealing through the glades in the stillness of night.

The six miles of river between Symonds Yat and Monmouth passes through a deep gorge in the horizontally stratified limestones, with sharp turns in the stream every mile or so. It is quite an excitement to shoot the rapids to the left of the islet at Symonds Yat, and those inexperienced in making the passage will probably ship water in the broken stream, even if they have the luck to escape the sunken rocks. In these parts fishermen are at work in their wicker coracles, throwing a fly with one hand as they scull with the other. Presently one of them lands, places the coracle over his head, and marches away into the hidden depths of the woods beyond, for all the world like an ancient Briton in the days of Saxon

England. Traces of ancient races, indeed, exist on every side. Tumuli crown the hills on the Monmouthshire side of the river, and distinct evidences of Roman smelting works are found everywhere. Ironstone was obtained through lateral shafts driven into the hills from a level slightly above the bed of the Wye. Furnaces were constructed in deep holes which still remain, wood having been used for fuel. The smelting process was of the rudest description, the ore being enveloped in clay. The slag, invariably retaining a large percentage of metal, has been extensively used in the West Midlands by the Romans, for the purpose of road-making. We have seen such material ten feet beneath the present surface excavated in the city of Worcester, which undoubtedly came from the Wye smeltings. The ferruginous springs in the limestone reveal the presence of iron oxides, and the stalactite caves, a mile below the Yat, are really disused iron workings. In the dead waters just at this bend, is a favourite salmon pool, fully fifteen feet deep, with rapids both above and below. It is known as "Martin's Hole," and many a fine fish has been netted therein. There are splendid bathing pools close at hand, with abundant opportunities for the morning dip. We have the recollection of two ill-used ones vainly endeavouring to find their clothes after disporting themselves in the sparkling water. As one pathetically remarked: "It was not the loss of the clothes that troubled me; I was prepared to walk home artistically draped in a towel. It was the *spectacles* that I missed so much. I trod on a thistle in getting out of the water, and then wandered inadvertently into a bed of nettles." Trivial incidents are amply sufficient to cause amusement during holiday rambles, a time when grave city men behave themselves like great schoolboys let loose from all tasks. It happened that several of our best photographs—including the picture of the "Seven Sisters Rocks,"—were obtained at this place, due care being taken to eliminate these frolicsome water-nymphs at play.

The few miles between Symonds Yat and the quaint old town of Monmouth are certainly the finest part of the Wye,



THE SEVEN SISTERS ROCK

the wondrous effect of the varied foliage appealing forcibly to the artistic sense. The fresh leafage of early June is just in its prime; the grey limestones are half hidden by fantastic yews and the sombre evergreen foliage which affords the strong contrast to the tender verdure of the larches and young beech leaves, the wealth of wild cherry, and the peculiar lights due to the silvery white-beam trees. The best photographs, alas! fail to reveal such subtle gradations of colour-tone. Rare birds make a home in the thickets, and the silence is broken by their joyous chorus of song, or the swirl of the stream. The scene is so wild that one almost expects to find herds of wild deer at the water-brook, boars or wolves in the still glades. As late as the fourteenth century beavers flourished in the Western country. Living in the Wye valley, even in these days, it would be easy to train otters for fishing purposes, as they do in Radnorshire, and other parts of Wales.

Constant watchfulness is required in the guidance of a boat through the rapids which beset the river between the Yat and Tintern. About a mile above Monmouth there is an islet in mid-stream, with, apparently, an equal channel on either side. It is the safest course to steer through the troubled waters to the left; in fact, all boatmen pass this way in spite of shipping a little water. After passing the mouth of the

Monnow, where the picture of Rockfield Bridge was taken (a little way up the tributary river) and the Trothy—a famous trout stream—we find a succession of difficult channels at Redbrook, Landogo, and Bigsweir, the latter a disused weir with a fall of two feet or more, according to the volume of water in the Wye. Here the boat appears to be on the brow of a hill of water; suddenly she darts downward, the nose going underneath the stream, unless an exact course is steered. In some places a boat-hook is useful to keep her head straight. Monmouth is laden with historic memories, stamped with the stirring traditions of Henry of Agincourt, and architecturally interesting on account of its churches, houses, and venerable bridge. This ancient structure across the Monnow, with a gate-house on the very bridge itself, is probably unique in Great Britain. Monmouth is a convenient halting place, most picturesquely situated amid an amphitheatre of splendid hills. No visitor should leave Monmouth without making the small *detour* by rail, or road, to the finely preserved ruins of Raglan Castle. It is true that the structure cannot rival in antiquity the castles of Norman or Edwardian date; it has, on the other hand, an importance of its own as a well-nigh perfect specimen of the later mediæval fortress-castle, associated historically with the Civil War and the celebrated

Marquis of Worcester—claimed by some to have first applied steam as a motive power. There is no better guide to this grand pile than Dr. MacDonald's novel, entitled: "St. George and St. Michael," which deals chiefly with the famous siege of Raglan. The accompanying photograph serves to give a glimpse at the interior courtyard, with the remains of the baronial hall, some few details of the ornamental architecture, and the effect of picturesque decay which is so generally attractive in these lingering

there are many places of interest by the way, notably the remains of the Norman stronghold of St. Briavels, a castle lying on the high ground above Bigsweir. Somewhat fallen from its greatness, the rugged old building of red sandstone still retains many features of architectural interest. It was erected in the reign of Henry I., and the warder or constable for the time being also exercised control over the adjacent Forest of Dean. The double tower of the gateway is still inhabited, the remainder of



ROCKFIELD BRIDGE

remains of other ages. To stroll on the velvet turf of the bowling-green, and gaze at the ivy-clad walls and irregular pile of buildings, is to be transported in spirit three hundred years back in history, and to lose touch for the moment of the whirl and bustle of every-day life. We are unable here to give a view of the stately entrance flanked by solid towers, the whole castle having an admirable position on the brow of a slight eminence above the plain.

As we descend the Wye from Monmouth to the lovely vale of Tintern,

the castle having fallen into decay. The solid thickness of the walls and the huge open chimney are noticeable, together with a real dog-wheel, inside which the animals ran in order to turn the spit. Traces of the moat also remain, although houses have been built close to the edge, all water being long since drained away. The stronghold, in short, is shorn of all its greatness. From St. Briavels there is a pleasant walk of some ten miles through the best part of Dean Forest, an expedition open to those who can tear themselves away

from the exquisite scenery of the Wye valley. The whole of that country which lies between the Severn and the Wye is wonderfully fine, disfigured only in the region of the Cinderford collieries and iron works. The most charming sylvan scenery surrounds the pits, and the beech avenues near Coleford are superb. Continuing the river course, the character of the surroundings change somewhat. The narrow defiles, bordered by sheer precipices and dense woodlands, give place to a more open country. At Landogo, for example, the wide expanse of green hill is more suggestive of the lower slopes of the Swiss Jura Mountains in the vicinity of Neuchatel.

The want of a sufficient depth of water for boating purposes is evident in the shallow rapids immediately above Tintern. Being within the influence of the tide, there is plenty of water at certain times during the day, but at low water and in dry seasons passengers sometimes have to be landed before the boats can pass through the broken waters. On one occasion we ran our bows hard on a shoal with a somewhat amusing result. A goodnatured friend stepped on to the islet in order to free the craft by pushing her head into the proper channel. The purpose was duly accomplished, but it was impossible for him to re-enter the boat before she had darted away in swift race, leaving a

passenger unintentionally stranded in mid-stream. The boat could not return against such a force of water, so nothing remained but to wade either to the right or left bank, people shouting directions to him meanwhile from the shore, which were utterly lost in the roar of the stream. There was not sufficient depth to swim, neither could a foothold be maintained amongst the slippery stones of the river bed. Twice our friend failed in an attempt to reach the shore, risking his life on each occasion; in the end an ignominious escape was effected by means of a flat-bottomed salmon boat. "Oh, yes," one of the country folk observed, by way of consolation, "several have been drowned at that place." This is simply an illustration of the fact that the whole of the lower Wye demands care in navigation.

The placid vale of Tintern, with the glorious early English ruin nestling deep amid the hills, creates a longing for the secluded life of the mediæval monk, secure from the burden of a too busy world. Wandering through the roofless nave, where velvet grass has taken the place of stone pavements, another glimpse is obtained of past ages, and we can almost enter into the spirit of the monastic days, when such institutions were the centre and precious storehouse of all culture and learning. With the possible exception of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, Tintern stands

unrivalled in England for its noble proportions and perfection of style; no words can do justice to the rare beauty of the surroundings. A ridge of Scotch firs, visible as a landmark from the distant vale of the Severn and the Cotswold Hills, crowns the famous Windcliff, above Tintern. The view from the height embraces seven counties, a most entrancing panorama on a clear day. A path descends the face of the cliff, through the woods to Moss



RAGLAN CASTLE

Cottage, and thence into Piercefield Park, which practically flanks the Wye as far as Chepstow, a truly delightful situation for a gentleman's country seat. With great liberality this domain is open to public inspection.

Chepstow, with its fine old castle and hideous railway bridge—due to the genius of Brunel—occupies a semi-circular position following the natural curve of the river. The cramped situation of the castle on a limestone plateau accounts for the curious pentagonal ground-plan of the edifice. The outer walls and bastions include the keep and the main portions of the stronghold, together with the remains of a beautiful Early English chapel, divided from the other parts by a deep cleft in the solid rock, and approached by a connecting bridge. Cromwell in person directed an unsuccessful attack on Chepstow, the garrison being eventually starved out after several futile assaults had been delivered on the impregnable river side. The ivy-grown walls are a favourite haunt of the holly-blue butterfly, which may sometimes be seen in hundreds on a sunny day during the third week in April, when they emerge fresh from the pupa in brilliant attire.

The tide at Chepstow is one of the highest in the world, occasionally showing a rise of fifty feet. This is exceeded by the tide in the Bay of Fundy, at St. Malo, and possibly at one place in China. Those who are interested in the salmon fisheries will find it worth while to go down in one of the flat-bottomed boats on the ebb to Beachley Point, a distance of three miles, to witness the peculiar stop-net fishing, which is adopted in the estuary. The boat is moored to stakes in the river, broadside on to the tide. A pocket-shaped net is extended on a V frame, with an opening some thirty feet across, gradually diminishing into a bag. The extremity passes beneath the boat and is held in position by a rope in the fishermen's hands. The salmon, travelling fast in the murky flood, bolts headlong into the net, a violent twitching revealing its presence. The pocket is hauled up, and perhaps a 20-lb. fish

lies therein. A knowledge of the tides is indispensable, for a boat is easily capsized on the 12-knot flood; and there is no help for a man who is once thrown into the surging waters. Across the salt marshes at Beachley there are exceedingly curious atmospheric effects. On a hot summer's day we seem to be outside the material world. The vessels sailing away on the horizon appear rather in the clouds than on the surface of the water. Objects are distorted by mirage, and a row of poplars in the distance appear more by reflection—inverted in the still river—than in their real position. Everything becomes indefinite, and we are driven to ask whether matter is existent; or if two worlds co-exist within the same dimensions.

Opposite to Beachley—across the Severn—lies Aust Cliff where the old Roman causeway and ford can still be traced, a sort of paved way in the river bed. Until the period of railways and high-level bridges, the Aust crossing was the main route from Bristol and Devonshire into the English border counties; horses, carriages, and passengers alike, being ferried across the estuary mouth. Now, however, times have changed. There is the lofty Severn bridge a few miles higher up the river, and the four-mile tunnel at Portskewet to connect Bristol and South Wales by railway. The ferry has fallen into disuse.

As we bid farewell to the exquisite environment of the Wye, there remains one item for comment. In the last week of October, or the first week in November, according to the season, the walk of eight miles from Lydbrook Junction to Monmouth, reveals a gorgeous succession of Autumn colours, that, in proportion to the limitations of the landscape, cannot be surpassed by the resplendent crimson, scarlet and gold of the American sumachs and the Canadian maples. There is not the boundless extent of colouration, but the quality is superlative, heightened in contrast with the more sombre evergreens and the grey tones of the lofty crags.



WRITTEN BY RANGER GULL AND REGINALD BACCHUS. ILLUSTRATED BY

Y. A. D. LUELLYN

MR. FLORIMOND awoke from a deep sleep. There was nobody there but the dog Trust. Mr. Florimond objected to the dog Trust's friendships for strange dogs in the street, and after having cautioned him severely was compelled to confine him to the house and the little garden at the back. The dog Trust, being deprived of proper exercise, had in consequence become very fat and lazy, and indeed would often sleep far on into a delightful summer's day.

Mr. Florimond looked gloomily round the neat and pretty bedroom, which afforded such a contrast to its dishevelled owner. Since he had taken to drink, Mr. Florimond had become more and more careless of his nails and hair, and although his complexion was distinctly yellow, he had lately allowed himself to wear a green nightcap, which was very ugly indeed. In the saucer of the candlestick which stood by the bedside

were some lumps of sugar and a little round bottle of purple liquid. Mr. Florimond poured two or three drops of the liquid on to a piece of sugar and swallowed it with great satisfaction. The little bottle held toothache mixture, and Mr. Florimond had discovered, by the merest chance, that if you drank a little of this stuff it would supply a feeble exhilaration to flagging powers, and even on good days would make one hungry enough at breakfast time to call hurriedly for an egg.

In a few moments Mr. Florimond climbed out of bed and gave a vicious kick to the dog Trust. Hastily, avoiding his bath, he thrust his feet into a pair of Turkish slippers, which he had bought for a mere ditty in the Lowther Arcade, and then wrapping himself in a dressing gown, sulkily went downstairs to breakfast. His little breakfast room, with its French windows opening out into the garden, presented a curious appearance to the eyes of any one who understood

about rooms. It was obviously going through a period of change. Originally, one saw that it had been exactly the kind of breakfast room that one expects to find in Tulse Hill. On the right-hand side of the hall, as you enter, there was, naturally enough, the engraving of King Charles I. saying goodbye to his children; nor was one disappointed when one looked for the ebonised chess table with the squares made of inlaid mother-of-pearl. What, however, was curious, was the fact that the experiment had been made of covering one wall entirely with brown paper, and that the only picture on this space was a black and white drawing by a notorious decadent artist. This picture was carefully hung so that it should not be in the centre of the wall. Moreover, a roll of white paper, which was leaning against the nicely glazed mahogany bookshelf

full of standard works, looked suspiciously like a poster by Lautrec. A copy of *Gil Blas Illustré* lay upon the sofa, but half concealing the familiar covers of Cassell's useful and popular dictionary of the French language. Mr. Florimond, who was very hungry indeed, rang the bell for breakfast; but when Buscall brought up a dish of hot and tempting sausages, he waved her impatiently away, and in a low weary voice asked for some dry toast. In fact, Mr. Florimond was in a very bad way, and saw nothing but ruin staring him in the face. As he thought over his sad condition his eyes grew moist with self pity, and the hand that poured out a brandy and soda shook like a water-eaten leaf.

His situation was certainly unenviable. Mr. Florimond was a novelist of the romantic school, and by regular hours—from ten to two, and from eight to eleven



"IN A LOW, WEARY VOICE, HE ASKED FOR SOME DRY TOAST."

—and untiring industry had managed to make a comfortable though moderate income. His stories, which invariably began with the sentence "Two horsemen came galloping over the plain," were read with great interest by many serious-minded people at Ipswich and other country towns, and until six months ago he had been in full enjoyment of that happiness which the love and esteem of the respectable alone can give.

The trouble that now confronted him was real and earnest, for it was nothing less than an entire change of the public taste, and an insistent demand for a kind of literature which, despite his hardest efforts, Mr. Florimond found himself quite unable to supply. A year or so before, there had arisen in Oxford and Paris a band of young men of great brilliancy and few morals, under the leadership of a respectable middle-aged gentleman, who had spent several years of his life in stifling his strong domestic impulses, and in endeavouring to be very wicked indeed. Whenever any of the little band had invented, or borrowed from some ancient Latin book, a fresh form of vicious indulgence—some new and very intoxicating drink, or something delightfully naughty to say—they at once printed the discovery in a newspaper, and so in quite a short time became very famous. Had these ingenuous people been content to simply live their amusing lives and provide a little harmless merriment for real people, Mr. Florimond would never have complained; but it was not so.

Urged on by the pathetic spectacle of the respectable middle-aged gentleman, whose views endeavoured to be as broad as his margins, these young men from Oxford devoted their time to the making of books, which immediately had an enormous and incredible success. Mr. Florimond, who rarely left the chaste seclusion of Tulse Hill, did not know enough of the affairs of the world to understand that the public were only amused for a little space at the merry antics of these curious people, and would inevitably return to the real and solid romances which he himself was able to produce.

He saw that one touch of indecency makes the whole world grin, but was not

astute enough to analyse the quality of the smile.

His sales fell off very much, and his publishers, though they issued his new book, "Sword and Sorcerer," hinted that something a trifle more modern would be more likely to suit the public taste and suggested that the epigram was at the moment a form of expression worthy his attention.

Mr. Florimond quite saw the force of their remarks, and when, on picking up the lucubrations of many of his brethren of the sword and spear, he saw that royalties had made decadents of them all, he determined that he also would become what in a feeble attempt at a pun he called a "decayed 'un."

He found it very difficult because he did not understand the *flair* of the movement in the least. He was by no means a fool, but his type of brain was one which found it impossible to assimilate the new ideas. He could not see the *raison d'être* of the whole thing, and his attempts were very pitiable. This morning he gloomily surveyed a piece of paper which bore the whole output of the day before. It was headed "Fantasia," and ran:—

"Strange to be tipsy yesterday, to dress myself up thus and knock at the gate of the palace and say, 'I would be the King's new jester.' Upon my life, folly has better ideas than reason: to be accepted, to be given a palace to roam in, a King to fool to, and to be given a new personality—this is charming.

"And they are all so kind too—they forget me—I met the King. His courtiers told him: 'St. Grau is dead, here is a counterfeit.' He hadn't even the curiosity to look at me. He murmured something about the bells being in the same tone, so I had to cut off all mine and sew on new ones."

Mr. Florimond had tried very hard over this. He had been intoxicated as early as twelve o'clock in the morning on a mixture of bay rum and the green part of a Gorgonzola cheese, and in the afternoon he had chatted for half-an-hour with a man who had once spoken to Verlaine. This was all the result! He shook his head gloomily, for he knew that it would not do. No readers, he

reflected, would stand that, and he marvelled how the type of young man he heard of succeeded, by being nearly always idle in a public, in becoming the idol of the public. During the last few days he had returned time after time, like the dog of Scripture, to the decadent novel he was engaged on, and on each occasion the thing had bitterly repulsed him. His balance at the bank was getting alarmingly low, and the future presented nothing but blackness to his imagination. Often for hours he would stare gloomily at the fire, wondering how the new writers made the epigrams that were so liberally scattered over their pages. He could not get the trick of it, try as he would. He would write down a proverb such as "The early bird gets the first worm," and hours of anguish would only twist it into "The surly word makes the curst squirm," or some equally futile imitation of the real thing.

This morning he was more than usually unhappy, and after an aimless opium-tainted cigarette which he did not enjoy, resolved to take a walk in the neighbourhood, in the hope that the fresh air might stimulate his intelligence. Accordingly he dressed and shaved, feeling much better for the cleanly operation, and summoning the dog Trust went out into the crisp and invigorating winter's morning. The dog Trust, delighted at this unwonted freedom, ran hurriedly down the garden path. Unfortunately, as he emerged from the gate, the dog Trust collided violently with a neatly-dressed young gentleman who was walking past, and the ground being very slippery, the young gentleman fell with great violence, striking his head against the kerbstone. Mr. Florimond, in whom the new theories had not yet entirely stifled every kindly impulse, immediately ran to his assistance, and finding him rather badly hurt, called Buscall, the cook, and with her help, carried him into the house.

The young gentleman was dressed with great elegance and in a thoroughly considered manner. His face was pale and thin, and his light straw-coloured hair was parted very neatly in the centre and anointed with fragrant brilliantine. Instead of an ordinary tie, he wore an old-fashioned stock, which swathed his

tall collar in its many folds, and from the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat dangled a little bunch of seals. While Buscall was bathing his injured head with warm water, Mr. Florimond regarded him with great interest. Some indefinable instinct told him that the stranger must be a real decadent, and though he knew the folly of indulging in such vain hopes, the joyous conviction was more and more borne in upon him as he watched the pallid figure on the sofa. After a few minutes, the young gentleman sighed, and, opening his eyes, regarded good Buscall, who was making a linen bandage, with obvious interest.

"I hope you are better, sir," said Mr. Florimond; "you have had a nasty knock, and I fear it was entirely owing to the lamentable clumsiness of the dog Trust, who is often very rough in the morning, and whom I shall whip severely."

"Oh, please do not mention it," answered the young gentleman; "the sensation was quite novel and delightful, and I must really insist you will not punish the dog Trust on my account. Might I be so bold as to ask you for a drink?"

A brilliant idea occurred to Mr. Florimond—he would test the decadence of his guest. He hastily ran to the morning room and mixed a strong brandy and soda. Then he took the bottle of bay rum out of the cupboard, and, cutting a nice piece of Gorgonzola cheese from the greenest part, placed it upon a plate.

If the young gentleman was, as he hoped, a real decadent, Mr. Florimond knew that he would at once compound the famous drink, but if a more common person, he would immediately choose the brandy and soda. With hands trembling with suppressed excitement, he bore the tray into the next room. His doubts were at once set at rest. The young gentleman took the cheese and placed it in the tumbler without any surprise, and merely remarking that Mr. Florimond had forgotten the spoon, poured out a liberal allowance from the bottle of bay rum. Then, making a wry face, he tossed off the mixture, and, lying back on the sofa, regarded Mr. Florimond with a simple and contented smile.



"HE WROTE HIS NAME CARADOC MILNES"

The heart of the novelist beat rapidly, for he felt he was on the way to valuable discoveries, and the hopes fluttering at his heart whispered joyously that he was at last going to find out how it was done.

"I perceive, sir," he said reverentially, "that you are a decadent."

A bright and winning smile lit up the young gentleman's face.

"I am, I am," he replied, with a deprecating wave of his hand. "My name is Caradoc Milnes."

Mr. Florimond trembled all over with pleasure. Here was an opportunity indeed! Fate had thrown into his hands the very pearl of decadents. There before him, on the little rep sofa, lay Caradoc Milnes himself, the arch-epigrammatist of Town, and, as they said in Tulse Hill, the wickedest man in the world. Mr. Florimond bowed with great dignity.

"I am proud indeed," he murmured, "to offer my poor hospitality to Caradoc Milnes, and, myself a humble walker in literary paths, to welcome one of Literature's most distinguished sons."

The young gentleman was obviously very pleased by this speech of Mr. Florimond, for with an almost pathetic eagerness he said, "Yes, am I not splendid? It is most gratifying to find that even in Tulse Hill the natives appreciate me. I am sure you must be a most intelligent person, I must positively give you my autograph;" and, walking unsteadily to the wall, he took a pencil and wrote his name "Caradoc Milnes," upon it in large letters. When he had returned to the sofa, looking very young and fragile, he began to talk pleasantly about himself, and he told Mr. Florimond, who was intensely interested, many facts about what he ate and drank, and the cafés he sat about in when he was in Paris. It transpired during the conversation that Caradoc Milnes' new book of epigrams on large paper had sold to the extent of nearly fifteen thousand copies.

"And when, if I may be so bold as to ask," said Mr. Florimond, "is your next work to be issued?"

"Never," answered Mr. Milnes with a slight sigh. "I have said all that I have to say, and as my doctor tells me that I have ruined a constitution never originally strong, I sail next week for Dieppe, where I hope to end my days in a little house that I have in the Faubourg de la Barre. The medical people calculate that I have six, if not eight, months of life still before me, and I shall devote them to the investigation of a question that has often vexed me. I have not yet been able to discover the right place for Gin in the daily drink scheme, and if a single-hearted devotion to the great cause enables me to solve the problem,

I shall pass peacefully away some golden evening, conscious that my days have not been entirely valueless, and that in the fairy islands of St. Brandan I may often catch an echo of thankfulness from my brethren who are still investigating in Romano's."

He said this so melodiously, and he looked so delicate and young, that Mr. Florimond was unable to repress a sudden tear, and then, a little ashamed of his emotion, he said quickly, "Ah, Romano's! I often wondered where the decadents drank. I suppose it is very central, indeed, Romano's?"

"That is no Criterion," said Caradoc Milnes, with a boyish smile; "but tell me about yourself. Who are you? What do you neglect?"

"My own interests, I fear," said Mr. Florimond wearily; "I am in a sad way."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Caradoc Milnes. "Please tell me all about it, and have you got an opium-tainted cigarette? I love cigarettes, they are such a good imitation of tobacco."

"My trouble," said Mr. Florimond, after he had handed the young gentleman an opium-tainted cigarette, "is this: For some years I have earned a moderate but sufficient income by the writing of romantic tales. Until some six months ago I found no difficulty in this branch of literature, and I and the dog Trust were as happy as two people could possibly be. Then came the misfortune which threatens to wreck my life. You and your friends have inaugurated an entirely new style of literature which has become the fashion. No one will look at anything else, and I find myself quite unable to produce anything of the kind. God knows I have tried hard enough," said poor Mr. Florimond, "but I cannot do it. I have taken to drink. I have taken in *Gil Blas*, and it is now several days since I have taken a bath, but it is no use. I have been four days producing the simple epigram, 'Where there's a swill there's a sway,' and days of bar-lounging have not helped me in any way."

"Mr. Florimond," replied the young gentleman, "although our friendship has been so short, yet believe me I have a sincere regard for you; I will tell you

where you make the mistake. To-day a man does not succeed by his writings, but by his personality. I myself, for instance, am great because I am so wonderful in my person. All my 'works' were inspired by an elderly relation whom I maintain."

Mr. Florimond gasped at the sudden revelation. "But I have no elderly relation capable of writing 'works,'" he said, "and my person is, I regret to say, not splendid. I can see no way out of my difficulties, and the hitherto reputable name of John Florimond, son of the late Flag-Admiral Florimond——"

"Seems to be in danger of becoming a Union Jack," said Mr. Milnes, with a genial bow. "But listen," he continued. "I shall not allow a man who is called Florimond to languish forgotten in Tulse Hill. No, Florimond," he said with great earnestness, "indeed it shall not be. *Dabit Milnes his quoque finem*, and I will bring prosperity to you and yours. You shall become the very flower of decadence. Good Buscall shall have a gown of beetle-coloured silk, and there shall be lamb kidneys twice a day for the dog Trust." As he said this the young gentleman raised himself on one arm, gazing at his host with a frank and noble expression.

"My benefactor!" said Mr. Florimond, choking with emotion and seizing the young gentleman by the hand, "how can I express my deep and lasting gratitude? Plunged in the gloomy depths of dark despair, you have come into my life like the pure rays of the morning sun, and if Providence vouchsafes health and strength to this right hand, the name of Caradoc Milnes shall resound for ever in the uncut leaves of the womb of Time!"

"*Pas de fromage, mais encore un p'tit verre de bay rum*," said the young gentleman, in order to conceal his natural and creditable emotion.

At this moment good Buscall announced that lunch was on the table. Lunch was a genial feast. The young gentleman exerted himself to be pleasing, and Mr. Florimond was almost brilliant in the inspiring society of his guest.

Anecdote after anecdote flowed from the lips of the young gentleman, and

Mr. Florimond vicariously tasted many of the pleasures of celebrity.

Mr. Milnes proudly boasted that no pure-minded girl was allowed to speak to him. He told Mr. Florimond how, when he entered the smoking room of the National Liberal Club, an Irish member had once risen and left the room in a marked manner, and he related—it was his dearest reminiscence—how he had once travelled from Charing Cross to the Gare du Nord in evening dress and without an overcoat.

The young gentleman said that he always spent the mornings of each day in receiving interviews from the American papers. "In the afternoon," he added, "my time is much taken up by avoiding the many artists who wish to paint my picture. They are very importunate, and some of them are even going so far as to leave china eggs about in the hope of inducing me to sit."

He was a most entertaining companion, and his boyish glee in his reputation for quite naughty behaviour was a touching and pretty thing to see. His great grief was that the exigencies of publicity kept him so hard at work inventing new vices that he never had time to put any of them into practice.

"And now, Florimond," he said, when good Buscall had brought up the coffee, "we must see what we can do for you. I think I see a good way out of your trouble, and though I am compelled to own that it may present some slight element of inconvenience, I doubt you will be diffident upon so happy a matter. I infer that had you a constant supply of epigrams, and some occasional twisted views of life provided for you, you are quite capable of putting a story together; the mere carpentry and so on is within your power. Exactly, I gathered as much, and I think I can do this for you. I, as you know—the news will be published to-night in a special edition of the *Globe*—am about to leave the public to the care of far less brilliant pens than mine and to retire to Dieppe. Now, during the last year, I have been maintaining a father who became bankrupt in the vain endeavour to pay my Oxford bills. This man, John Milnes, is, I am sorry to say, neither clean nor sober, and though I have found him, in the main,

honest, I should not like to expose him to a sudden temptation. He is, however, a brilliant and witty talker, especially when a little intoxicated, and many of my most celebrated pleasantries have fallen from his lips.

"He was once the editor of a high-class literary journal, and, despite this damning fact, is really a well-read man. I know, of course, that because a man has read a great many proofs, that is no proof that he is a great reader, but John Milnes is, I will certainly say, a well-educated and amusing fellow. Now I have no further use for him, and indeed he would certainly disturb the peace of Dieppe. He will, I feel certain, gladly enter your service for a time as your epigrammatist, and will require nothing but a moderate amount of food and an immoderate amount of drink, or, as he himself would put it, 'enough as is good for a beast.' You will be able to make notes of his best things and use them in your book. I myself learnt shorthand for this very purpose. You could put him in livery as your footman, or he could be 'Uncle Fiddeyment,' or anything you please. My intimate friends always call us the 'Farmers,' because while he *mots* I reap! Now, Florimond, what do you say?" concluded the young gentleman, regarding the novelist with a kindly and interested smile.

"Noblest of creatures," said Mr. Florimond, "you have saved me. John Milnes shall be treated like a brother in this house, and shall be second in my affections to the dog Trust alone."

"Then," said the young gentleman, "give me another drink, send good Buscall for a cab, and we'll go and get him at once."

In less than an hour the cab was standing before the door of the young gentleman's flat, in Jermyn Street, and Mr. Florimond followed his host with great interest into a large and handsome study. The room was brilliantly illuminated with electric light, for though it was broad day in the outside world no ray of sun was ever allowed to penetrate into the study of Caradoc Milnes. A large woolly lamb, a life-like toy, stood upon the hearthrug. The young gentleman said he had been playing with it in the morning, in order to get the right

atmosphere for some nursery tales he was about to write, and, with great affability, he showed Mr. Florimond how, when you pulled the lamb's tail with a sudden jerk it said "Baa" quite distinctly. After a liqueur glass of real water, Mr. Florimond's host left the room, returning shortly with the epigrammatist.

"I have explained to Milnes," he said, "and he quite agrees, so I think you had better take him away with you. It will be convenient to me, as I am expecting some ladies to dinner, and I should not like them to see him. Goodbye Milnes, I have arranged for you to be called 'Uncle Fiddleymont,' and I shall always be pleased to hear of your success, and, while you do not abuse my generosity, you may in some measure depend on my assistance."

So saying, with a warm pressure of Mr. Florimond's hand, the young gentleman, having no more kindness to show him, politely showed him the door.

As he does not appear again in this history, it may be as well to state that the young gentleman did not die at Dieppe, but married the buxom widow of an hotel proprietor at Swanage, and is now living quietly and respectably at that place.

The epigrammatist was an elderly man of full habit and a fine and portly presence. His dissipated, good-humoured old face was clean-shaven, and though it bore undeniable traces of a life that was certainly not all that it should have been, yet the expression was not repulsive, and seemed to show possibilities of better things. Mr. Florimond became on good terms with him at once, and experienced none of the uneasiness that he had felt in the presence of the young gentleman. After a quiet dinner together, they drew up their chairs to the fire, and Mr. Florimond unburdened himself on his troubles and made the epigrammatist acquainted with the situation that he had come to save.

"It can be done, Florimond," said the epigrammatist, or, as Mr. Florimond thought it wise to call him, "Uncle Fiddleymont," "it can be done, and it shall be done. We had better lose no time in beginning. I would suggest that we call the book 'The Floor of Hell,'

so that there can be no possible doubt of our good intentions. Yours must be the constructive part, for, though I am no doubt fitted for the scaffold, I have no talent for building up anything. I will merely supply the modern epigram and idea. The hero must, of course, be a young peer, for even the decadents cannot afford to do without him. Then your heroine can be an advanced girl who objects to being a female, and you can have a low comedy person—an East-end flower girl, say—who objects to being called one. I should also suggest a little psychological study of your intelligent friend, the dog Trust. We have had no decadent animal since Caradoc's early monograph, '*The parrot Balmy Johnson, and why he was a foul bird.*' Style, of course, is very easy, especially in the description. The trick is most easy. Suppose, for instance—

thank you, just up to the cuts—you are describing a girl's appearance. If you are not a decadent, you will compare her hair and lips and hands to some natural object. Her eyes will be like the stars, her mouth the rose—and so on. The decadent, on the other hand, only chooses artificial objects for comparison. It is simply reversing the natural order of things. That is decadence. By the way, I must also remind you that you must always repeat a sentence twice, though in a slightly different form. Honor Oke picked up a Bible one day, and found the idea in the Psalms; it's an old Hebrew use really, though he has pretended it was entirely his own invention. Suppose, for instance, you were talking about a girl, you would say, 'Sybil was very beautiful. Her hands were like carved ivory, white as carved ivory were her hands, and the fingers of her hands were long and slender.' D'you see?—repetition gives you rhythm and the 'carved' creates that exotic impression which is exactly what you want. It's quite easy. Now about corruptness. You will not find it come so easy at first, but there are regular rules. Your young peer, when he falls in love, must say, 'I desire your lips, Irma, it is your lips that I desire.' You must not be indecent, or no one would mind. Frank indecency is quite harmless. You must—no, thank you, no soda; Ill just take it

neat—*suggest* that you are indecent when you really mean nothing whatever. Oh, and you must on no account neglect the 'curiously carved brass bowl.' It is by far the most valuable property we have, much better than the 'strange orchids as lovely as sin.' I remember Oke tried a Japanese lacquer work tray, but it was not successful. You must be very careful not to neglect the curiously carved brass bowl. It is thought to be very immoral. Cigarettes, of course, are *always* opium-tainted, and nothing is drunk except out of Venetian glass—the 'bubble' of Venetian glass is a good word. I'm sure I don't know why, but Venetian glass always has a bubble reputation. You might put a remark about it in the mouth of a Canon. Oh, don't trouble to open any more brandy—I will change to whisky, thanks. I think," said Uncle Fiddeyment, as he replenished his glass, "that there is not much more—except, of course, the moon. The moon, as you doubtless know, is always like a piece of carved silver."

As he said this, the epigrammatist disposed his length on the sofa and was fast asleep in a moment. Mr. Florimond slept but little. He began to see with great vividness the manner in which he would do the new book. Uncle Fiddeyment was the ideal person to work with. He was so sure of his ground, he knew exactly what to do, it was a great comfort to have him. Good Buscall would, doubtless, be difficult at first, because Mr. Florimond knew that she was a woman with strong views on temperance; but that might be arranged. It would now no longer be necessary for him to be intoxicated himself—a thing he disliked very much—and his own return to sobriety would go far, he thought, to condone the occasional potations of the epigrammatist.

The next few weeks passed with great rapidity, and in the Maison Florimond the advent of spring was almost unnoted. Out in the world young men's fancies were lightly turning to thoughts of love till they were giddy, and hundreds of Wanton-Lapwings had got themselves a whole *Heralds' College* full of newer crests; but steady toil and high endeavour banished the influence of a mere season from Mr. Florimond's mind. The

"Floor of Hell" began to approach completion, and Mr. Florimond's hopes to glow like the pavements of heaven.

It is true that there were a few trivial worries as the days went on.

Although (as Mr. Florimond would now have expressed it) "life had become to him like the delicate sound of a lute," it was impossible to avoid an occasional rift within the instrument. At times Uncle Fiddeyment would produce quite the wrong sort of epigram, and though Mr. Florimond filled the house with intoxicating liquors, becoming a perfect publican in the way he taxed his energies to please his *collaborateur*, at times he found it difficult. Every day, with a copy of "Marius the Epicurean" on a table in front of him, Mr. Florimond said his *PATER noster* and his *MAX vobiscum*; but even this styleographic devotion did not always console him. When, for example, Mr. Florimond was writing a gloomy and pessimistic chapter, Uncle Fiddeyment would give utterance to the lightest and most joyous epigrams, and when there was a scene of sunshine and laughter, the epigrammatist would be as bitter as the small beer he was compelled to drink in the morning. However, Mr. Florimond had read his *Candide*, and knew that we must cultivate our garden, and in time he found his remedy in dieting his friend, with the latter's ready concurrence.

If on the Wednesday night Mr. Florimond knew that Thursday morning would bring him to a Manfredic scene of misery and death, he would give Mr. Milnes hot crabs and rum punch for supper, and the epigrams next morning were as gloomy and pessimistic as could be desired. On the other hand, champagne and a sandwich at midday would produce light and airy nothings for the salon in less than three-quarters of an hour.

It was when some two-thirds of the book was written that Mr. Florimond began to notice that Uncle Fiddeyment seemed to be less brilliant than of old. About the same time, he remarked that the epigrammatist drank much less than was his wont, and was also very much neater and cleaner in his personal appearance.

As the days went on the epigrams



"THE EPIGRAMS BECAME FEWER"

became fewer and fewer and very feeble, and one day, when Uncle Fiddeyment came down to breakfast actually wearing a frock coat, and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, Mr. Florimond felt compelled to ask him for an explanation. It was at once forthcoming, and while the bacon grew cold and the morning's letters remained unopened, the two men looked at each other with consternation in their eyes.

It was very simple: Mr. Milnes, living in close contact with so truly excellent a man as Mr. Florimond, was unable to resist the good influence of his example. As his better nature reasserted himself and he began to seriously think of turning his attention to a more worthy life, such as missionary enterprise or the writing of sermons for the overworked parish priest, Mr. Milnes' power of epigram entirely left him, and over the untasted breakfast the two friends discussed the question with all the solemnity its importance demanded.

While he was trying to find a way out of the difficulty, Mr. Florimond noticed a letter from his publishers, Messrs. Pedlar and Lobby. He opened it half unconsciously, and then the words suddenly arrested his attention. It seemed that the decadent bubble had suddenly burst completely, owing to the sudden death of the middle-aged gentleman, who was immediately cremated at Woking, with as little said about him as possible. Surfeited with novel sins, the public were clamouring for ancient virtues, and Pedlar and Lobby implored Mr. Florimond to send them an armoured romance at his very earliest convenience.

That night Uncle Fiddeyment took the train to Swanage, and entered the young gentleman's service as head waiter, a post which he long filled with great dignity.

Mr. Florimond saw him off, and on returning, while Mrs. Buscall sold two hundred brandy bottles to the dustman,

sat down to his desk and on a virgin sheet of paper wrote these words :

"Two horsemen came galloping over the plain." Then, lighting a candle, he went

happily to bed. Mr. Florimond sank into a deep sleep.


There was nobody there but the dog Trust.



"THERE WAS NOBODY THERE BUT THE DOG TRUST"

A House that Links Several Centuries

WRITTEN BY BEATRICE KNOLLYS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE County of Kent, owing to its proximity to London, abounds with houses of historical interest, for just as in these days men of note are eager to escape from the turmoil of town to the brisk breezes of Scotland or the slumbrous air of the South, so in those times the kings of camp, court or counting-house were only too glad of release from the busy whirl of their London world to the freedom of country quiet in a county like Kent, which, while distant enough for peace, was yet close enough for touch with town. Also the close proximity of Kent to the sea-coast and to smuggling centres were, you may be sure, attractions in past days that affected all classes. Kent, too, as the great highway between London and the sea, had roads, as made by the Romans and others, far superior to those in more remote counties, which rendered travelling less toilsome and dangerous.

Among the many interesting houses still existing in this "Garden of England" is one which forms a long link of ages, uniting as it does the twelfth century with our own nineteenth century, for Yaldham Manor House, near Wrotham, was built by Sir Thomas de Aldham, who lived in the reign of Richard I.; and this king is said to have stayed here on his way to the Crusades, his host accompanying him to the Holy Wars, and being present at the siege of Acre in 1191.

Whether Sir Thomas de Aldham gave his name to this house or whether this house gave its name to him is a

moot question, but that Yaldham or Aldham, also sometimes called Eldenham, is a corruption of "ye olde home" or "ham," a dwelling, is fairly self-evident.

That it was a place of importance and considerable extent is proved by a grant given to the Priory of Cumbwell by Robert de Eldenham, in 1220, out of this property, while mention is made in the Assize Roll of Kent in 1293 of the bucks in the "Park of Aldham" then in the possession of Baldwin de Eldham.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century Yaldham passed into the hands of the Peckham family, a daughter of the sonless Sir Thomas de Aldham having married a Martin Peckham, descendant of John Peckham, High Constable of Rochester Castle in the reign of King John, and a crusader of note. Connected thus as Yaldham Manor was with Kentish families of Crusaders, the Great Hall must often, as the banqueting-room of these soldiers of the Cross, have been the scene of many sad partings after the farewell cup.

This hall carries our imagination back without difficulty to those old days as we look around and up at its lofty roof, where one of the cross-rafters still bears marks of the smoke when the fire burnt in the centre of the room; and we can picture the tired pilgrims huddling round it for warmth as they rested for the night amongst the rushes strewn on the floor ere they continued their way next morning to Canterbury, whither they were going by the "Pilgrim's Road," which still exists close by, to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Here also the distinguished family of Peckhams, who were owners of Yaldham

about four hundred years, from 1327 to 1713, must have frequently entertained celebrated people, for the social position occupied by the Peckhams and the comparative short distance of their manor house from London kept them in touch with the world and its notabilities.

One of the Peckhams was six times member of Parliament, and twice High Sheriff in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. A Reginald Peckham was another member of Parliament in the reign of Henry VI.; and a James

which is only about five minutes' walk from Yaldham Manor; while Hever Castle, in Kent, Anne Boleyn's old home, was also within easy distance of Yaldham, so it is most likely that she often met her future Blue-beard husband, Henry VIII., when he went to honour—mark the word, which partakes of cynicism in connection with the royal butcher—when he went to honour the Esquire of his Body-Guard, Reginald de Peckham, who died on February 27th, 1525, and was buried in Wrotham Church, whose old square tower can be



YALDHAM MANOR

Peckham was member of Parliament and Sheriff in Edward IV.'s time, and married a daughter of the Burgoyne family. In the Great Hall of Yaldham Manor, with its beautiful oriel window, Anne Boleyn is said to have danced, and most probably with Henry VIII. as partner; for Reginald Peckham, the elder, was squire of the body to this sovereign, who presented Anne Boleyn's father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Ormonde and Wiltshire, with the mansion and estate of St. Clere,

seen from the windows of Yaldham Manor. It was to this church that James Peckham left by his will, dated May 12th, 1400, to the "fabric" of St. George's, 26s. 8d.; to the light of the Blessed Mary, two cows; to the sacrist, 3s. 4d.; and a similar amount to each of the two clerks.

Only about two years after his squire's death Henry VIII. began to have scruples regarding his marriage with his brother's widow, Catherine of Arragon, although it had taken him seventeen years to

realise the unlawfulness. We can easily picture the gay gallants, and fascinating, flighty, fair dames dancing to the music of the performers in the minstrel gallery at the west end of the hall, whose arched pintail roof of massive oak beams, and broad mullioned window enriched with the arms of the Peckham family, formed a fitting frame to the fair

bluff, burly, brutal Henry VIII., and trying to hide in the folds of her sleeve and gown her deformity, the little sixth finger on her right hand. Gay, brilliant butterfly, so ignorant of the future Fate and Folly have in store for her, as she whiles away the happy hours in the big hall till nightfall gives the signal that dancing is at an



INTERIOR OF GREAT HALL

women and the gorgeous gallants of the Tudor period.

From the small quaint shutter window, high up in the east wall of the hall, and approached by a corridor on the next storey upstairs, we can throw imagination back some centuries as we look down. Fair Anne Boleyn, with her pink and white complexion and dainty figure, tripping the measure with the

end; for in those days the custom prevailed that with the shades of evening this popular amusement gave place to others, such as cards, backgammon (then called "tables"), or music on the cittern or the virginals.

Certainly the curious stone ornament above the stone arch of the original only entrance, resembling in appearance a sort of mask face, could tell tales of

much historical interest could its mouth but speak, for this ornament dates from the end of the twelfth century, and prevailed in architectural designs to the middle of the fourteenth. The larger part of the house is said to have been burnt down in the fourteenth century, but "ye hall" and "ye parlor" escaped the conflagration, and as they were the principal rooms their survival is of more historical interest and importance.

The grandson of Henry VIII.'s "squire of the body," another Reginald Peckham, caused Yaldham estate to be disgavelled, a very ancient custom dating, some say, from the ancient Britons, the Welsh, others say from the Normans or the Saxons, but Kent is the only county where this old division of land still holds, by which all surviving children share equally the property. This Reginald de Peckham who disgavelled Yaldham Manor, which "he held of the Manor of Lullingstone Castle by Knight's service," died in the year of Wyatt's Rebellion, in which he seems to have taken no part, though "the rebels ascended Wrotham Hill directly under Yaldham, Master Peckham's house, and an engagement took place in Blacksole Field with shot and arrows."

The old elm avenue of Yaldham Manor, along which these men of Kent marched to fight and flight, still exists, though the road that formerly led from it to Ightham has disappeared, and fields now cover its place. This elm avenue is no longer used as a drive, yet it is still lively at times, when at midnight is heard the passing of a phantom coach and four driven by a headless horseman. By the way most of the ghosts of this neighbourhood have no head, in compliment, as an old gentleman used to remark, to hapless, headless Anne Boleyn.

After being from about 1327 to 1713 in the possession of the Peckhams, whose descendants now live in Sussex, Yaldham again changed hands. The next family of note connected with the place were the Evelyns, a name handed down to posterity, by the garrulous ancestor who was the writer of the well-known Diary, which is still in the possession of the present-day Evelyns. In or near the year 1733 Yaldham was

bought by Mr. William Evelyn Glanville, and re-united to St. Clere, and through Mr. Evelyn Glanville it became the property of the Evelyns of Wootton, Dorking. It is now owned by General Goldsworthy, a member of Parliament.

A curious item in connection with its tithes is that they were at one time let by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester for 6s. 8d. and two fat capons!

The year before last the Archaeological Society visited Yaldham Manor, on account of its historical interest, an interest which continues from the great hall to the adjoining smaller apartment now used as a dining room, for its old walls are hung with tapestried scenes of bygone days, and its quaint fireplace and handsome sideboard are exact copies from twelfth century pictures, while the red morocco chairs with the gold Crusader's cross, the crest of the Goldsworthys, stamped on the back of each, is appropriate to a house where so many Crusaders have lived, loved, and lingered on their way to the Holy Wars.

The windows of this dining-room look out on to the lawn, now covering with its green mantle the former foundations of another part of the old house, which, as previously stated, is supposed to have been burnt down about the fourteenth century; but the massive oak pillar of the house is still to be seen in the remaining portion. In those times, too, Yaldham boasted not only a large mansion but also a fine park well stocked with deer. Mention is made of the park and deer, as early as the thirteenth century, in the following quaintly-worded statement:—

"The jurors make presentment that Richard de Pimpe, the sub-escheator, after the death of Baldwin de Eldham, seized the manor of Aldham into the hand of the lord king, and held it in the seizin of the lord king, and caused to be taken in the park of the same (Baldwin) ten does and one buck; they know not by what warrant; and Richard says that on the decease of the aforesaid Baldwin, two deer were killed in the same park, and that he took the aforesaid deer, so killed, by command of Malcolm de Harle the escheator. And



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL

(in token) that he took no others he prays that inquirys may be made. And the jurors elected for this purpose say upon their oath that the aforesaid Richard took nine does and one buck in the same park, as was before stated."

Poaching seems to have been then as popular a pursuit as now, but more lucrative, and on a larger scale; and Yaldham appears to have been especially a happy hunting-ground for poachers and others of that class; for mention is made that "Lawrence Shrep, of Westerham, Theobald le Wodeward and Lawrence Hoppe, of Bradestad, together with other persons unknown, stole at Ealdham, in Wrotham, from Geoffrey, the son of Robert Ffilote, in the night, two cows, belonging to the same Geoffrey, valued at twenty shillings, and from John Styward, at Ealdham, they secretly stole one ox, one cow, and

one heifer, valued at thirty shillings. Therefore let them be taken."

Afterwards the sheriff testifies that the aforesaid Lawrence, Theobald and Lawrence are not to be found, "but have withdrawn themselves." The jurors, however, suspect them of the thefts, "therefore let them be demanded and outlawed. They had no chattels, neither were they in a pledge, because they are strangers."

A Nicholas Seyntebarbe is also accused on another occasion of a robbery in connection with Yaldham, then owned by a Martin de Pecham, but the man was acquitted. It was a son of Martin Pecham or Peckham, by the way, who is mentioned in the "aid to knight the Black Prince" as a contributor of ten shillings for the fourth part of a knight's fee, which Martin de Pecham held in Ealdham.

In A.D. 1327 Yaldham is also noticed in the old Chronicles, where an Achardus de Aldham is marked as the Acard de Eldham in the Subsidy Roll, and he is no doubt the one referred to in a fine of 5 Edward II., who acquired "1 messuage, 150 acres of land, 6 acres of meadow, 25 acres of wood, 10s. rent, and the rent of 12 hens and 60 eggs, with appurtenances in Wrotham, from Edmund, son of Lawrence de Poelle."

How quaintly these old documents read, and how difficult it is to realise the evident importance of these 12 hens and

60 eggs to Achardus de Aldham, now himself a mere handful of dust.

Yes, Kent abounds with bye-gone glories and trifles, their shadows framed by the numerous ancient houses scattered all over the county. Hever Castle and its unfortunate queen, Anne Boleyn; Penshurst Place and the Sydneys; Knole Park and Buckhurst; Allington Castle and the Wyatts.

Yes; in the "Garden of England" have bloomed fair flowers and interesting weeds, in the many noted personages whose hopes, aims, ambitions, history has handed down to us.



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THE STORY OF A DELUSION.



WRITTEN BY MARY DE MORGAN. ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

ILL middle life, Miss Charlotte Milman could boast of no event which could leave a landmark. If it be true that "every dog has his day," hers had been of such a microscopic character that it would have required a lens of a high power to discern it. Her life had been passed in a small well-built Bloomsbury house, with an ample supply of food and clothes; and of this fact her mother reminded her, when she showed any unholy desire for variety. "You have so much to be thankful

for, that I beg we may have no wicked grumbling. Moreover, you know that when your father and I are taken, you will always be provided for." These last words had been so often used as a weapon wherewith to repress revolt, that they had lost meaning to their hearer, and only suggested a form of slavery.

Mrs. Milman was an insignificant-looking little woman, whose face, though she inveighed against grumbling, was a chronic protest against existence. As her daughter neared thirty, and she recognised that she was not exempt

from the marks of time, she considered a possible effort towards enlarging her life. "It seems to me," she said hesitatingly to her husband, "that it might be a good thing if Chatty got about a little more. She is getting on, and she doesn't seem likely to marry."

"What do you want to do? You can't force a thing of that kind, and we need not be anxious about the child's future, as we know she will be provided for," came the ready response; and the mother, easily satisfied, let the question drop.

Two sons there were, as well as Charlotte, older and younger than she, and their father, not being in their case satisfied of the righteousness of trusting their future to Providence, had exerted himself to embark one as a clergyman, and the other as a sheep-farmer in New Zealand, in which walks of life both had prospered; the clergyman obtaining a wealthy helpmate and preferment in Devonshire, and the sheep-farmer farming sheep successfully at the Antipodes.

For the daughter, life maintained its monotony. She inherited her mother's insignificance of appearance, and even in first youth the greyness of her future seemed to have set its seal upon her. In due course, when she had passed her fortieth year, her father died, and

Charlotte was rather shocked to find that her first legitimate sorrow affected her so little. Mr. Milman had passed his life between a City office and some careful geological investigations, pursued, he said, for the love of Science, which took him regularly to a club, where he

small difference in its routine; and Mrs. Milman, having adopted permanently the rôle of invalid, felt absolved from making any effort for any one save herself.

Once, and once only, did Charlotte, after her father's death, enter a faint protest against this gruesome slipping away of life.

Her mother, having a love of the seamy side, as revealed in the daily papers, read aloud an account of the working of a prison, and commented on the horrors of such an institution.

"But do you think it would be very different?" remarked the daughter meditatively.

"Very different!" with a suspicious look over the spectacles. "What do you mean, Charlotte?"

"Why, I mean it seems very like our life here. They have their food regularly, and go out and exercise at the same time every day, and it seems to me that's just what we do here."

Mrs. Milman gasped. "If you mean to imply, Charlotte," she cried, "that your happy, comfortable existence can be compared with that of the unhappy wretches who are justly suffering for their sins, I am ashamed of you; and I beg that we may have no more such wicked talk! Consider all the things you have to be thankful for—and you particularly, as, being provided for, you need never have anxiety about the future. I am ashamed of you!"

Charlotte considered in silence, and continued her exciting occupation of darning a table-cloth.

Six years later, Mrs. Milman followed her husband, and the daughter's world underwent a real convulsion. She shed tears of honest grief at the loss of her life's companion; but, if Dame Conventional Morality, who is for ever at our elbow, had suffered the truth to be known, to have to shed them was rather an agreeable excitement.



"MRS. MILMAN WAS AN INSIGNIFICANT LOOKING LITTLE WOMAN"

met kindred souls and enjoyed their society. Science proving engrossing, he had no time for investigating his daughter, or becoming acquainted with the strata of her nature. The absence of the head of the house, save for some curtailment of its expenditure, made

The Rev. James, the clerical brother, arrived from Devonshire to perform the last obsequies, and other relations who rarely met, foregathered with an uncomfortable conviction that they were all growing older.

After the dispersing of the clan, when the Rev. James and the family lawyer had held conclave, the former addressed his sister after their evening meal.

"My dear Chatty, you have now to think of your own future. Even in this hour of affliction I am sure you will recognise how much you have to be thankful for in the tender forethought of our beloved parents, by which all monetary anxiety is spared to you. You will be mistress of something near £100 a year." He paused for the expected expression of thankfulness.

"Mother and I spent nearly £500 in this house, James."

"Undoubtedly," a little testily. "I am not suggesting that you should attempt to continue residing here. The house would be quite unnecessarily, *improperly* large for a single lady. As you are aware, some of our dear mother's income arose from a life annuity, and I believe you will agree with me that our revered father did the just and equitable thing when he left his property to be divided equally among his three children, for they were all equally dear to him." He paused, and supported by the thought that his private purse was to be enriched by £100 a year, took another glass of wine, and continued, "I shall at once communicate with Walter Henry, and the lease of this house can doubtless be disposed of, and I should advise your seeking some well-conducted inexpensive boarding-house in this neighbourhood, with which you are so thoroughly familiar, or perhaps you might like to become a paying guest in a family." He waited for his sister to express her views. Apparently she had none, for she only replied "Very well."

He continued, rather lamely, "I should advise you to do nothing in a hurry. I myself must return to Myncombe tomorrow, but if you would like a little holiday after the sad trial through which you have just passed, perhaps—" there was a hesitation conquered by the

softening reminiscence of the increased income—"I may say, I feel sure my dear Agnes would be glad to receive you for, say, a week or ten days. I will consult her and communicate with you."

His sister said "Thank you."

"It is even possible that, if you would like to try a simple country life, you might find a refined inexpensive home in a neighbouring vicarage—some of my brother clergy are willing to add to their incomes by receiving ladies (on moderate terms; and then you would also have the solace of devoting yourself to parish work for the Lord."

Again Charlotte, sitting with eyes intent on a group of chimney pots, which she had for long years examined through the same window, murmured "Perhaps," and her brother, finding such ready acquiescence, dropped the discussion. Long habits of submission having robbed her of the power to make plans for herself, she would have carried out the scheme suggested, had it not been for the intervention of a friend.

This friend, Mrs. Martindale, had always been to her a wonder. Louisa, her old school chum, seemed to her strangely fortunate. If Charlotte had lived little, Louisa had much. She had been twice a wife. Firstly to an officer in the army, and then to a rich Singapore merchant, who had left her a wealthy widow. She boasted of having lived in every quarter of the globe, and though no older than Charlotte, she was a grandmother, her first-born being married in India, and now she lived, with a son and daughter of the first marriage and the various children of the second, at Brighton.

She came upon her friend unexpectedly, and her presence had the effect of letting in fresh air.

"My poor dear! What are you going to do with yourself? Less than a hundred a year to live upon! It's too bad! Why on earth couldn't your people?—but they're gone, so I don't want to say anything against them. And your brother advises a boarding-house! Don't think of it for a moment! My dear girl, they're most dreary things; and as for going down to Devonshire, I'm sure I wouldn't. You won't be

comfortable there. Sisters-in-law aren't any practical comfort. The relationship don't wash. I ought to know, for I've had fourteen, with my brother's wives, and the Captain's sisters, and poor Joseph's. Much better come to me for a bit, and we'll cheer you up, I've lots of room, and in a month Jack will be home from Sandhurst. You won't mind the young folk; I believe they'll do you good. Elsie is really first-rate; you'll like her; and what I call the schoolroom family isn't bad. Come next week—too soon to go out? Then wait a month. You won't get all the getting rid of the things done at once, but when you move you *must* come to us. As for the boarding-house plan—my dear girl, it's absurd!"

It was rather a popular trait of Mrs. Martindale's, with her female friends, that she indiscriminately addressed them as "girls," and had a pleasing knack of forgetting ages.

Charlotte protested feebly against plunging into improper dissipation, but Louisa's firmer will conquered, and there was satisfaction when a half-hearted invitation arrived from Devonshire, in telling Agnes that, having promised her old friend at Brighton, the Devonshire visit must be postponed.

No newly incarnated soul, retaining memory of previous incarnations in other worlds, could have felt more bewildered at fresh surroundings than did Charlotte on her arrival at Mrs. Martindale's. The house was large, replete with every comfort, and struck the new-comer as wickedly luxurious—a semi-asceticism having been part of the Bloomsbury code. And could it be right for people to be so unconcealedly happy! She felt outraged by the existence of Louisa's eldest daughter, Elsie Gilbert, a young lady with a strong personality, and dressed exactly up-to-date! What was Louisa about to allow fashions so unhackneyed, for had not she and her mother always held that an absolutely new fashion was almost immoral, only becoming fit for the regenerate, after custom had made it familiar! Then Jack, the twenty-years-old son from Sandhurst, was improperly well-mannered and self-possessed, and the schoolboy sons and ten-year-old daughter of the second

marriage so impertinently young and happy. Other guests there were, too, in the house—cousins of Louisa's first husband; the wife of a Russian—and all Continentals, the Bloomsbury code suspected.

The first night in her own room Charlotte gave way to bitter tears. She was hopelessly out of key with her surroundings. She had pined for liberty and event—and now she almost longed for grey monotony! What part had she in such a cheery, brilliant world? And, underlying the disapprobation, was an irritating feeling of envy, a longing to have real share in this light-hearted life. Her body had aged, but her spirit, not having known the experiences of youth, remained tiresomely young, and she could have taken part as a young girl in the scenes in which she found herself. The little dried-up woman of fifty was more on an equality with the blooming Elsie than with her mother!

As days passed, in spite of kindness shown her, her inability to amalgamate with the household became more apparent, and her presence was a burden. Jack, who ruled his mother with the tyranny of handsome masculine youth at twenty, had voted Miss Milman "an old bore," and asked when the "mourner" was going to take her sorrows elsewhere?

"Oh! don't be unkind, Jack. You don't know what sort of life poor Chatty has led. That house in B— Street; it gives me the blues to think of it. Always there with those terrible parents of hers—all her youth. But she never had any youth. It should be made criminal for parents to keep daughters so. No wonder she is rather a dreary person now!"

"Grew mildewed, did she? Poor old Mildews! I'm very sorry for her, but it doesn't seem to be rubbing her up much being here, and she is a bit of a wet blanket." The name "Mildews" hung by Charlotte for private use of the younger members of the family, and Louisa began to wonder whether she had done well in the kindly impulse which bade her try to brighten her old friend's life. Perhaps she had better have gone to the Devonshire brother. It would have to be a boarding-house in the end—that was evident.

A slight incident altered Charlotte's horizon.

At a noisy afternoon tea, Geff, the second boy, suddenly announced: "Mother, old Barclay's back again at the 'Grand.'"

"How do you know?"

"I met him, and he told me, and he's coming here to-night about nine."

"You told him we should all be out, I hope."

"I didn't know. I said 'All right.'"

"Geff, how tiresome you are! You should have remembered. You know what a fuss he made last time he found no one in. Elsie and I must go to the Colman's. You boys will have to give up the theatre."

At this there was an outcry, Geff pertinently asking, "What good shall we be to an old Johnnie like that?"

"I really don't know what to do," lamented Louisa. "I've no one to send all that way, and it's past six now. Chatty—of course, I forgot! You'll be at home. You can receive him and explain, and give him some coffee, and let him sit and talk a little"—rising from the table as she spoke.

"My dear Louisa—I really—I don't know Mr. Barclay," murmured Charlotte, following Mrs. Martindale out of the room. "Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about him—not but what he is sure to do that for himself. He is rather deaf; but you'll manage with the trumpet." Then, as Charlotte's protests continued: "Chatty, you don't mean to say you're prudish—at your age—with an old invalid like that! How unutterably absurd!"—with a too evident endeavour to repress a laugh.

Nothing disturbed Charlotte like ridicule. "Of course not," she gasped, turning very red; "but what do you want me to say?"

"Oh! only to explain that stupid boy's mistake. Walter Barclay's about the oldest friend I have, and I shouldn't mind about it if he weren't such a poor creature. Coming out at all is difficult to him, though, of course, he drives everywhere."

"Does he live here?"

"Well, not exactly, but he's at the Grand a great part of his time—virtually

keeps a room there, but he has chambers in town. He made a most wretched marriage, and they have been separated for years. She lives in Paris, and he makes her a good allowance. He is very wealthy, but he gets rather a dreary life of it with his loneliness and his health, and he is really a very clever man. His heart's been weak for years, and now the doctors think there is something amiss with his spine: so you do your best like a good soul, for he's touchy, and I don't want to offend him."

Miss Milman had never in her life suffered more embarrassment than was engendered by the prospect of half-an-hour alone with Mrs. Martindale's old friend. The shyness of the girl of fifteen distorted the woman of fifty, and, as a result of her unnatural life, the nauseous word "proper" danced in her mind at every turn. Privately she wished Louisa would be a little less free.

Alone in the drawing-room, playing with a bit of needlework behind the coffee cups, excitement gave her a flush, and almost robbed her of speech, when the door opened to admit a thin, elderly gentleman, carefully dressed, with a sickly face.

Apologies and explanations were awkwardly made, till the evident annoyance of the guest gave her courage. She had been accustomed to deafness in her father, and the ear-trumpet was no difficulty. "She felt herself quite ashamed of being the only one to receive him, but Mrs. Martindale had begged her to explain, etc. Surely he would rest, and have some coffee." His brow cleared a little: he guessed at a sympathetic soul, who resented Louisa's carelessness, and sat down sufficiently near for the ear-trumpet to be available, and lamented the health which obliged him to be so careful. She at once gave him sympathy, for was she not used to invalids? Thus encouraged, he enlarged on his feebleness with keen interest, and found enjoyment in enumerating symptoms to a fresh audience. The man was a mighty egotist, who had never met with a sufficiently patient listener to satisfy his soul. Here was one who appeared to have unlimited appetite for any details of life he chose to give.

She, on the contrary, felt a sense of flattery in the fact that a "clever man" (had not Louisa called him clever?), should honour her with confidence. He spoke of long years of ill health, hindering work that otherwise might have been of use to the world, and mentioned having contributed articles to the *Fortnightly Review*. Was not this the hall mark of intellect? She remembered how her father had spoken of that magazine, and regarded him with something like awe. It dawned upon him that as she could take such intelligent interest in his sufferings, she must be a superior woman. He asked, "Was she to stay long? Did she know the neighbourhood well? The Devil's Dyke—Downs? Why, she had seen nothing. He drove every day; it was essential for such health as he had, and she must allow him to be her guide in a place he knew by heart." Charlotte's pulses thumped. She supposed it was all right. Louisa would tell her. But would a perfect gentleman and a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* suggest anything unseemly?

When Mrs. Martindale and Elsie returned from their dinner party, they found Mr. Barclay in the best of tempers, discoursing to Miss Milman of why he had disobeyed the doctor's orders, and not gone to the Riviera last winter. He chaffed Louisa about her carelessness with good temper, and told her he had arranged to drive Miss Milman to the Dyke next day. Mrs. Martindale agreeing placidly, made matters easier for her friend by saying, afterwards, "He wasn't a bit huffy. Are you really going to bother to drive with him tomorrow, Chatty? You are worth your weight in gold, my dear; it is good of you. I don't want to offend him, on the children's account, you see. He is Jack's godfather, and was such a friend of his father's, and he has no near relations of his own. But I shall be very much taken up with the Mannings coming for the next few days, and if you don't mind going about with him a bit it will be kind."

The idea of obliging her friend set Charlotte's scruples at rest, and the hint of a possible benefit to the young people made the path of pleasure seem to be

one of duty. A guest should always do her best to please her hostess—her mother had said that—and particularly a hostess so kind as Louisa.

The drives themselves were enjoyable to her, and she grew in her own estimation when she found that the flattering confidences increased rather than diminished. He reported to her each day of aches and pains, and she pleased him by remembering all he had told her, and recalling it to his memory.

The friendship, unexciting to outsiders, sent a warmth through her nature, and acted as a charm in altering her position in the house. Of a sudden she felt herself amalgamating with the Martindale world, and the feeling that her presence was an oppression died. The new interest worked upon her like a pair of moral spectacles, enabling her to discover the wants and needs of others. She no longer grudged their youth to the young people. Mr. Barclay had spoken to her of "how we should treat young folk," and it had raised her to a platform of superiority. She discovered feminine methods of usefulness, which softened the youthful towards her. Her needle wrought initial letters into Jack's handkerchiefs, after a fashion to produce envy in fellow-cadets. She was repaid by speedy championship. Horace, the second boy, repeating Jack's own phrase, and wondering when "Old Mildews" would go, was told scornfully that to wear a jest to the bone was "bad form," and that he, Jack, considered Miss Milman to be a "good old sort," and he "hoped she wasn't going yet."

A sudden scheme of *tableau vivants* rendered her usefulness dear to all, and she found herself laughing, as she had never laughed before, at scenes from "Alice in Wonderland," and rejoicing over the frequent calls for "Miss Milman!" from young lips.

Discovering Elsie alone on the balcony, contemplating the moon in a tremulous condition of low spirits bordering on tears, a fellow-feeling suggested an incipient love affair, and a little sympathy evoked the confidence: "Mr. Anstruther had not been near them for a fortnight, and his furlough would so soon be over; he could not mean to return to

India without coming to say 'Good-bye' at least."

Then followed much consolation from the elder woman, and outpourings of hopes and fears from the younger. And when the time came to say "Good-night," the whole-hearted pressure of kisses and grip of arms around her neck, made tears in Charlotte's eyes and a lump in her throat. The mummy enveloped by her parents in conventions and priggery had suddenly become a human being, ready to sprout out affections and interests at a touch.

When the appointed six weeks' visit was over, she was urged by all to stay, but was firm in going, remembering the precept taught by her father, "Always leave while your welcome is warm." But where to go? She suggested the London boarding-house, and Louisa scoffed. "Why go back to town at all? Why not take rooms here? You can get them cheaply in the smaller streets, if taken by the year, or even by the month. It is standing empty these people dread. You wouldn't mind a ground-floor sitting-room, it is always cheaper, and Mary has an aunt in — street, etc., etc." She readily saw the wisdom of the plan, and would prefer the ground floor sitting-room, remembering privately what had been said of the trial of stairs for those in weak health. All being successfully arranged, she embarked on her own tiny *ménage*, and the Devonshire brother being informed, saw nothing to object to. "Brighton seems to me a most suitable place of residence," he wrote. "It will be agreeable to you to be near your friends, and I doubt not you will find many ladies, circumstanced like yourself, who will give you pleasant society. I should advise your attending St. J—'s Church. The vicar, Marston, is an old friend of mine, and not too extreme in his views, a thing you will have to be on your guard about in Brighton, from what I hear. Doubtless his wife will call on you, etc., etc." Another more important voice spoke approval of her choice. "I am glad you have resolved against settling in town," the valetudinarian said, when driving on the Downs. "London becomes more and more unhealthy; I

feel that I shall have to be there less and less, Brighton suits me very well."

Settled in her new life, she felt excitement at having for the first time to consider only her own tastes in arrangements, and enjoyed what to others might have seemed a dreary liberty. She fell in with her brother's wishes of attending the church he named; received calls from the vicar and his wife, for whom she also agreed to take harness, in a small degree, and felt important at being brought against strangers as a human being moving on her own lines. Mr. Barclay approved her rooms and the comfort of an easy chair, which happened to suit his back. "It was so hard to find anything that really allayed his suffering, this was set at a most convenient angle."

What had been before only a dancing beam, strong enough to cheer and warm, but scarcely to be relied upon, became suddenly a reality in her mind, an illumination with brilliance enough for all dark corners, when the new friend spoke to her of his own unhappy marriage, and had the air of consulting her as to steps to be taken. The separated wife in Paris had turned restive, demanded more money, and had written a letter of threatening violence. "There was nothing against her. She heard of him as leading a life of reckless extravagance; it was he who had driven her from his side. She found the allowance made quite insufficient, and demanded that the £1,000 should be raised to £1,500. The law would be on her side if she sought restoration of the wife's rights, but for both their sakes would be willing to spare the scandal, etc."

He had applied to Louisa for sympathy, but at the moment could gain no attention. Mumps had broken out in the household, and she could give only a querulous half-hearing to any one with normal temperature and face in good drawing. He drove from Louisa to Chatty, thankful that some women were able to heed the real sorrows of life, unengrossed by petty childish trouble.

Charlotte flushed when he told her he had come to consult her in a private trouble, and her heart beat when he read the letter from Paris, and handed it to her to re-peruse. "What a woman!

She was shocked to think her sex owned such an one! A thousand a year! She was a millionaire!"

"Life in Paris is cheap on the whole. It is not enormous, but she ought to make it do," he mused. "And she used to be a clever economist. She may have methods of disposing of money. I suspect gambling."

"Gambling? Why, do women—ladies—ever gamble?" cried Chatty, shocked at the revelation. He smiled amused superiority at her elderly innocence, and his hand touched hers in receiving back his letter.

"Not women like you," he answered, the smile softening his words. "But there are women and women; no human being is more ignorant of another than a good woman of a worthless one." The words conveyed to the listener far more than to the speaker.

When he had left her, Charlotte stood much higher in her mental estimate of self. "To have been chosen as special confidant by such a man! Such a confidence could not have been given unless there were real friendship. It made a link that must last. She felt she had a claim upon him now. Friendship was very beautiful, but, alas! that it must often take the place of what under happier circumstances might have—" She called herself to order, and heaved a sigh. Should she not be grateful for the boon of such friendship, and she had the pleasing feeling of being a leading figure in a romance.

The ice broken, the subject of the unhappy marriage was touched on again in drives and visits. Sympathy and admiration for his noble conduct were given in doses which gave their recipient the satisfaction of a famished man receiving food. Her curiosity as to the appearance and bearing of this female Gorgon was great. How strange that he, with his great intellectual powers, could have been so deceived! But of course she was beautiful, and had touched his artistic nature. He felt real respect for any-one able to discern qualities with such crystalline clearness, and was honestly glad when the opportunity came in which his friendship proved of substantial benefit.

The clerical brother wrote as to her

investments. He was interested in a colonial mining speculation, which would shortly yield fifteen if not twenty per cent., and suggested the advisability of her placing her capital, now giving such a small return, therein. Her income would be more than doubled; he himself had already invested considerably in the venture. She rejoiced at the unexpected prospect of such riches, and mentioned a possible rise of fortune to Mr. Barclay, who, with the keenness of one accustomed to play with investments for amusement, demanded "Why? Where? How? South American mines at Melihala." He staggered her by declaring that they sounded bad. "What was her brother? A clergyman! Worse and worse. Men of the cloth were notorious for being unable to tread safely in the shoals of the City. She must do nothing till she heard from him. He was going to town, and would consult his broker, infinitely to be relied upon." On his return, he gave it against the American mines: "Not to be thought of. A mere bubble. True he had heard of a few things which she might choose, giving a greater yield than what she now held." She hesitated, not liking to go against her brother; but he clenched her hesitation with, "And I am sure you do not want to go against me?" She listened with a feeling of powerlessness to the words: "It is for you to warn your brother. Perhaps you may yet save him from losing his own money. Write and tell him, and if he wishes it I will see him." Strengthened by such advice, she wrote a letter which was an amazement to the Devonshire Parsonage.

The Rev. James showed it to his Agnes. "What could Chatty be about? Who had got hold of her? The idea of her setting up her opinion against his in a matter of business, of which she was absolutely ignorant."

"I call it the greatest impertinence," Agnes cried. "That's the worst of these absurd old maids! One never knows how they'll take things, and she ought to be so grateful to you for thinking of her."

"It is an opportunity which I, as her brother, ought not to allow her to miss,"

replied the husband musing. "I think I must try to see her. I don't quite fancy these Martindales and their friends. When I go up to London I must run down to Brighton to see her. It might be best for her to leave Brighton and come nearer here." To this Agnes gave a doubtful agreement, but was sure that the defiant lady should be brought to reason.

The visit to Brighton came at an inopportune moment. Charlotte, returning from sharing the invalid's airing in the King's Road, found her brother awaiting her, half indignant that his sister should dare to be out, although ignorant of his arrival. From the sitting-room he watched her alight from the carriage, and peered to see if it held other occupants. But the brougham defied his gaze.

"James! What a surprise!" she cried. "Why did you not tell me you were coming?"

"I did not think it needful, for surely there is no time when the visit of a brother should come amiss to a sister." She felt a correction under the smooth remark, and replied stiffly, "I dislike surprises. If you remember, our father did, and I suppose I inherit it. But none the less am I glad to see you. Are you staying long? Where are you?" He explained that he was only paying a flying visit, and she made due enquiries after his home circle. At once he tried to probe the question of her way of life, and that mischievous "friend."

"I was glad to observe you were driving, dear Charlotte. Some kind friend, I suppose. I could not, however, catch sight of her."

"A friend of Louisa's, with whom I often drive," she returned, ringing to order tea as a distraction.

"You seem to know many here. I trust you are a regular attendant at St. J—'s, and see much of my good friends, the Marstons."

"I see them from time to time." Then, in desperation, she broke the dreaded ground for herself: "By the way, James, I should like to say a few words about those mines. I hear that they are most unsafe, and you may lose all you put in." He gaped upon her with astonishment.

"And may I ask who is your informant?"

"Certainly; Mr. Barclay, a rich man, and a very old friend of Louisa's. He has kindly asked his broker—a first-rate man—and he says they are not to be trusted, and I hope you will give them up."

"And do you consider," demanded her brother, with reddening dignity, "that it is seemly conduct in a sister to consult a mere stranger—er—er—as to her brother's private affairs?"

"I asked him for myself, not for you, James."

"Who is this Mr. Barclay? I trust, Charlotte, that you are careful as to whom you visit and know. Are these people residents?"

"He has chambers in town, but is a great deal here for his health, as he is rather an invalid." She steadily looked away, feeling afraid to meet the fraternal eye, and succumb to old habits. Chambers in town so distinctly speak the bachelor. After a few minutes' pause the brother asked, "Do you see much of him? What is his age?"

Charlotte resented the enquiry. "I really don't know. About sixty, I should guess. I meet him very often;" adding, after a pause, "He is very intellectual, and has been most kind to me."

The clergyman was silent, viewing his sister with critical eyes. Was it possible that her mature charms had found an admirer? She looked old—very old for her age; but there was a neatness about her, and an invalid might prize one so well fitted to be nurse as well as wife. He repeated again:

"You say this gentleman is rich." Instinctively she felt he was abandoning the point, and spoke with greater confidence.

"Yes, very wealthy, I believe, and clever in business. Would you like to see him, and hear what he has to say about the mines? He told me he would be delighted to see you." Mr. Milman looked a shade uncomfortable. "No, my dear, I think not. Of course, I will not press you; but, for myself, I have full confidence, and to-day I should scarcely have time."

When, a few months later, he retired from his speculation, relieved of some thousand pounds, he was fain to acknowledge the wisdom of the unseen friend, and felt his tongue tied as to advice concerning the friendship.

For two years life kept a pleasant aspect to Charlotte. She had the excitement of a short visit to London, where she played chaperon to Elsie, and made the acquaintance of a different London to that of her youth. Mr. Barclay being in town, arranged visits to theatres and concerts for his young friend, and Elsie's lover (now openly announced) joining them, gave to the party a feeling of completeness, since each dame had her own special attendant. Often did Chatty murmur to herself: "It is a pleasant world. I trust others have as much as I."

Not many months after their return, Jack, in his last year at Sandhurst, brought news which swept away that pleasant world for Chatty, and left her with nothing but reminiscence.

"Mother, you have heard about poor old Barclay, of course?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"O Lord! I thought you knew. I met Dr. Reid at Victoria, and he told me. He was at the club, and he was taken suddenly ill, and——"

"Good heavens, Jack! He's not dead?"

"Yes, he is. His heart burst up. Dr. Reid didn't see him, but a lot of other doctors did, and he wasn't ill a minute."

Mrs. Martindale broke into tears at the loss of the early friend, and there followed an interval of anxious consideration—how to obtain any more detailed news, tidings of the funeral, etc. A suitable telegram being written, Elsie, standing near the fireplace, gazing into the coals, declared her wish to take it, rather than trust it to a servant.

"Take it! You! Why, dear, it is pouring with rain," cried the mother.

"I don't care; it won't hurt me. I want to go to the music-shop too; besides, I want to go and tell Miss Milman."

"Chatty? Yes, they had grown to be quite intimate. She'll be grieved. He was really kind to her, poor soul,

and she'll feel for me. Tell her what a blow it is—my oldest friend."

It was not of her mother that Elsie thought, as she entered the tiny sitting-room, and found its owner by the fire, knitting men's socks. Something in the aspect of the trim little figure made her realise the difficulty of her task.

"My darling Elsie! What a kind girl, to come out and see me in all this rain! But are you not wet, my child?"

"Dearest Miss Milman, I wanted to see you. I have something to tell you." Charlotte saw distress in the girl's face.

"Dear child, what is wrong? Is any one ill? Nothing amiss with Hugh, I hope?"

"No, no, they are all right at home, but I have had news—terrible news—for us all."

"What? Tell me quickly, for heaven's sake, my dear."

"Dear, dear Miss Milman, I don't know how to tell you. It is Mr. Barclay"—she felt the little dry hand she held turning cold—"he went to town on Wednesday, you know, and was taken ill at his club, and——"

"Is he dead?" Elsie nodded, and, from lack of words with which to comfort, began to fondle, giving kisses and caresses, and stroking the hair stiffly banded on to the forehead with the application known as "fixature."

Charlotte received her endearments passively, for the reeling world let her for a moment be only conscious of a vague horror. Then, laying her head on the young shoulder, she gasped out, "Tell me, dear, how do you know?"

"Jack heard it in town. It is quite certain, but we know no details. We have wired, and when we hear will send to you. He had no suffering—was not ill a moment. It was his heart. Mother wants Jack to go to the funeral, and we are going to send a wreath, and I thought perhaps you——"

"Could I send one too? Oh, Elsie, dear, I should like to." The prospect of showing her grief in a tangible form roused the little woman.

"Of course you can. Jack shall take it with ours. May I help you to choose it to-morrow?"

"Or—or, Elsie, darling, could I



"TELL ME QUICKLY FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!"

make it myself? I never have done any, but if I got very good flowers——" The sobs had come, and the tears were falling.

"Certainly you could, and that will be much better. I can show you how to do them. Oh! I am so grieved for it all, I wish I could do something for you."

Mrs. Martindale was confirmed in her opinion of the strength of Mr. Barclay's friendship when she was informed of the substantial legacies which, under his will, came to herself, Jack and Elsie. Various little personal possessions of their old friend also arrived at Brighton for distribution among the family;

among them, specially for the godson, Jack, the gold hunting watch with chains, seals, etc., which had always been worn, and brought back vividly the spare bent figure. Mrs. Martindale, declaring she could not bear the sight of them, left the room, and Elsie and her brother turned over the small boxes.

"Poor old Barclay," Jack said, holding up the watch with its dangling pendants, "fancy his remembering to leave me that! It was good of the old chap." Elsie eyed the collection musingly. Then she singled out a piece of green jade hanging to the bunch by a tiny gold chain.

"Jack, I want you to give me that."

"No, Lel, I don't want to divide the

lot—they look so like the poor old boy."

"Yes, but I want to have that very much indeed, just because it does look so like him. Give it me, there's a dear."

"But you don't want to wear it, Lel?"

"No, it's not for myself I want it at all. It's for some one else."

"Whoever do you mean?" She remained silent. "Not Miss Milman?" Elsie nodded. "Did she really take his death to heart? I say, it was rather rough on her that he did not leave her anything—after all that driving about, and having him to tea. He might have left her a legacy."

"Oh, no, she didn't want it, but I'm sure she would awfully like to have something that was his." Jack whistled a tune softly between his teeth, and then began to remove the piece of jade from the watch-chain, remarking, "Fancy!—for an old Johnnie like that!"

"She isn't very young herself."

"No, poor old girl, she isn't a chicken," dividing the little ring with his penknife. "I say, Lel, if the old boy had lived, and his wife had died instead, do you suppose he would have married Miss Milman? Did he want to?"

"Oh, dear, no; I don't think it for a moment. Mother always said that she believed if his wife died he'd go for the best-looking, showiest woman he could get, and that wouldn't be Miss Milman."

"What was he always driving about with her for, then?"

"Only because he hated being alone; and she was never tired of talking to him about himself—and her admiring him so, flattered him. I believe he was the only man she had ever spoken to on her own account. I'm quite sure, from what she's told me, that the last two years are the first good time that she's ever had."

"If you call that a good time," said the brother, contemptuously, handing her the piece of jade on the little chain. "What's the good of worrying about with an old boy like that, and listening to him talking about his inside? and

when the whole thing was only a sham—a good old delusion!"

"Yes, I suppose it was all a delusion, but she got a lot of happiness out of it. Some women don't have anything but delusions in their lives, and some don't even have them. Things aren't paid out evenly. Thanks, dear old boy; and don't tell any of the others, there's a dear. I'll take it to her now."

"Give the old girl my love, and tell her I'm coming down to see her soon."

Charlotte was at home, and received Elsie tenderly. "It is good of you to come to me so often, dear, when you know how sad I am."

"I have brought you something I think you may like to have, dear Miss Milman. You know our friend always wore it. Does it not bring him back?"

Charlotte looked, and then, making no effort to restrain herself, fell aweeping, as she took the jade, and pressed it to her lips. "I know he valued it," Elsie went on, "and I thought you might like to have it to hang to your chain."

"Elsie, darling, how did you know? I was just thinking, what would I not give to have something that had belonged to him?—and this he always wore himself. No, I don't want it to be seen. I will have a chain made, and wear it under my dress. Thank you, thank you, you dear, good girl!"

As Elsie walked home, a watery sky with grey clouds, and a moon that gave no light from blurred edges, were overhead. She likened them in her mind to the life of the woman she had left—misty and uneventful, starved and insignificant, and bare of human interest.

But the bit of jade worked like a charm in that poor, starved existence, and soothed the soul of its owner strangely. She continued to live in Brighton, for was it not there she had known him? And after a little time she became glad to mix again in such society as sought her company, and her features gained a look of placid resignation. She was particularly attracted to the society of young people held in the throes of trying love affairs, and over comfortable tea would she evoke confidences, in return for which her

own story was sometimes revealed—a story that had grown into unrecognisable proportions under the influence of the green jade charm, by far the most precious thing she possessed. For was it not brought to her by her dear friend, Mrs. Anstruther (now in India), who had been his confidant as well as hers? Time, and much musing on the past, had added this feature to the shadowy romance. Honour had forbidden a declaration being made to herself, but

dear Elsie had known it all along. Years passing, other details were added, till Elsie, talking to her friend on one of her visits "home," could scarcely identify Charlotte's account of her first years at Brighton. Mrs. Anstruther never attempted to clear the lady's memory. "It is all a delusion," she said to herself; "but life is made up of delusions, and if they make us happy, why should not we keep them?"



IN AUGUST



THE heather bells are fully blown,
And there's a crispness in the grass :
All secrets of the Spring are known,
All early hopes have come to pass.

There are no more new tales to tell
Of fresh discoveries in flowers,
The earth hides nought that shall excel
The beauties of these August hours.

An endless wonder overhead,
A million marvels at our feet :
What more can now be sung or said
When Summer's joy is so complete ?

Love's road runs on across the year.
To-day we scan the fairest mile :
And it is very sweet and dear
To rest and dream a little while.


And if the pleasures we amass
Must flicker out like Summer's gleam,
My heart shall turn to yours, my lass,
To prove that all was not a dream.

J. J. BELL.

A History of Old-Time Racing:

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE LAND OF THE TURF—1709-1733

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY. ILLUSTRATED BY HARINGTON BIRD

 HE aim of this paper is to convey to present-day readers a picture of the turf as it was in its infancy. How astounding are the changes manifest in the sport since the era I write of! How very entertaining, too, are some of the old forms of horse-racing long since forgotten, but which I propose to revive. To a collection of "Racing Calendars," dating from 1709, I am deeply indebted. They have proved themselves boon companions.

To get to work without further preface, it may be taken for granted that in the majority of races recorded in these early years the distance to be covered seldom varied below or beyond four miles, and as each race consisted of two, three, or four heats, the stamina of the competitors must have been the chief consideration. Apart from this, Mr. Beringer has written that "Races were performed very nearly under the same rules and upon the same principles as at present, and the horses were prepared for running by all the discipline of food, physic, airing, sweats, and clothing, which composes the present system. The weights also which each horse was to carry were rigidly adjusted, the usual weight of the riders being stated at ten stones."

All, or the larger part of the most famous races throughout the kingdom were called bell courses, the prize and reward of the conquering horses being a bell.

The year 1709 claims the first record of racing, which appears in the "Racing Calendar," a three-days' meeting being held at York (on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings) in September, one race of four

miles being run off each day in heats. The earliest race mentioned is one for a gold cup, value £50, run for on September 13th, 1709, for six-year-old horses. According to the then rules of racing, the horse which had won the first and second heats was obliged to start for a third, and to save his distance to entitle him to a prize. The fields, I may add, very occasionally reached double figures. A foot-note to a race for a plate of £10, run for on Thursday, September 15th, introduces the first dead-heat on record. The third heat resulted in a dead-heat between Button and Milkmaid, each of whom had accounted for one of the two previous heats, but the riders, being guilty of foul play in running, and afterwards fighting on horseback, the plate was awarded to Mr. Graham, the owner of the third horse (Brisk), who had run second on both occasions.

During the next few years there is much the same amount of racing reported, and the value of the cups never exceeded one hundred guineas. Hereabouts Mr. Childers was certainly the most successful owner, but the success of his mare Duchess in Her Majesty's Gold Cup, run for on July 28th, 1714, was disputed. It appears that the riders of Duchess and Foxhunter, having been guilty of foul riding in the third heat, it was agreed that they should run again. Duchess won, but Mr. Peirson, the owner of Foxhunter, still claiming the prize, a law suit followed, and it was decided by the Court that all the horses which were not distanced had an equal right to the prize. The proprietors of the four horses sold their shares for twenty-five



"THE FIRST DEAD HEAT ON RECORD"

guineas each, two of which were purchased by the Duke of Rutland, one by the Earl of Carlisle, and the other by Sir William Lowther, who agreed that the plate should be run for again in the year 1719, when, on reference, I see Lord Carlisle's Buckhunter carried it off. The year 1714 was also memorable for the success of her Majesty Queen Anne's Star, afterwards Jacob,

who won a Plate of £40 on Friday, July 30th. The news of Queen Anne's death reached the course during racing at York on the following Monday, upon which the attendance, which was remarkable for the numerous nobility and gentry present, left the course and attended the Lord Mayor and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed George I. King. Such was the concourse that

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attended these races that 150 coaches were at one time on the course.

No mention is made of Newmarket in the Calendar until the year 1718, although other authorities instruct us that Charles II. set the fashion of two meetings at Newmarket, and we know his reign dated from 1660 to 1685.

The odds at which competitors started are not quoted, but that there was plenty of betting is evidenced by reading of a race run in 1718, that high odds were laid on Crutches, who was leading near the distance-post, when his rider, Thomas Duck, intentionally threw himself off. The horse won the heat notwithstanding, but was deemed distanced by not bringing in his weight—hard luck this, for the backers of Crutches. Although we are not told the fate of Thomas Duck, we can well understand that it was not to be envied.

The outcry against Monday racing had evidently not been raised at this date, for that day bore more than its fair share of work. Newmarket, here-

abouts was chiefly associated with matches, a form of amusement unknown in Yorkshire. The stakes were usually 100 gs., 200 gs., or any higher amount not exceeding 500 gs., and in quite half the matches forfeit was paid. The distance seems never to have fallen short of four miles, whilst occasionally it extended to six. What have present-day race-goers to say to this? Sometimes they must surely tire of the almost unceasing five-furlong and six-furlong scrambles, which are so often won and lost in the start, and sigh for the good old days of long-distance races.

At Hambledon, in Yorkshire, Saturday, August 8th, 1719, must have been a red-letter day. His Majesty's Gold Cup, value 100 gs., for five-year-old mares, was run for, and out of the thirty-six mares entered, thirty-one started. Remarks on the race in question assert that there was no instance on record of so large a number of horses having started for a race, which renders it all the more remarkable that the prize was won



"THOMAS DUCK THROWS HIMSELF OFF"

by a mare, Bonny Black, who was a year younger than all the rest. Peculiarly remarkable, too, was the large field, considering the conditions expressly state "for five-year-old mares." Though by far the best runner of her time, Bonny Black did not prove a good brood mare, not one of her descendants having distinguished himself on the turf. But it does not appear that she was ever covered by any other stallion than the Cyprus Arabian, which might explain the matter. A challenge by her owner to run her against any animal in the kingdom four times over the round course at Newmarket was not accepted.

Of the majority of owners on the turf about this period but little is known. They certainly conferred a benefit upon this country by the importation of Eastern horses. However, we cannot entirely pass over the name of Tregowell Frampton, of Moreton, Dorsetshire, who was keeper of the running-horses at Newmarket to their Majesties William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II. The writer of the chapter on the history of horse-racing, in the well-known Badminton Library series, tells us of Mr. Frampton that "he was styled for a great number of years 'the Father of the Turf.' He died on March 12th, 1727, aged 86, and was buried at Newmarket." It is reported that Mr. Frampton's horses took part in a large number of races and matches, over which he won and lost great sums. One of these matches—I might call it the most important match of the day, as it has been asserted that there was more money betted on the event than was ever before known—was between a favourite horse of Mr. Frampton's, and Sir William Strickland's Mervyn. The latter won by a little more than a length, but, in consequence of several gentlemen being ruined by the event, a law was subsequently passed against the recovery of any sum of money exceeding £10, betted or laid between any parties.

Other patriarchs whose names are worthy of notice are, Mr. Childers, the breeder of Flying or Devonshire Childers; Mr. Curwin, the importer of the Curwin Bay Barb and the Thoulouse Barb; Mr. Darley, the importer of the Arabian called by his name; and Mr.

Darcy, who brought over to England the horses known in the Stud Book by the names of Darcy's White and Yellow Turks.

No reference to the Turf of this date would be complete without some mention of such bygone giants as the Darley Arabian, Flying Childers, and the Godolphin Barb, and I have to thank Mr. Theo. Taunton's work of "Famous Horses" for my facts concerning their careers. The Darley Arabian, foaled about March, 1702, was a bay horse, some fifteen hands high, descended from the race most esteemed amongst the Arabs. He was the property of John Brewster Darley, Esq., of Aldby Park, near York, whose brother, member of a hunting club at Aleppo, secured the horse for a very moderate sum, and sent him to England about the end of 1705. The Darley Arabian was sire of the celebrated Flying Childers, and his present day descendants, through Eclipse, far exceed in number those of the Godolphin Arabian or Byerley Turk; a fact difficult to account for, as there is no doubt that the Byerley Turk, through Herod and Highflyer, held, at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, a higher place in the esteem of breeders than did the race of Eclipse; and the Godolphin Arabian, again, was at one time the most successful of all.

Flying Childers, a bay son of the Darley Arabian—Betty Leedes by Old Careless (son of Spanker)—sister to Leedes by the Leedes Arabian—a daughter of Spanker—the old Morocco Mare, which mare was also the dam of Spanker, was bred by Leonard Childers, Esq., of Carr House, near Doncaster, in 1715, and sold when young to the Duke of Devonshire. Flying Childers was a galloway, about fourteen hands and a half in height; and was what we call a close-made horse, short-backed and compact, whose reach lay altogether in his limbs. Eclipse, on the other hand, was the reverse of this, having great length of waist, and standing over considerable ground. If anatomical structure has anything to do with speed; then, looking at their respective frames, it is evident that, at weight for age over a mile course,

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Eclipse must have beaten Childers. Flying Childers in his earlier days was employed to carry the letter-bag backwards and forwards between the Hall and Doncaster. On the road he beat everything that opposed him; and, subsequently on the Turf, the best that England could bring against him. He was never beaten; though it must be added that he ran on five occasions only, and of these, but two were officially reported. The best horses in his day seldom ran more than five or six times, there being scarcely any plates of note, except Royal plates, and very few sweepstakes or matches made, except at Newmarket, until about the year 1760. In his race with Almanzor and Brown Betty over the Round Course at Newmarket, Flying Childers (qst. 2lb.) was timed by the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland to have moved as much as 82½ feet in a second of time, which is at the rate of close upon a mile a minute. Flying Childers proved a very valuable stallion, though he covered but few mares besides those of the Duke of Devonshire. He died in 1741. The immense number of inn signs and portraits still extant all tend to show the immense popularity of the great son of the Darley Arabian.

The Godolphin Barb (also known as the Godolphin Arabian),—foaled in 1724—was a brown, standing about fifteen hands. His points more resembled those of the highest breed of Barbs, though he was for a long time looked upon as an Arabian. His pedigree was never made public. It is generally supposed that he was imported into England from Barbary; and there is reason to believe that he was sent as a present from the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV. Believed to have been stolen and taken to Paris, he is said to have been purchased by a Mr. Coke for £3 from the owner of a water-cart in that city. His new owner gave him to Mr. Roger Williams, by whom he was presented to the Earl of Godolphin, in whose possession he remained as a private stallion until his death, which took place under the shadow of the Gog-Magog Hills in 1753. A plain flat stone, in a covered passage leading to his stable, marks his grave. It is stated

that, after he had accidentally flattened out his favourite cat, for which he had an extraordinary affection, he pined from remorse, and savaged every other cat that came near him. The Sire list eight years after his death contained at least fifteen of his sons, one of which, the "Gower Stallion," is described as having "bone enough to carry eighteen stone a-hunting." Lath, one of the finest horses of his day, and said to have been the best that appeared at Newmarket for many years previous to his time, Childers only excepted, was the first of his get. The Godolphin Arabian was also sire of Cade (who was sire of the celebrated Match'em), Regulus, Blank, Babraham, Bajazet, Old England, and many other noted animals. At his interment cake and ale were distributed to those present.

Following the season of 1717, the number of races held each year increased amazingly, and the fields also showed a goodly advance in their numbers. The result was that ten years later the first annual volume of Mr. Cheney's Racing Calendar was issued, but Messrs. Weatherby, in the works before my notice, only extracted from Mr. Cheney's Calendars in this, as in subsequent numbers, such races as were likely to be interesting, either from the celebrity of the horses engaged, or their descendants, or from the explanation they afford of the modes of conducting horse-racing at different periods. Additions were also made from other sources, and in the meantime no fewer than sixty-two racecourses sprang into repute.

The Wallasey Stakes, of 20 gs. each, was at this time the richest prize in the kingdom, and was established in the following manner:—"The Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bridgwater, the Earl of Derby, Lord Gower, Lord Molyneux, Lord Barrymore, Sir Richard Grosvenor, Mr. Watkins Williams Wynn, Mr. Egerton, Mr. Cholmondeley, and Mr. Buckle Mackworth engaged to subscribe 20 gs. a year, for ten successive years, commencing in 1723, to be run for on the course at Wallasey on the first Thursday in May in each year, by five-year-old horses, the property of the subscribers,

carrying 10 st. four miles, with the further condition that for the last five years of the period every horse starting must have been bred by the proprietor." Sir Richard Grosvenor met with the greatest share of success in this important race.

It is noticeable that from the earliest days, a number of the races were only open to galloways, the Weasel being, perhaps, the most noted, she winning a great number of galloway plates about the year 1729.

In August of 1730, the course on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings was overflowed by the river Ouse, in consequence of the excessive rains, with the result that it was determined that the races should in future years be run upon Knavesmire. A Plate of £30 value, for such horses as were not more than three lunar months over five years old, two-mile heats, was run for in June of the following year, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, with this remarkable condition, that, if three horses each win a heat, that which wins the third heat is entitled to the prize, without starting for the fourth. As was but to be expected, the race went to the winner of the third heat, who had previously not at all hurried himself, coming in seventh in the one and fifth in the other.

Occasionally, sporting matches of another character are recorded in the Calendar. For instance, at Newmarket, in 1730, Mr. Roger Williams' Whipper-snapper ran five times round the four-mile course within the hour, carrying a feather, for a wager of twenty guineas. Then the bare tidings are handed down to posterity that Mr. Phillips won the foot match against Mr. Bray, four miles, 100 guineas, and in the succeeding year to this, Thomas Butler, running footman to the Earl of Sunderland, walked six miles and four hundred yards within the hour, for 50 guineas, demonstrating that he could walk as well as run.

Very peculiar conditions also governed some of the races. For instance, the Ladies' Plate, run on July 6th, 1731, at Nottingham, was thrown open only to "such hunters as had been at the death of ten brace of hares and one brace of

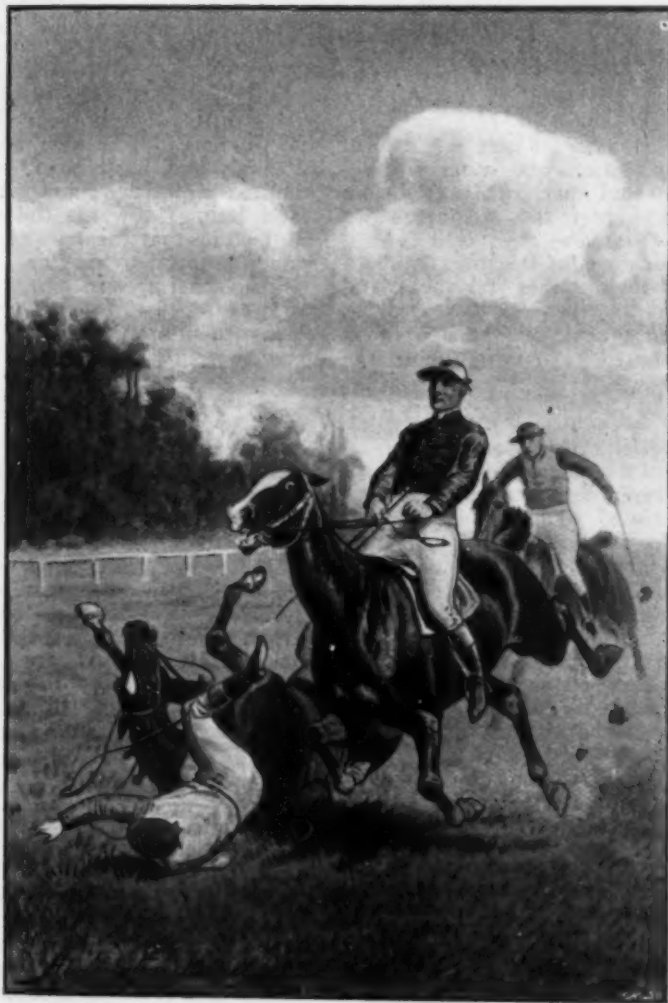
foxes in the preceding season, had not been in the sweats from the 1st of November to the last day of March, and had not won a plate since the 1st of October last; to be ridden by such gentlemen as never rode among grooms."

And it was on September 30th of the same year that a scale of weight for age was inaugurated in a race at Grantham, the distance, presumably, being four miles:—"A Whim, or Whimsical Plate of £20 value, gift of Sir M. Newton, Member for the Borough, for four years-old, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb., and aged, 10st., the horse that wins the first heat winning the plate, and the others to start for the entrance money." The winner (Molly) was a five-year-old. And on the following day, at Bedale, there appears to be the first Plate given for three-year-olds. Bonny Black ran a match at that age, and it is not impossible that others may have done the same; but no Sweepstakes or Plate confined to three-year-old horses is to be met with before.

A most peculiar race was that run at Oxford, in 1732. "The first was a dead-heat between Conqueror and Merry Tom. In running the third heat Conqueror and John Trot fell, just at, or very near, the winning post, which gave rise to the question whether either of them had supported his weight past the post, or whether the heat should be given to Merry Tom, who was third. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the next day's Ordinary, when it was decided in favour of John Trot, upon a person's making affidavit that before he fell his weight, at least, had passed the ending post." What had the judge to say to this decision? Surely he must have been in the best position to see. Only imagine such an adjudication now-a-days!

A race at Durham in 1733, is also noteworthy, as showing the number of persons who occasionally sat in the chair. The first heat was such a near thing that three out of the six tryers in the chair gave it in favour of one horse, and three in favour of another, it being, after some disputing, declared to be a dead heat.

And now one more instance of old-



CONQUEROR AND JOHN TROTT FALL AT THE WINNING POST

time racing, and I have done. At Leicester, the same year, a purse of 40 gs. was run, for which started the Duke of Ancaster's Gentleman, Lord Lindsey's Silversides, and Mr. Cole's Foxhunter. The articles relating to this prize prohibit two horses being entered by one and the same person, or that belonged to the same person; and it being surmised that Gentleman and Silversides were both the property of His Grace of Ancaster, the same occasioned a dispute at the time of entrance. But the objection was so far satisfactorily answered, that both horses were permitted to enter, and, in consequence thereof, appeared at the proper time to start. It was urged at Leicester that both started in their clothes and shoes, and the riders in their clothes also, at which the people on the spot took offence, raised a mutiny upon the

horses, and not only prevented their completing even one heat, but committed great violence, both upon the horse called Gentleman and his rider. But as it is rare that redress is recoverable from a mob, so I have not heard that His Grace did anything more than demand the prize, which was denied him—the Town, since no heat was completed, resolving not to give it up, unless compelled by an action at law.

It is such scenes as these which mark the yawning gulf between horse-racing of to-day and horse-racing nearly two hundred years back; and whatever be one's feelings towards the sport, one must admit that the laws of racing no longer lie open to ridicule.

Steeplechasing can only be traced back as far as the year 1752, and it finds, therefore, no place in these records.





HONG-KONG

China: Past and Present

WRITTEN BY GODFREY BOSVILLE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

CHINA—IN THE PAST.

TO borrow a Gilbertian phrase, the average Chinaman's lot "is not a happy one." Nor can this be wondered at. For countless generations every Government in turn has been hopelessly corrupt. Yes, rotten to the core.

The wretched soldiers are now, as formerly, very much underfed, and shockingly badly paid. Many regiments are still armed with bows and arrows. Others have weapons like the billhooks of Jack Cade's time, spears, or old-fashioned muzzle-loaders that have been "made in Germany."

The standard of efficiency is on these lines: A mark must be hit with an arrow, halfway up a narrow trench, the bow to be pulled from horseback. The would-be officer must also be capable of lifting a heavy weight.

At Soochow you can see the rifle-range, about a hundred yards—"the more noise the merrier"—and a little further inside the city, the old camp and parade ground, with the "trench" for riding in.

By the way, no decent Chinaman "goes for a soldier," if he can avoid doing so, because it is regarded as a low-caste job.

Yet imagine what might take place if these yellow-faced people were properly drilled and well officered. Think of the change for the better, supposing a strong Government with pure legislation, succeeded the present weak one, and if the avaricious mandarins were abolished, cotton industries opened up, and rich coalfields worked. Ah, then indeed would Eastern civilisation be progressing. For all we know to the contrary, a wise Providence may be indefinitely postponing these events. Certainly, if Lord Rosebery's prophecy comes true, the next European war will be fought for commercial supremacy. Consequently, the partition, or the bolstering up, of the Chinese Empire deeply concerns the English nation.

Quite apart from China being the Tom Tiddler's ground of European politics, it is interesting in many ways. Its history can be traced back as far as two thousand years before Christ. Between then and now, dynasties have been overthrown, emperors assassinated in quick succession, and, unfortunately, valuable records purposely burnt. Despite these changes, the money-grubbing "heathen Chinese" has probably altered but little, either in manners or customs, since the Hia

dynasty ruled over his long-suffering ancestors, which was between 2207 B.C. and 1767 B.C.

It is only fair to mention that several of their emperors had the welfare of their subjects at heart. However, they were a queer lot, taken as a whole.

Here are a few choice specimens of them. "During the reign of Ching, who was the second emperor of the Fourth Dynasty, B.C. 286, called Tsin, or Cino, the Great Wall was built. Being elated with his own exploits, he formed a design of making posterity believe that he was the first Chinese emperor that ever sat on the throne, and for this purpose he ordered all the historical books which contained the fundamental records and laws of the ancient Governments to be burnt, and four hundred of the learned to be put to death, for having attempted to save some of the proscribed documents."

The Fifth Dynasty was founded by the chief of a banditti, named Lieupang, B.C. 207. This adventurer, if Chinese historians can be believed, proved himself worthy of the throne.

Another very different monarch was the last of the Tenth Dynasty, "who attached himself to the religion of Fo, and while his attention was absorbed in the mysteries taught by his disciples, his prime minister attacked him in his capital. At length the monarch awoke from his religious reveries, took up arms, marched round the ramparts, examined the position of the enemy, and exclaimed, 'All is lost. It is over with the sciences.' He then set fire to the library, which consisted of 140,000 volumes, and surrendered to the conqueror, who immediately put him to death."

Let us give one more passage. "In 617 A.D., Si Guen dethroned the previous emperor, and the usurper's son, on arriving at the Imperial Palace, was astonished at its magnificence, and said: 'No; such a stately edifice must not be suffered to stand any longer, as it is good for nothing but to corrupt the heart of a prince and render him effeminate.' After this, he promptly ordered the handsome building to be set alight, and it was quickly reduced to ashes.

The history of China, puts us in mind

of one of Carlyle's statements. "As for the external form and forms of life, what can we say, except that out of the eater there comes strength, out of the unwise there comes not wisdom."

Chinese libraries have been burnt ages ago, but unhappily Chinese "shams," remain to this day, such as the well-meaning puppet emperor, and the hideous mandarin frauds.

In 923 A.D. block-printing was invented, and in 1279 A.D. the first Tartar prince reigned over the empire, and "effectually reconciled them to his government, and even endeared himself to them by observing their ancient laws and customs, by his equity and justice."

A still more important epoch was the great revolution, in 1644 A.D. The Tartar dynasty, just mentioned, had been overthrown: yet there was an alarming disturbance throughout the empire. The Chinese nobles then, must have been much simpler than they are now; because they foolishly asked the Manchew, or Eastern Tartars, to assist them. Help was gladly given, but not on the terms which had been expected. The confiding Chinese, were unreasonably surprised, when one of their Eastern Tartar allies, insisted upon crowning himself—much in the same way as William the Conqueror became King of England, in direct opposition to the wish of the badly disciplined Saxons.

In vain did the Chinese princes make brave attempts to dethrone Shun-chi, the first Manchew emperor. They were no match for him, and were beaten in every engagement. The diplomatic Shun-chi then taught his subjects to love as well as to fear him.

Nevertheless, we have a faint suspicion, that they must have feared him far more than they ever loved him?

Surely, if a hesitating Chinaman entertained a doubt as to which sentiment predominated, the royal torturer ingeniously solved the difficulty for him! Very likely the doubter's eyelids were slashed off; the poor aching eye-balls being exposed to a tropical glare, and the wretched fellow soundly beaten with a bamboo. Or he may have been bound securely, and promptly hurled into the nearest ant-hill, to die a cruelly lingering death. As nearly all Chinese, and indeed

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Europeans too, can testify, to catch a Tartar, or rather be caught by one, is no child's play. On the contrary, it is the personification of cruelty.

CHINA—IN THE PRESENT.

Let us turn now to the hopelessly corrupt mandarins of the present day, viewed from the "foreign devil's" way of looking at things. The following is the curious system of government, or rather misgovernment, in hapless China, an iniquitous state of bribery and corruption, which is the accumulated growth of centuries.

An official desiring a Tao-Tai-ship or Governorship of a Chinese province, makes a bid to the central Government, for the post. He offers, say, 300,000 taels—a tael is 2s. 8d. at the present rate of exchange. Needless to say, a great deal of bargaining takes place between those in authority at Peking and the would-be purchaser. At last the mandarin is installed, but has a further sum of money of, say, 100,000 taels, to pay yearly. This revenue has

to be sweated out of those who are his vassals.

After this business transaction, the central Government, metaphorically speaking, wash their hands of any further responsibility, and the mandarin, wicked or virtuous, rules supreme. Or we will say, is left to his own devices.

He usually grinds down all who are under him, and has an excellent time of it; makes his fortune, and is eventually removed, by more bribery, to a higher post, after a three years' term of office.

Now this is why rebellions are chronic (the Taiping, which General Gordon firmly put down, is a huge example), because the central Government find a difficulty in quelling disorders a thousand miles from Peking. Further, it is the reason why the hypothecation of some of the "internal liking" to the Hong Kong Bank was so bitterly fought by the officials. The central Government were coolly giving as security that which was not theirs to hypothecate.

The future of the Chinese Empire no man can foresee. In all likelihood the



HONG-KONG RACECOURSE

tour which Lord Charles Beresford has just made will enlighten English Statesmen about the Yang-tse-Kiang Valley, a densely populated district, with the hardest working and most frugal people in the world. If only railways were made there, and proper security given to life and property, that part of China would develop in a marvellous way.

English troops have at last completely routed the Kalifa; and yet slavery goes on, and the mandarins remain undisturbed; but have we a mission to reform all dwellers on the globe who need reforming? Must we abolish the present system of government bribery and corruption, and then govern a portion of China in the same way that we control Egypt?

To answer such momentous questions entails a wide knowledge of Indian and Colonial finance; so many big interests are at stake. However, "Nothing venture, nothing have," so let us boldly confront the difficulties which pour in on all sides. To begin with, there is the mandarin question. How are we to dispose of that? Obviously it would not be right to allow a Chinese gentleman to purchase the privilege of grinding down his fellow-countrymen, and then take away his means of livelihood.

Supposing we decide upon getting rid of him, we are in duty bound to return him the money which he originally laid out, in order to purchase the mandarin billet. Really you can see Chinese things from all sorts of different stand-points, and through different tinted spectacles. Therefore it behoves the "conscientious objector" to look through spectacles having the right focus.

Granted we take upon our shoulders the heavy responsibility of developing the mineral wealth of China, will not our coal and iron owners raise powerful objections? Surely we are near the mark in declaring that business men "at home" are nervous at the idea of opening up China under a British Protectorate, in case English industries suffer! Certainly it might tend to revolutionise our iron and coal trade, and injure the business of Indian cotton mills.

The political economist will vehem-

ently declare that everything finds its proper level, governed by the law of supply and demand. A nice theory, which does not always work out as comfortably as might be desired. Nevertheless, "supply and demand" are stubborn facts, and will help to bear out Lord Rosebery's prophecy.

How does the ordinary Chinaman like a Dowager Empress, and an almost phantom Emperor, a Li Hung Chang, unruly generals, and mandarins who receive large sums of money for the purpose of paying troops that do not exist? This money, by the way, goes into the mandarin's pocket, and he does not keep so many soldiers as he ought to.

The average Chinaman does not like the present system; but he fears a change, and loathes, nay, he actually has the audacity to despise the "foreign devil," who wishes to open up his country.

What an unreasonable mind then the "heathen Chinese" must have! Perhaps so. Yet we must remember that, much as the downtrodden natives resent the existing tyranny, and exclaim "Oh mandarin, he wanchee squeeze all the time," they would give their ears, and everything except their beloved pigtails, for one of their family to become a mandarin. Because, if he got on through bribery, many "fat jobs" would be given to his kith and kin during his lifetime.

No European can understand the peculiarities of the Chinese without possessing more than a smattering of the doctrines taught by Confucius. That sage was born 551 B.C., and died 475 B.C., leaving behind him a reputation for pure-mindedness that has only been surpassed by the Founder of Christianity.

To give a clear outline of Confucianism is an appalling undertaking; but the wise man and his sayings and writings are inseparable. It is enough, without going deeply into the subject, to state that Confucius was a Chinese Plato, who was of princely blood. His parents, however, had come down in the world, and were not related to the ruling dynasty.

Apparently the sage was not anxious to usurp the throne. He simply wished

to be left alone and allowed to keep good. Seemingly his ambition was to make those whom he came into contact with delightfully pure also. Naturally, the corrupt Chinese statesmen were hopelessly puzzled, and could not make head or tail of Confucius, but only knew the people loved him, and were influenced by his teachings.

The following sayings will show what manner of man he was: "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others."

Again, his notion of wisdom was:

was made Governor of a large province. The inhabitants there had been wicked for centuries, but Confucius earnestly took them in hand, and soon made them nearly as virtuous as himself. His almost supernatural piety aroused the suspicions of a wicked marquis, who finally brought about his downfall.

We grieve to add that the founder of the most popular religion in China was latterly a disappointed man. He advocated implicit obedience to good emperors, and the overthrow of bad rulers, yet loved peace.



EXAMINATION HALL IN CANTON

"To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them—that may be called true wisdom."

Confucius was a collector of Chinese ballads; some he made, and others he edited. Amongst other literary works, he was responsible for a wilfully inaccurate history; also many sayings. All these were reverently kept by his numerous disciples, after their teacher had died a natural death. At one time he

Honesty, domestic felicity, chastity, disinterestedness in this world, etc., and many other inestimable virtues were held up by him as the national standard of excellence. The future life he very rarely touched upon. He believed implicitly that Chinese rulers before his day were persons to be revered like gods, and therefore laid unnecessary stress upon how good they were; just as our modern artists admire "old masters," and sometimes overrate them.

There never existed a more incomprehensible national schoolmaster or open-air preacher than Confucius; because he was three-quarters a saint—yet never pretended to divine sanctity—and was one-quarter a philosopher, and a wilfully inaccurate historian, as we mentioned before. Despite these inconsistencies, Confucius has for two thousand years had more respect paid to his memory than any Chinaman who lived before him or since. His sayings, and they were legion, have been added to.

Confucianism in China is what Christianity is in Europe, what Mohammedanism is in Turkey and India. Surely not a religion to be scoffed at! Yet we hardly like to term it a religion—say, rather, the treasured utterances of a Chinese sage, who was not unlike an ancient Herbert Spencer.

It seems never to have occurred to Confucius that women could be educated, and also join in manly amusements. Perhaps this was because he lived two thousand years ago—before Li Hung Chang's recent visit to Europe. And so he never dreamed of divided skirts, universities for the fair sex, or anticipated ladies going to race meetings, betting, "biking," or smoking cigarettes. We feel sure that he would have disapproved of "the New Woman" in Western civilisation.

In China, Government posts are given to successful candidates who have obtained the highest number of marks in essays on Confucianism and other ancient books, at competitive examinations, open to all. Apart from these examinations, a good billet is often got through bribery.

Space will not allow us to give a full description of Chinese scenery; one might just as well try to explain what the whole of Europe is like, in a few lines. We will therefore confine ourselves to the Yang-tse Valley, and its "Treaty Ports."

For miles round Shanghai, the country is uninteresting—a vast alluvial plain, with small granite hills rising up here and there. The sea at the mouth of the Yang-tse is well named the Yellow Sea. Any passenger who wants a clean tub a day or two before reaching land must tell his steward to fill a

bath before the steamer ploughs through the discoloured water that washes the Chinese coast. On approaching Chinkiang, the first "Treaty Port," you begin to see high land. At one time this place was expected to be the future emporium of trade, like Shanghai is now. Then come Brit and Am (consulates), where a fair amount of business is done. Further on is Nanking, the old capital of China, protected by the Kiang-Yin Forts, armed with heavy modern guns, and under foreign officers. The seat of Vice-regal Government is here. The country round Nanking is remarkably flat, but high mountains can be seen in the distance.

Woo-hoo, the next "Treaty Port," is a place much frequented by sportsmen, on account of the excellent pheasant shooting to be got there. The "Concession" is built on small eminences, close to the river. The country is undulating, gradually rising into hills on nearing the horizon. These hills are occasionally cut through by the constantly winding Yang-tse. The celebrated "Little Orphan" is a perpendicular rock which rises out of the river-bed in a most picturesque spot. On the top of this rocky island is a quaint Buddhist temple.

Kew-Kiang is the next "Treaty Port." On a range of mountains, not far from the town, are some charming bungalows. The residents visit these country houses during the trying hot weather.

Han-Kow is another "Treaty Port." Opposite is the large native city of Wo-Chang, having a fort and arsenal. The surrounding country is nearly level, except for the Han-Yang hill, on which is a large pagoda. Most lovely excursions are made from here, up the Han river. Beautiful lakes and hills, covered with azaleas, wild oranges, wisteria, mauve and white clematis, as well as dog and moss roses, make this part of China like a glimpse into Arcadia. Laburnum, wild violets, lilac and jasmine are also found in profusion.

Enthusiastic artists who have seen the district round the "Treaty Port" of Ichang would give much to reproduce its pretty gorges. Here the mighty Yang-tse has cut a course for

itself through a lofty mountain range, and formed a succession of rapids and whirlpools.

Navigation up to Choong-King is exceedingly dangerous, but has been accomplished by the indomitable Mr. Archibald Little in a small steamer.

The mixed court at Shanghai is an unique institution. It is composed of a mandarin appointed by the Chinese authorities, and a foreign consular official. Whenever a Chinaman living in the "Concession" is caught breaking the law, he is taken into custody by the police, and afterwards brought up for judgment before the mixed court. Grave scandals are painfully common in connection with this very unsatisfactory tribunal. A Chinaman

who has been acquitted by the mixed court is often recaptured by a mandarin's "runners."

Despite the wise and therefore humane teachings of the amiable Confucius, the "heathen Chinese" in authority squeezes his fellow-countrymen unmercifully. The victim now and then dies from starvation, or is tortured to death. In fact, a long residence in this unenlightened empire reveals the full meaning of the text, "Delivered to the tormentor until he shall have paid the uttermost farthing." Let us fervently hope that at the beginning of the twentieth century, Western civilisation will dawn upon the patient toilers in the fertile Yang-tse valley.



SHANGHAI HARBOUR



A STORY OF ITALY

WRITTEN BY ANNABEL GRAY, Author of "Jerome," "Comrades," "Forbidden Banns," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY SPENCER BLYTH.

GIOVANNI PELLINI and Clarice, his only daughter, had lived together, with none between them, ever since his wife Maddalena had forsaken them, ever since Clarice, a little strong-limbed mite of six, with golden hair and the eyes of one of Raphael's angels, had been strained to her father's breast, his sole remaining treasure. Maddalena had left her husband and child for a former lover, a rich man, an engineer from Auvergne and a patron of her husband, who had come from France to Italy, to assist in the construction of a railway near the village where Pellini lived. "I have ever loved thee, Maddalena," he had whispered, beneath the lilacs along the old mule path by the cypress grove. "Poverty is falling on Pellini; he too is jealous, begrudges thee luxury and pleasure. Come with me then to France, escape want and misery, begin a new life in which money will soften the bitterness of loss." And Maddalena had listened and smiled, loving him for his dark strength and beauty, his wealth

and power to command. She was a selfish, coarse woman, callous to all and everything but her own comfort. And one night when the moon silvered the olive-groves and cherry-orchards, she passed along the pathway by the old hills with him, without a tear for the deserted husband and the little fair-haired angel she called daughter.

At first in his misery on finding himself forsaken, Giovanni had resolved on self-destruction, then he gave himself up to grief and brooding. The black-browed termagant, with the features of a Greek goddess, and the wavy ebony hair, had been so dear to his simple poet's heart. And now disgrace and pain had come—surely he must be revenged. Only he remembered the clasp of his little daughter's arms about his neck, and her kisses when she ran to the door to meet him as he came home from work, and that Clarice would be ten times more desolate without him. So he had hushed her childish sobs on learning that "mama" had gone away, and pillowed her golden head on his breast as she sank into troubled slumbers. God had left him Clarice; they

would both love and cling to each other while they lived. And in the sweet rest and warmth of his embrace, in the shelter of those fatherly arms, as he swore to love her through all eternity, the child felt soothed and comforted. "Mama" had sometimes beaten her and been cross, but her father would always protect and stay with her.

And so in time her father became everything to her; playmate, comrade, confessor, friend. Her beautiful violet eyes glistened with joy as she waited for his approach. Sometimes she would run and meet him along the old broken path, and he would bring toys, or sweets out of his pockets, and Clarice would scream with joy, as the wind lifted and played with her hair while she danced along by his side. "I do love you, father," she used to say gravely on Sundays, as they returned together from chapel. "You let me ask my little friends to tea, and buy me pretty frocks, and make me learn painting and music, which you can so ill afford. Ah! dearest, I will repay you all one day."

And then Giovanni's face would lose its blanched look of pain, and he would cease to think of his vengeance against those two who had betrayed him. Had he not Clarice?

But all this was in the sweet long ago, when his darling was a child, and gathered flowers to deck their little rooms with; when her beauty, grace and merriment had charmed everyone who viewed them, and at last brought many lovers to her feet.

Alas! a greater sorrow than the one that had fallen on Pellini in his daughter's childhood had now overtaken him. For his Clarice was awaiting her trial for murder, lying yonder, in the shadow of the great white prison where the Assizes were held, about four miles from her village home. And he was all alone now, he *must* be all alone until the end—until they killed Clarice. All the neighbours declared she must be executed, all except the little wise old woman at the mill, who told fortunes by the cards and was an extraordinary clairvoyante. And, oh! the times he visited her now, and the franks she raked in! Always the same story—no sudden

or speedy death for his darling—and Giovanni would murmur, "God bless you, Widow Rocca, for your good cheer; your words alone keep life in me."

Gaunt and terrible looked Giovanni; people whispered he was losing his senses from grief and waiting. Of course she would be condemned to death, whispered the neighbours among themselves. Had she not stabbed a man, a worthless treacherous lover, to the heart, in a sudden frenzy of hatred, and had she not confessed her guilt? The deed had been carried out by the aid of a small Chinese dagger, the gift, it would appear, of a former suitor who had found no favour in her eyes.

Pellini went up this morning into his daughter's deserted room and leant his face on the pillow so many nights now unpressed by her beloved head. He recollected the words of David Strauss: "We are imprisoned in a world of mechanism, impotent ourselves to control or direct the forces that in a moment may tear and mangle us; the huge hammer, the rolling wheels, the pulleys and the cords have got us in their power, and what can we do?" He kissed her pillow, his tears fell over it, words could not assist him here. Then he lifted some ribbons on her dressing-table, and passed his hand over her gowns and the little straw hat, hanging from pegs on the door. There was that blue dress she had worn on her birthday, his favourite. They were all that were left to remind him that she lived.

"My darling—oh, my darling!" he moaned, rocking himself to and fro. "Why did you do it? Will they be merciless—and kill you? The man had struck and robbed me and turned us out of our home. Why did I tell you these things—then he betrayed and insulted your trust—ah! you should have left him to my vengeance!"

He was old—his life lay all behind him—they might do with him what they pleased, if she were spared. Better than dying slowly of grief, *ma parole!* a man never changes after sixty years of age. He paced up and down her little room—the tears saving his brain from madness. Clarice was just waiting for death, and he was not by her side.

"Will they kill you, and place you in

the cold damp grave—shut you away underneath a stone—my sweet?" he went on, leaning his head on his hands. "Oh! why did you not let your father avenge you, my Clarice—your father who is old and loves you, and curses his remaining years without you?"

He thought of the millionaires—the monopolists of the earth—who sent thousands of young lives to their graves, while they prayed in their churches for more gain, so that they might indulge in luxuries and pampering, their wives clothed in splendour and jewels, as they trampled on the weak, and gloried in their greed. He recollected hearing a clever man say that the books depicting refined vice wrapt up under a hypocritical pretence of virtue, were what the wealthy world preferred as stimulants to its jaded tastes. But he had asked for nothing but honest labour, simple fare, pure living, and Clarice. All had been denied him. His wife had forsaken him—and his love for her had been great—his child in a moment of frenzy, had struck *and killed without meaning it!*

The suspense of waiting for her trial to be over seemed at last more than he could bear. He began to mutter to himself at intervals, then to talk aloud. He thought of her loving ways and girlish grace—how he had saved, and denied himself necessities in order to educate Clarice, so that she should know something of the joys and meaning of life, of intellect, of art, and of song.

He had made her happy, he knew, until lately—and this, oh God! was the end! Maddalena and her rich lover, who was still with her, would mock and say, "Giovanni—ohè! the fool! not able to save the child from a felon's dock." He went out into the deserted garden; a lark was singing by the laurel hedge; butterflies were winging their flight through the scented ambient air; but he loathed the fragrant odours and the masses of white and crimson bloom; he hated them as he had often hated life. Here was Clarice's favourite seat under the limes—here the book she had been reading ere they had arrested her. Clarice, who had daily fed the birds or any poor lost animal, and had even saved drowning flies—to kill at last herself. . . As Pellini looked up to-

day at the brazen sky, picturing his child's fine slenderness, her dainty skirts, her ivory throat and clustering hair, an old man came limping through some distant olive gardens—a neighbour, who crept somewhat timidly to his side. Rustics are robust and muscular—an extravagant grief alarms and unnerves them. Clouds drifted over the distant hills, the cypresses shrouded the end of the garden, wafts of aromatic breath floated from the pines. The old neighbour had news for the wretched father.

"They do say, Pellini, that the trial takes place to-morrow," he said abruptly. There was a strange expression about Pellini's features that frightened the other—a look sometimes seen in the anguished eyes of a dog, dying slowly of grief, of love, of loss and starvation.

"I shall be there," he muttered hoarsely.

"We're all of us a goin' too," added the old neighbour. "We've known her, ye see, from a child."

Pellini shuddered.

"D'ye think there will be a reprieve?" he faltered.

"She's got a terrible hard man against her; that public prosecutor is always fatal to those he is against. His austerity is remarkable, even for a great lawyer. He's put more criminals out of the world than—"

"If they would but kill me, instead of her!" burst from Pellini's lips.

"Would that be justice, friend?"

"Justice? There is none in the world, and they only give you law in those courts of ours. Never talk to me of justice."

"You're looking very ill, neighbour. Come to us and have a bit of nice hot dinner. Calf's head, sharp sauce, and artichokes fried," suggested the friend, who could always enjoy food, even at a funeral feast.

"Will she ever come back to me?" he asked, lifting his head, regardless of the other's presence.

"We shall know to-morrow," piped the old man, thinking of his dinner. Calf's head and sharp sauce was indeed a delicacy.

"It seems as if she is crying to me from the grave," he moaned, turning aside.

Pellini never night blinds the old and fr when asleep think unhal over were his p depth like g mecha to gra menta uncon what Woul he cou breast liness her yo VOL.



“IF THEY WOULD BUT KILL MR INSTEAD OF HER”

Pellini was certainly going mad—never eating, never sleeping or resting night or day. Peeping through their blinds—his wife and he—they could see the old fellow in his garden, pacing to and fro with distracted gestures at hours when all sensible people were sound asleep in their beds. They began to think he was the sport of evil spirits, of unhallowed influences. He had got over Maddalena's loss so easily, they were astonished at the vehemence of his present agony, never guessing the depths of his nature. Their own insect-like grovelling, shallowness, and human mechanism made them totally inadequate to grapple with the problem of another's mental struggle. For Pellini was an unconscious poet, and only poets know what true heart-suffering means. Would she never return to him, so that he could welcome her as of old to his breast, feeling all his misery and loneliness depart at her touch, her voice, her youth, her smile? Ah! the white

blossoms of these peach and apple trees, that she had onceso delighted in! And the old cherry tree, too, down near the disused well—he could see her with her golden, tossing hair, in her white or blue frock and big hat, with its floating ribbons laughing and dancing around it, with little children and young girls all holding out their aprons to catch the tempting fruit, as he threw the cherries down to them on the grass. Ah! happy days! There, too, was the old garden seat, where they used to sit at twilight and talk of many things—of the day's cares, toils and needs. But to-morrow he would know—ah, yes for sure—and if they brought Clarice in guilty, and condemned her to death, why he would quickly make a strong running noose and hang himself, so as to join her at the same time in heaven—or, it might be, hell. Heaven could not be heaven without her. Better stand outside its joys amidst the blackness and the flames, with the one creature that he loved.

The next day an imposing spectacle might be seen in the Court of Assizes where Clarice was to be tried for murder. Women, of course, of high and low degree were here, impatiently waiting the appearance of the prisoner. They delighted in blood sports, these frail, delicate creatures, from the patrician lady, who scorned every one beneath her in rank or wealth, to the smart "irregular," who preyed alike upon fools and rogues, when, how, and where she could. Many human beings resemble the crocodile, which does not so much chase its victims, as it lies in wait for them, and then speedily conquers and devours them at its leisure.

Women are often interested in witnessing another's degradation. It was the morbid curiosity ever aroused in the minds and senses of an indifferent multitude, gathered together to witness the torture of some unknown stranger in their midst. It evinces above all the ingenerate cruelty of the race.

"Here she is! Here she is!" at last broke the silence. Many rose to their feet to catch a better view of the prisoner; glasses were raised to scan her features. Pellini was among that callous crowd, alone. He had shaken off his garrulous neighbours. He was comparatively calm to-day; he knew what he should do.

Then Clarice entered—a slight, girlish figure in the half-crouching attitude of a hunted thing, with no more strength left in it to double on its pursuers or to run any longer. Attired in deep black, a thick veil covered her face. She appeared crushed beneath the weight of her anguish and shame, and trembled so visibly that she had to be supported and led to her seat. So tottering and feeble were her steps, it was evident that exhaustion had produced a temporary state of semi-collapse.

"She must soon lift her veil," whispered some ladies to each other. "Oh, how exciting it all is!—nearly as good as a bull-fight. To look at a murderess, who is sure to be executed, and sketched in all the best papers, is always so absorbing."

Women of the world are not so much cruel, as curious. They live on sensa-

tion. They are voluptuaries through instinct, wealth, luxury and indolence.

They suffer to enjoy, and enjoy to suffer. They like to add to, and to multiply their existence. Frivolity, vanity and self-indulgence—with lovers, gowns, music, entertainments and theatres, as a fine background, soothe their ignoble aims, their jaded senses, their well-groomed bodies, and often wretched souls.

They care neither for thought, sympathy, art, nor intellect; they must be simply amused, admired, startled, entranced, adored. A quiet life is their horror, every social triumph must be glorified in print. Incapable of accomplishing anything great, they are mere fashion-plates, but must have emotion—as shallow, generally speaking, as themselves. To be well-gowned is invariably their principal aim in life, for to be well-gowned is to be effective—and to be respected by men. Eye-worship is offered them from morning to night, and it is all that their artificiality requires. Narrow-minded and self-centred, they are generally snobs at heart.

"They say, too, she is simply lovely," cried a young girl, seizing her mother's opera-glass, and turning it smartly on Clarice. "She is sure to be condemned to death. Papa said so this morning, at breakfast, as I was eating my shrimp patty and second roll."

"Hush, darling, we must be very quiet: it is a most serious case. I feel almost as if in church," replied her pampered mother. "Oh! if I could only pass you my powder-box, love, your nose is getting red, and the Duke of Villanuova just behind—we can chatter and enjoy ourselves, you know, when we have seen the last of her."

Those who thought a rapt or pathetic expression became them, posed as tearful and sympathetic, when they only studied how to look best and please their lovers, or it might belong disillusioned husbands. Clarice, quivering like a wounded thing, was realising her position—the keenness of the glances turned upon her. When would the trial commence? The suspense was bringing on a ghastly sensation of breathlessness, and exhaustion.

And then those dreadful women! She

heard their partially suppressed chattering, the slight laughs, the mindless surmises. She knew their painted eyes were riveted on hers. They might have been at a fashionable *matinée* or concert.

Five minutes passed—long, oppressive, insupportable—then another three. The full force of those intolerable glances were still on the accused as if she were a poor *débutante* or artiste, unable to bribe or cajole her critics, or some wild animal of a novel species, safely caged beneath lock, bar and chain. Oh! the torture the human eye can strike. Clarice had not belonged to a family in a high-class social position they knew, or rather had been told. This, however, increased the general excitement, even the tired reporters evincing some interest in the case. Many of the crowd had seen Clarice at various places of amusement, or when visiting the town for shopping, etc., and all were stirred to universal admiration of her marvellous beauty as she suddenly lifted her veil. It was the fine, child-like face of a Beatrice di Cenci.

The ladies smiled, sniffed at their bottles of smelling-salts, fanning themselves vigorously with almost insect-like pertinacity and patience, watching every glance and movement of the accused. Especially were they interested when she raised her hand to her brow—the little, white, nervous hand, small as a child's, that yet had had the strength to kill. . . . Who was it declared that extremely small hands and feet denoted criminal tendencies, they asked? Pellini, from behind, cursed them for their light frivolous tone; but after all, they were but human, the work of a ceaseless evolution, in which they struggled helplessly, rather than a special creation.

"How beautiful she is," a young woman was saying to her friend. "She ought to have been a superb actress with a big banking account, and had the world at her feet, instead of figuring here, a ruined, stupid criminal."

Foolish indeed, to take anything tragically in a world which is only successfully pillaged by beautiful fools of the lowest organism. Anything brilliant, loving, true or real is not wanted in a sphere governed by externals, where

parasites abound and thrive, and humbug or roguery holds the field.

"I'm certain I should have fainted dead off long ere this," whispered a young girl to another—"the hardened wretch."

"Rise, prisoner," said the stern voice of the President, amid the terrible silence.

With a convulsed shudder Clarice gazed around, longing to catch a glimpse of her father's face, then rose to her feet, and slightly pressing her brow to still its throbs, threw her veil further back. An aureole of golden hair surrounded that piteous face with its extraordinary pallor. Surely it was a martyr at the stake, not a criminal, who faced them, and a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd.

Then the examination commenced. The accused, partly through weakness, which seemed to paralyse her forces, replied in a feeble, half-audible voice—her great violet eyes fixed on the questioner. This caused him to insist on her speaking louder. Her timidity appeared lessened by his coarse brutality; she confessed herself "guilty" in a calm voice, "but without intent to kill."

She was nearly twenty-two years of age, she said, and had been wooed by a man to whom she had long given her heart. Latterly she had ascertained that he had injured her father and betrayed her innocence and trust. An anonymous letter from a former victim had revealed his treachery. Stung deeper than she could bear, in their last quarrel, by his taunts and mockery, she had suddenly seized a Chinese dagger that was lying on a small side-table, and plunged it into his breast, without for a moment intending to inflict a mortal wound. It had been done in a moment of madness, an irresistible impulse. Assured by his own lips that this was to be their final interview, that he had never loved her, but had betrayed and forsaken her for a caprice, a cloud of blood suddenly seemed to pass across her eyes and brain, and she had struck the traitor, not meaning to kill him, but to avenge her own and her father's wrongs. And as she spoke in her sweet, pleading tones, her beautiful eyes fixed on the President, a wave of public

sympathy swept through the Court that reached Pellini in his agony, kneeling apart with uplifted hands, praying for his darling with parched lips and heavy sighs. He understood now all that she had suffered, only why not have left the traitor to him?

Clarice passed a small white handkerchief nervously over her brow; she was

fidelity, or of a man's treachery was absurd. Men were but men, they took their pleasure as it came, in an irresponsible way. Pellini listened awe-struck, horrified. Was it possible that his beautiful Clarice could thus have dragged herself through the mire? And under these accusations, which were partly false and aggravated her danger,



"SHE HAD SUDDENLY SEIZED A DAGGER"

glad that strength had been given her to speak, yet she was scarcely conscious of her actions. There was more to come; ten minutes had passed, and they were dragging out portions of her former life, which were by no means favourable as thus coloured and portrayed. She was depicted as frivolous, vain, capricious—for her to talk of her

she could only cower and tremble, her poor head bent, her heart throbbing till she could scarcely breathe. The words of the lawyer representing the family of the dead man were beating into her brain; they confused her senses still more.

After the lapse of a few seconds, during an ominous pause, another murmur agitated the Court.

For the Public Prosecutor had risen, and those who had heard his keenness in debate, his austerity, eloquence and force, knew how severe he could be in dealing with the accused.

"Poor thing! She is now at his mercy," whispered one pitying soul to another. "She has suffered, I am really sorry for her; she was betrayed and forsaken. Oh! it is indeed a painful world!"

"It is only what one must expect in dealing with men; to be weak is to be lost. And it is so absurd to take them seriously. Women seldom have a fair chance. The one thing is to be guided by the head, and to keep the heart cool."

The friend was a philosopher.

Clarice turned an imploring glance towards the Public Prosecutor. He had the power to send her to death. . . . A suffocated sigh rose from his breast, his massive frame shook, his eyes dilated, and something in the tone and voice of the orator expressed hidden, infinite distress. For this cold, severe man, whose examinations were always so much dreaded by prisoners, had once loved the accused girl with a passion that had undermined his happiness and peace.

He recovered himself in a second, and none present guessed those mental struggles.

Ah! he had loved her with all the extravagance of a first passion. And the perfect love of a good man, with delicate tastes, high appreciation, and reverence for women, is not a thing to be lightly held. Your cold sensualist has no idea of the meaning of love. Wonder, admiration, and homage at the sight of her beauty, pride and reserve had paved the way for an eternal love. And she was here! Had she not ultimately tortured his noble heart with her coquettish ways and impulses, as he became better acquainted with her, smiled at his earnest pleading, lured him on only to let the weight of disillusion and disappointment bury alike his hopes and joys? Mad with love, he had thrown himself at her feet, disregarding his dignity as a famous lawyer, and the maturity that should have commanded respect. And he had received nothing

but girlish mockery. But now God had given her into his hands! Here was vengeance if you like. In the name of human justice he could consign her to a horrible death, he could bring her in "Guilty," if he chose, in all her youth and beauty. He could plant death's kiss on those pale lips, and strike fresh terror into those dim and mournful eyes. The bridal chamber he could conduct her to, might be the sterile tomb. She had wounded his soul, his brain, his highest sentiments and faiths, his self-esteem and belief in himself, and only by degrees had his wonderful intellect conquered weakness, and his equilibrium been re-established. But his heart had silently cankered, and nothing, no one, could heal its eternal wound.

Recognising him, with a cry, Clarice started and momentarily covered her face.

"Mercy! mercy!" at last she faltered, with extended hands, realising this man's power, disdain and possible hatred of her. "Mercy! for Christ's sake."

"You shall have justice," he answered.

Just then the sun illumined her beauty, shining through one of the dusty windows of the old Court; then its beams slowly faded, and she was left in a mysterious shadow, harmonising with her nervous melancholy—her passionate dread.

How he pitied and still loved her. However harshly he might deal with her, nothing could kill that love or undo the past. It was a portion of the imperishable part of him, which in a disembodied state still knew and remembered. Would nothing ease the pain of the moral ulcer eating into his heart-strings? Had he not disdained life, men, and the fame and wealth he had earned? And the more he disdained the material, the actual, and the visible, the more tenderly he had recalled the spiritual ecstasy of his love, even in his defeat and humiliation. All his magisterial state, the homage of friends, of even kings, counted as dross beside it. The faint fragrance of those delicate faded hopes still charmed his senses in memory. He could hardly pass or see a flower she had worn or that he had given her, without a pang. Eternally



"'MERCY! MERCY!' AT LAST SHE FALTERED."

adored was this fair woman, with that aureole of golden hair, the small sweet face, the violet eyes, lit now with a feverish light, the lips, grey and blanched as those of a corpse. Months and years could not change his grief or his regret, or check his vain imaginings of that lost, beloved phantom. Ordinary women seemed so dull, and coarse, compared with her; they either bored or disgusted him. At night, in dreams, his empty arms were outstretched as if to embrace her, every nerve was concentrated in vain fancies; the sacred warmth of their first kiss by the cypress, when the moon had irradiated her young loveliness, still penetrated and inflamed his soul. Nothing could extinguish this love, a whole eternity could never change his passion. He should be waiting for her in the next world.

Pellini watched this famous orator who held his child's life in his hands. He had ceased praying, he was listening acutely. The great lawyer felt a sudden access, of slow, sensual gladness steal through his veins and sweep aside his

ethereal visions. It was the momentary triumph of the flesh. She must be mute under his attack, mute under his verbal massacre and death-sentence, even when she most longed to disclaim, to grovel, to implore. . . . He must not watch her delicate beauty, that drawn, ravaged face, nor see those piteous eyes entreating mercy. He must simply do his duty just as if she were any ordinary criminal—without pity or remorse.

But could he?

He turned his critical glance sharply away from her. That gentle attitude, supplicating pity, as with hands still clasped, and eyes uplifted to his, she stood before him, sent a fresh wave of passion through his every nerve and vein. He dared not meet her appealing gaze. So he remained motionless and silent, shading his eyes with his hand from time to time, his colour deepening, as if anxious to gather well together and condense the crude facts of the case. Then at last he spoke, and his diction was, as ever, clear and forcible. He was impressively eloquent, that fascinating eloquence, such as only a fine and trained orator can revel in. He spoke slowly, with measured emphasis and skill.

Link by link he sifted, then pieced the evidence, until he came to the commission of the crime. People here shuddered and held their breath. For he had paused, then re-continued, when a groan from Pellini, partly re-echoed by the public, interrupted the fluent course of his speech. The accused, with a faint cry, had sunk on her knees, her hair loosened from its comb, streamed around her in golden waves. Pallid, lost, unable to control her nerves or senses, she suddenly forced him, through her very agony, to glance in her direction, and he, too, viewing this anguished *abandon*, turned pale to the lips. No—he could not deliver her to death, what would she say to him when they met afterwards in the silent Shades? He loved her well enough to die for her, he worshipped her still, he desired her as in the old, dear days. Never had she looked so fair, so sweet. The blood flew to his brain, the desire to avenge was merged in a longing to

cheer, to soothe. The face and form of this beloved woman before him in her black draperies; that slight form, kneeling in humiliation, in terror and in prayer before him, before, too, this crowd of upturned, unfamiliar faces, reversed all his former decision, touched the depths of his great soul. Clarice faced him in a felon's dock, and he—he was here to rescue, not to destroy; to save, not to condemn. He no longer gloated over the punishment and anguish of a suffering creature who had once scorned him. He was a man, almost an angel, waiting to deliver her from torture, for love's sake. No longer he beheld the woman who had ruined his life and dealt him the ache of a hopeless love, she was once more his darling child, his adored Clarice. Every thought or prompting of revenge faded, a mist of unshed tears shut her from his sight. His words should not condemn, they should rescue. He would give her life. . . With a gesture commanding the warders to lift her to her seat, he recommenced. Then slowly, with subtle skill and the art that tenderness and love alone teach, he attacked the case that had been made out against her. He was no longer a Public Prosecutor, but a man defending the being dearest to him on earth. Pellini sobbed as he listened. Would he save her yet, this great lawyer who understood so well all the injury and pain she had endured? And through the induction of his fine psychology, he proved the intolerable reflex action left on some sensitive women's brains by the effects of pain. Its excesses were fatal, its results abnormal. Acute suffering affected different organisms in wholly unexpected ways. Solitude, loss, brooding over injuries, led to misery; balked affections, so rarely understood, were more than the result of mere emotional cravings; they were vital, and often unreasonable. There were certain forms of mental agony that none could fathom; sane to all outward appearance, the martyr was, psychologically speaking, irresponsible. Then pale with passion, he proved all the torture, the waiting, the disappointment, and the final insulting cruelty Clarice had endured. And with such spontaneous fervour, with so much

eloquence and force did he picture her own and her father's ruined lives, that by degrees the public, who before had been convinced of her guilt, now began to believe that this frail girl had indeed yielded to a temporary aberration, and was hence not responsible for the crime. He did not tell them that it was his present she had seized, the Chinese dagger he had given her, when he had returned from one of his Eastern wanderings.

His speech was a triumph of forensic eloquence and skill—his deep voice rang musically through the Court, in turn with god-like resonance, softness and power. So great was his oration that a burst of applause rang out at its conclusion. Ah! they little knew, he sadly reflected, that he, who had experienced all the intensity of passion and had been defrauded of its pleasures, could so well paint the hidden depths of an unhappy woman's soul.

After he had spoken, the lawyer representing the family of the murdered man, sought to destroy the favourable impression created by the other's eloquence. But in vain. The reply of the Public Prosecutor was so emphatic, yet so persuasive, so all-convincing, yet so dignified and pathetic, that every one present was certain that the accused must be inevitably acquitted; and the public wondered why this man who was habitually so hard and merciless towards criminals, should in this instance have only sought to save. Why was it? Because she was a remarkably pretty woman, some of the men whispered to each other, with smiles and shrugs. Only one present understood his real reason, and that one—the accused. Love's divine flame illuminating his heart, had taught him pity. Clarice was acquitted.

And the look she turned on him from under her long black lashes as the colour faintly returned to her cheek and brow, when they met, with its silent and impassioned meaning, its inarticulate gratitude and rapture, satisfied even him, gave him good grounds for future hope. At last she loved him, at last he would hold her to his breast, feel the throb of her pulses, mirror his eyes in hers. No longer must he only offer

his devotion, hers met and was fused in it. It was no inanimate object he should possess, but a woman with every nerve throbbing with new emotions.

So once again "the eternal feminine"

triumphed, while Pellini, weeping for joy, kneeling at the feet of their deliverer, poured out his passionate thanks and gratitude, and kissed his hands as they encircled the form of Clarice.



"POURED OUT HIS PASSIONATE THANKS AND GRATITUDE"

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Where there are no Railways

WRITTEN BY ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

WE Englishmen are so used to rapid methods of locomotion by rail or boat, that it is hard to realise the meaning of the word caravan, those long strings of camels which toil over the desert wastes of Africa, China, and Central Asia. Yet in those lands where railways there are not, the caravan is pre-eminently the method used for the transportation of thousands upon thousands of tons of merchandise from one end of a continent to the other. The ship of the desert, as the camel is called, is one of the most curious animals in existence. Patient, sullen and unruffled, he jogs along at a three-miles-an-hour gait from sunrise to sundown, bearing on his back nearly half-a-ton of merchandise, requiring no water or food for many days at a stretch, obeying always the call of its driver—an extraordinary beast, without temper, without intelligence at all, it would seem; and yet, if the camel did not exist, the traversing of the great desert plains of the world would be practically an impossibility.

In my travels in Asia I have seen many caravans, principally in Siberia and Turkestan, these being in every way the counterpart of those which traverse the great Sahara desert from Cairo to the West, or those in Arabia, in the great desert tracks bordering upon the Afghan frontier.

The introduction of the iron road threatens, however, to obliterate this historical means of transport. Siberia itself will in a few years' time be covered with a long line of railroad;

Central Asian caravans have been reduced in importance by the introduction of the Trans-Caspian Railroad, which runs from Samarcand to the Caspian Sea, and will in another five or six years extend to the very borders of China.

But what a picturesque sight it is to see a caravan on the march!—a string of a hundred camels or more, each one so loaded with goods that it is almost indistinguishable, each camel being guided by a string attached to an iron skewer through its nose, the string being hitched on to the beast preceding it.

Orenburg, on the borders of Asia, is the great *entrepôt* for the merchandise of the whole country south of it. For many years caravans have toiled across the inhospitable deserts of Kizil and Kara-kum, bringing from Bokhara and Afghanistan rich carpets; from Chinese Turkestan silks and other valuable fabrics; from the country of Merv thousands of bales of camel-hair and lambs'-wool, discharging their loads at the great laager on the banks of the Ural river—the biggest laager, it is safe to say, in the whole world. In spite of the fact that the Trans-Caspian Railroad has absorbed a great deal of this traffic, Orenburg is still a great and active centre for the reception of caravan goods. We give herewith several photographs of the laager, showing the goods which have been brought thousands of miles across the desert, and showing also some of the caravans departing on their return journey. Most of the camels belong to the nomadic tribes who inhabit the

steppe and the desert. These people are called Khirghiz, and are wanderers of the most pronounced type. They do not live in houses, but, like gipsies of another clime, wander from place to place, rarely stopping more than a day in one spot. Their occupation is the breeding of sheep and camels; and here it may be remarked that a perfectly-grown camel can be purchased for such a small sum as £4.

bagatelle to the sender. Arrived at Orenburg, the caravan discharges at the laager, and the camels are sent forward to forage on their own account in the steppe at the south of the river, waiting until the Khirghiz have rested from the journey, and are prepared to execute a return commission from Orenburg merchants, who send European goods into the Central Asian wilderness.



THE GREAT LAAGER IN ORENBURG, SHOWING THE MERCHANDISE BROUGHT BY THE CARAVANS FROM CENTRAL ASIA

Many Khirghiz, although they know not the value or meaning of money, are yet extremely rich, their riches consisting of camels. They hire themselves out to carry goods from one end of the desert to another, receiving payment, as a rule, in kind. A man possessing a hundred camels will easily get a commission to carry wool or carpets from Bokhara to Orenburg, the payment being so absurdly small, according to our ideas, that it is a mere

In Siberia, especially in winter, the whole of that great road extending from Urga in Mongolia to Tomsk, presents one long unbroken line of caravans. It should be mentioned that Russia is one of the greatest tea-consuming countries on the face of the earth, and most of the tea which is used is brought overland from China. Indian tea is absolutely unknown in the land of the Czar, nor will the big Russian merchants purchase tea which has been

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sent from China by ship. Overland it must come. First of all, it is brought on camel-back from the big tea-growing districts south of the Great Wall, across the Gobi desert, or "Shamo," the sea of sand, until at Urga it is transferred to the sledges, some drawn by horses and some by camels, which are in waiting. Krasnoiarsk, on the banks of the Yenesei, is the receiving depôt for the major portion of the tea from China, and here are many men who have made millions of roubles out of the tea traffic. The transportation of tea, indeed, across Siberia is one of the most noteworthy features of that extraordinary country.

Some years ago, when the merchants began to realise the importance of insurance, many of them adopted this means of securing financial safety to their caravans, which were frequently attacked by brigands and the valuable tea stolen. One merchant, more wily than his fellows, conceived what must be readily conceded as a rather ambitious scheme. He insured his caravans heavily, but, going one better, hired a gang of desperate thieves who stole his own tea, and carried it into the forest, waiting until they received word that the insurance had been paid, and then bringing it by a circuitous route into

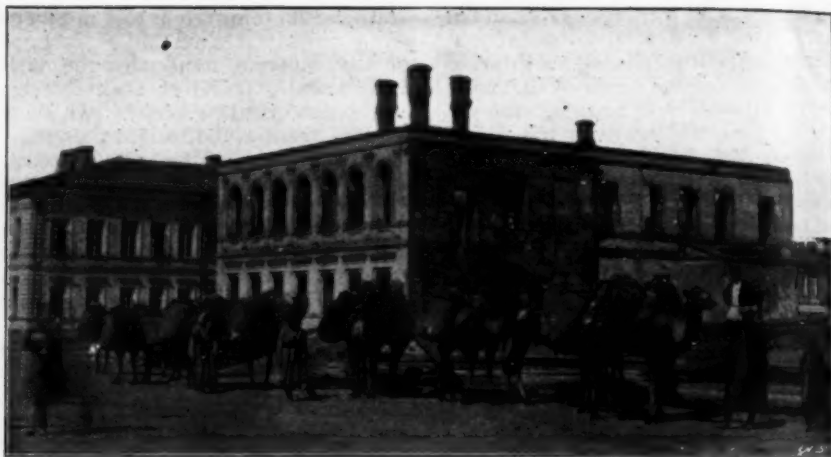
Krasnoiarsk. This tale is told in Siberia with a considerable amount of unction; for the Siberian, especially the exile class, seem as proud of their thieving capabilities as they are of whatever business qualities they might possess.

Returning to Orenburg, the departure of a caravan for the south is an interesting spectacle. The goods to be transported are first of all carried by telega or tarantass to the great laager. Here a government official inspects and marks them. The Khirghiz drivers go out into the steppe and collect their camels, they are brought into the laager, lined up, and are given a tremendous feed of all sorts of things, black bread being the principal edible. Water is given them by the tubful, for the drivers are careful to see that their beasts start out with a full hump, which may have to last them for seven to nine days.

The Khirghiz, who are Mohammedans, have a peculiar method of celebrating the starting of a caravan. The night previous to the commencement of a desert march, the drivers are hospitably entertained by their fellow Khirghiz. A spot in the steppe or adjacent to the river is secured, and revelries are held. The principal drivers of the caravan are *fêted* to their hearts' content, sheep are killed and boiled whole, koumiss—the



THE KHIRGHIZ FESTIVITIES PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE OF A CARAVAN



DEPARTURE OF A CARAVAN FROM BOKHARA

only drink, bar water, of the nomads—flows plentifully. The feast is followed by singing and dancing, and sometimes the whole of the night is spent at these revelries, so that the drivers, with the advent of the sun, are compelled to go back to the laager and line up the camels.

Once under weigh, the caravan presents a curious sight, trailing as it does like a serpent over the steppe, the camels lumbering along with their quaint long steps, uttering now and again shrill nasal cries, resembling nothing so much as a hearty sneeze. On the backs of one or two of them the Khirghiz drivers rock and sway with the motion of the beasts. Other Khirghiz, mounted on horses, dash around them, shouting words of encouragement. The headman of the tribe will rush to the head of the caravan, and sprinkle handfuls of salt before the feet of the first camel. For a distance of at least five or six versts this rabble keeps with the caravan. Then at last they stop, there is a final wild scream and a cracking of knouts, the Khirghiz drivers raise their hands together in their token of adieu to their fellows, the horsemen turn and speed back to Orenburg, whilst the caravan, a hundred strong, and under the charge of only three or four men, plods on its way into the wilderness,

Many stories are told of the loss of caravans in the desert; but, strange as it may appear, they are very rarely attacked, unless it leaks out that the goods carried are extremely valuable. The Turcomans, or Bashi-Bazouks of Turkestan, are the great terror of all caravan drivers. Swooping down upon them in the night, like a horde of wild beasts, these Turcomans will in a few minutes kill every man of the party; and not only that, but slaughter the whole of the camels for the neck wool, which they carry to the south and sell to Bokharan merchants. As for the goods, they are rifled, and the choicest specimens taken away to be sold to rich Khivans, Bokharans, or others of the Central Asian tribes. Occasionally it is the practice to send caravans under escort, but only when the goods carried are of more than ordinary value.

Many caravans get completely lost. They start away from Bokhara or Orenburg under the best of auspices, but, after being reported at one or two places, disappear entirely, never more to be heard of. The reason for this is ascribed to the drivers becoming ill and dying, as it were, at their posts, the camels breaking loose, wandering into the desert to die themselves, and be buried in the deep, drifting sands.

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land of caravans, but with the rapidly approaching completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, those long lines of telegas or native carts, stretching in an almost unbroken string from the Chinese frontier to the Ural Mountains, are threatened with extinction. In Siberia, winter has been the great time for the caravans. Tea which has been grown and dried in the summer months is sent from China over the Gobi Desert, or Sea of Sand, to Urga and Kiakta. Here it arrives just as the first Siberian snows have spread their white carpets across that enormous land, and the rivers and lakes are frozen sometimes to their very bottoms. Kiakta is the busiest of spots. Here the Chinese carriers unload their camels, and the valuable tea is placed upon the sledges preparatory to its transit over some five thousand versts to the Ural Mountains.

The Bolshoi Siberski Doroga, or great Siberian highway, passes from Kiakta by the southern base of Lake Baikal to Irkutsk, then through the enormous forest district to the banks of the Yenisei at Krasnoiarsk, then over a mountainous region to Tomsk, after which the great Barabinski and Tartar steppes have to be crossed before Omsk and Tiumen are reached, the latter town being, even to the present day, the great *entrepôt* for the tea destined for Russia. At Tiumen is the terminus of the Trans-Ural Railway, or was until the completion of the line further south at Cheliabinsk.

The amount of tea carried in one year from China to European Russia has never been properly estimated. Once it passes the Urals it goes north, south, east and west—to the Black Sea, to the arctic regions of Finland, to the littoral of the Baltic, or into the German speaking Polish provinces hard upon German territory. But it is a fact that from Kiakta to Omsk, a distance of over four thousand miles, the head of one caravan is within sight of the tail of its predecessor. Nor is the carriage of tea over Siberia the sole necessity for enormous caravans. Everyone has heard of Nijni-Novgorod, the scene of the great annual fair. Nijni-Novgorod is one of the oldest of Russian cities, and its fair is renowned throughout the whole of the

world. The normal population of this Volga-side city is eighty thousand, but during the five to six weeks of summer days, when the fair is in progress, Nijni's population frequently exceeds three hundred thousand.

Goods of all descriptions are here bartered for, and the largest percentage of these goods are Siberian or Central Asiatic ware. Therefore in the summer, on the high road of Siberia or from the Khirghiz steppes or the mountainous districts of Chinese Turkestan, great caravans are ever on the move *en route* to or from Nijni-Novgorod. As a matter of fact, many Asiatic merchants doing business at the fair of Nijni-Novgorod are on the move from year end to year end; that is to say, for ten months out of the twelve they are either *en route* with goods to the fair of Nijni-Novgorod or on the homeward journey with their empty telegas but full pockets.

But Nijni-Novgorod has seen its palmiest days. Now that that civilising influence—the railway, is creeping even into the remotest parts of Asia, Nijni-Novgorod declines in favour with the trader. The possibility of sending goods quickly by rail to any part of the empire offers greater inducements to the Siberian merchant. Hitherto no method has been open to him but to send his goods by road many thousands of miles to a market, necessitating an enormous expense in horses, carts, and labour. But now, with an administration earnestly endeavouring to promote the Asiatic resources of Russia, palmy days are in store for the enterprising Siberian.

With the completion of the network of railways and canals which Russia has in contemplation, a feature of Russian life will have received its death-blow. The organisation of caravans, and the breeding of horses and camels to make up these caravans, have been for many generations the employment of thousands upon thousands of the Asiatic subjects of the Czar. Already in Russia there is a bewailing that the coming of the railway will mean the ruin of Siberia and Central Asia. This is, of course, an erroneous idea, but then the Asiatic is not a man of progress. What was good for his father is good enough for him, and he resents with all

the influence at his command anything tending to alter the *status quo*. Arguments are of little avail, but those few who have been convinced are now reaping the benefit. That with the practical compulsion of all traders to take advantage of the railway, the whole

country will benefit goes without saying. It means the obliteration of the time-honoured caravan, but from the ashes of the great business which those caravans have represented a greater and more profitable trade must surely come about.



NIJNI-NOVGOROD, TO WHICH MOST OF THE SIBERIAN CARAVANS TRAVEL

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GRAPHOLOGY COMPETITION ; OR, CHARACTER INDICATED BY HANDWRITING.

"THE LUDGATE" GRAPHOLOGY COUPON.

READ OUR NEW MONTHLY COMPETITION, and see how we propose to test your character, and give PRIZES TO OUR READERS.

HAVE you ever studied the art of Graphology? No? Then let us, as briefly as possible, introduce you to that domain of mystery. Graphology is being carefully reduced to an exact science. By a careful study of a man's handwriting, you can get to know a great deal of his character. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a fascinating and crisp way of describing this test of individuality. He said that the individual character of the man was divided thus:—

- (1.) As known to himself.
- (2.) As known to his fellow-men.
- (3.) As known to his Maker.

This test has been accepted by such writers as Goethe, Scott, and Disraeli, each of whom believed in the possibility of judging a man's character from his writing. But it must be distinctly understood that character can only be delineated if the writing is spontaneous and unstudied; a feigned hand will naturally destroy all possibility of a correct reading.

RULES.

- (1.) Write in your ordinary handwriting, upon a sheet of white paper, these lines:—"Could we forbear dispute and practise love, We should agree as angels do above."
- (2.) Sign the above paper with your usual signature, *cut out the Graphology Coupon found above*, and forward both, with a *stamped addressed envelope* and twelve penny stamps, or Postal Order for 1/-, to "GRAPHO," at the Offices of THE LUDGATE, 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

Now for our novel competition: In connection with the above, we intend offering Three Prizes to the competitors whose characters are judged to be of the highest standard.

The three best characters that win the above prizes will be published on this page, and every other competitor will receive his or her delineation direct by post within a month, for which a stamped and addressed envelope is requested.

All the delineations of character from handwriting, when drawn out by our Graphologist, shall be carefully examined by a COMMITTEE OF THREE EXPERTS, and, according to the decision—which will admit of no question—shall the prizes be awarded.

First Prize of £2 will be given to the competitor whose character is judged to be of the highest standard by the Committee.

Second Prize of £1 will be given to the competitor whose character is judged to be second best.

Third Prize of 10/- to the third best.

All contributors competing for our prizes must send in for their characters as soon as possible before **AUGUST 30TH**. Applications should be made as early as possible in the month.

FOR LOVE OF AN INFIDEL

A Romance of Afghan WAR



WRITTEN BY MAJOR HAMYLTON FAIRLEIGH. ILLUSTRATED BY
G. M. DODSHON

A CRIMSON sky, illumined faintly by the lingering rays of a setting sun, was shedding its soft radiance over a beautiful valley in the heart of Afghanistan. The valley, watered by a network of channels, was green and fertile, an oasis in the midst of rocky hills and barren plains. In this favoured spot were fields of yellow corn ripe for the harvester's sickle, and fruit trees with limbs bending to the ground under their rosy, dimpled burdens. Alas! strife and contention, born of men's evil passions, had penetrated to the "Happy Valley," whither the flood of invasion had rolled with irresistible impetus. Christian and Moslem were at death-grips with each other; the streams ran red with human blood; the corn lay bruised and crushed from the tread of tramping feet, the fruit-trees were torn and shattered by bullets.

In the corner of an orchard, a little band of British soldiers, sole remnant of a battalion seven hundred strong that had marched from their encampment that morning in jubilant anticipation of an easy victory over the despised foe, were making their last desperate stand against overwhelming hordes of fierce fanatics.

"Steady, men! Aim low, and don't waste your ammunition," ordered their officer, a tall, yellow-haired stripling, in clear, calm tones. "Remember, we've the credit of the old corps to maintain!"

Even as he spoke, a bullet from a

jezail passed through his left shoulder, causing the blood to flow freely; but he stood his ground bravely, and gave no sign that he was hurt. From hill, ravine and thicket, the enemy continued to pour in a deadly fire on the devoted band. Soldier after soldier fell, till the survivors numbered not more than twelve. Still the brave fellows stood firm and undaunted, with tightly-compressed lips and knitted brows, showing a resolute front, and determined to sell their lives dearly. The Afghans, gathering courage as the fire of their opponents slackened, began to advance cautiously, preparatory to making their final rush; and a large body of them succeeded in gaining the shelter of a ravine within a hundred paces of the British position. Their dark scowling faces could be plainly discerned peering out from between the rocks and boulders.

"Now it has come," said the Lieutenant, tightening his grip on his sword, as he saw swarms of turbaned warriors jump up on to the level ground. "Out to meet them, lads, and drive your bayonets well home! It's no use staying here to be killed like rats in a trap!"

With a ringing cheer, the British soldiers sprang after their leader, and cleft their way like a steel wedge into the heart of the thick surging mass of foemen. The leading Afghans, who had given way before the vigorous onset of their opponents, now closed in, and the little band of British soldiers, jammed inextricably in the midst of the enemy,

were unable to use their weapons freely. The Lieutenant was felled by a heavy blow on the forehead dealt by an unseen hand, and his followers, after a valiant resistance, were all cut down or speared.

When the last soldier had fallen, the Afghans began to fight among themselves like wolves for the possession of the spoil, tearing the blood-stained uniforms from the still quivering bodies of the slain. After every article of clothing

the carrion feast with the troops of gaunt, snarling, long-haired village dogs that, with yellow gleaming fangs and red, bloodshot eyes, had been prowling around the outskirts of the fight in eager anticipation of a meal on human flesh.

It chanced that when the Lieutenant fell, two of the enemy bayoneted by the soldiers had fallen over him, concealing his body under their bulky *choga*-clad forms; and it was not till the Afghans



"THE AFGHANS, WHO HAD GIVEN WAY BEFORE THE VIGOROUS ONSET OF THEIR OPPONENTS, NOW CLOSED IN"

had been stripped from the dead, and the white, inanimate faces had been hacked and mutilated out of all recognition, the corpses were tossed brutally aside. Then began the last act in the horrible drama, when clouds of vultures and other foul birds of prey came swooping earthwards in circling flights, stirring the air with the swish of their mighty pinions, to do battle over

began to remove their dead that he was discovered.

"Here is a Kafir dog that breathes still!" said a young warrior, as he dragged the officer's body from beneath the corpses of his countrymen. "We've winged the bird, not killed him; but I'll make a clean job of it this time."

Speaking thus, he knelt on the ground, took the head of the wounded man under

his left arm, and drawing from his girdle a heavy-bladed, keen-edged *chura* (knife), was about to draw it across his victim's throat, when it was snatched suddenly from his hand.

"What fool's work art thou about, Abdullah?" wrathfully exclaimed Muzzaffir Khan, the Afghan chief. "This man is an officer. See'st thou not the scabbard at his side? We'll take him alive, and demand his weight in gold as ransom."

There was some grumbling at this proposal among the Afghan soldiers, who knew that if a ransom were paid to Muzzaffir Khan they would not benefit much by the transaction; but the wily chief appeased them by allowing them to strip the body and to draw lots for the weapons and uniform, without claiming the lion's share of the spoil for himself.

Lieutenant Charles Linskill, with his bright blue eyes, rosy complexion, and crisp yellow hair clustering in thick curls all over his head, his tall symmetrical figure, broad chest, and rounded arms swelling with muscle, was a magnificent specimen of Anglo-Saxon manhood.

"The unbeliever is a fine *jawan* (youth), and would fetch a handsome price in any slave market," growled Muzzaffir Khan, surveying with grim approval the goodly proportions of his captive.

"The Farangis are an effeminate race, and I did not know they bred such men among them."

His wound having been roughly bandaged, Linskill was tied on to a horse behind one of the Afghans, who rode in the midst of a strong body of mounted men with Muzzaffir Khan at their head. A march of about ten miles brought them to a large village of mud houses, surrounded by castellated walls, set with bastions and watch-towers. Halting in front of a broad heavily-barred gate, on the side of the main street, Muzzaffir Khan dismounted, and ordered his prisoner, now faint and exhausted from loss of blood, to be lifted from his horse and carried into the house.

The chief's house, a double storied mud building, with two wings running at right angles to the central façade,

gave on to a spacious courtyard. Linskill was conducted to a small room in the upper story of the left wing, and the door was locked upon him. This apartment, dimly lighted by a narrow grating overlooking the courtyard, was destitute of furniture; and, with its bare mud walls and floor presented a strikingly uninviting and desolate appearance. Presently the door opened, and a negro slave appeared, bringing a bundle of straw, a mess of rice and meat, and some water in an earthen vessel, all of which he deposited on the floor, and then retired, leaving the prisoner alone for the night.

The next morning Linskill was visited by Muzzaffir Khan, accompanied by the village *hakeem* (doctor). The *hakeem* dressed the prisoner's wound with a decoction of herbs, comforting him with the assurance that no bone had been touched, and that it would be quite healed in a few days. Linskill was now ordered to put on an Afghan costume, consisting of a long shirt, wide *pyjamas* (drawers), and a red *kular* (conical cap) swathed by a long white turban.

The Afghan chief visited his captive frequently, and while abstaining from making any allusion to the current war, listened with much interest to everything Linskill told him about England and the manners and customs of the Farangis. These conversations were conducted in Persian, a language with which Linskill was well acquainted, having studied it during his spare time in cantonments, though he had never anticipated that his knowledge would stand him in such good stead. When Linskill had regained his strength, Muzzaffir Khan informed him that if he would promise to make no attempt to escape, he would be allowed to walk daily through the streets under charge of an escort, but that any infringement of his word would be visited with instant death.

Linskill, thankful to obtain a measure of liberty, gave the required promise. Strictly guarded as he was, he believed that escape was impossible, and that his wisest course would be to resign himself to the inevitable, and to wait patiently till he should be released by ransom or through interchange of prisoners.

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eyes and golden hair, who, though a captive, comported himself with the dignity of an emperor, created a great sensation among the Afghan villagers, and he was followed through the streets every day by crowds of spectators. Linskill soon began to feel his confinement irksome and intolerable, and to regret that he had given his parole. To a man of his fiery temperament, the dull monotony of his present existence was intensely galling. His wound was now quite healed; and, with returning strength and vigour, came the desire for action. It would have been better, he reflected, to have met with a soldier's death than to be doomed to languish in ignoble captivity while his companions in arms were fighting their country's battles.

There seemed to be a lull in the war, for the villagers had resumed their peaceful avocations and were busy gathering in the crops. Linskill tried in vain to extract information from Muzzaffir Khan concerning the course of events, the chief maintaining his usual reticence on that subject, and declining to satisfy his prisoner's curiosity.

One day Linskill became aware that something unusual had happened. There was a great stir and commotion in the village. A messenger had arrived with the important tidings that the English army, strengthened by reinforcements from India, was advancing through the district, and that a battle was imminent. The Afghan Commander-in-Chief had despatched messengers all over the country to summon the tribesmen to assist in repelling the hated invaders. The summons was eagerly responded to, for the Afghans are born fighting men. Every man capable of bearing arms, from striplings of fifteen years to greybeards of sixty, came forward to be enrolled under the green standard.

Linskill's life was in imminent danger. Some of the young Afghan warriors, exasperated by the news of a crushing defeat sustained by their countrymen at the hands of the British, clamoured for the blood of the captive Farangi. But wiser counsels prevailed, the older tribesmen knowing by experience that if they were to murder their prisoner, a terrible retribution would be wreaked by the

British. Besides, the prisoner was a valuable hostage, to slay whom would be like killing the goose with the golden eggs. It was decided, therefore, that he should be detained in his present quarters under the charge of the slaves of the household. The same evening, Muzzaffir Khan marched off at the head of his retainers to join the Afghan army advancing to meet the enemy.

Linskill's liberty was now at an end. The strictest guard was kept over him; the open-air exercise, which alone had made his captivity tolerable, was denied to him, and he was not allowed to leave the room in which he was confined. As the days dragged their weary length along, bringing no prospect of release, the weary captive, pining for freedom, grew utterly despondent and dejected. After the departure of Muzzaffir Khan he was treated with less consideration than before, and he grew to loathe the sight of the black grinning face of his jailor, Ghulam Mahomed, who seemed to gloat over his misery and helplessness. He could scarcely bring himself to eat the coarse fare thrown to him as to a dog, and would often send his meals away untouched. He became, in consequence, thin and emaciated, a shadow of his former self. How he longed for news of the war! But no tidings reached him, his sable janitor refusing surlily to answer his eager questions.

Linskill was standing, one afternoon, gazing listlessly through the iron grating on to the courtyard below, when he noticed a woman's face at the barred window in the opposite wing of the building. This window, which had always hitherto been jealously screened by a thick curtain, he had rightly conjectured to pertain to the women's apartments, but he had never seen any of the female members of the household. The woman, who, so far as he could discern, had an oval face, large dark eyes, and a slightly aquiline nose, was smiling, and—there was no doubt of it—making signals to him with her hand, whether significant of commiseration or of some warmer sentiment he was unable to determine. He knew something of the love of intrigue possessed by Afghan women, having heard many strange stories of the *affaires de cœur* between the

ladies of Kabul and English officers, during the period of the occupation of the Afghan capital by our troops in 1841; and, though no coxcomb, he could not doubt that his fair neighbour was in an unmistakable way intimating that she would not be averse to a flirtation. Was she one of the wives of Muzzaffir Khan, or was she a daughter of that chief? In any case, the situation was embarrassing for an engaged man, for Charles Linskill was the affianced husband of beautiful Grace Ainsleigh, the daughter of the Commissioner of Rakachee. With Grace's image present in his heart, the beguilements of the fair unknown found little favour in his eyes, and he withdrew hastily from the window.

At sunset the slave brought the usual meal of *kabob* and rice. Linskill put a morsel of meat into his mouth; but, finding it flavourless and insipid in taste, he spat it out, when, to his surprise, he noticed that the rejected morsel consisted of a tightly-compressed paper pellet. Unrolling it, he found a letter written in the Persian character, commencing as follows:—

"To the heart-ensnaring son of beauty, whose hair shineth like corn in the moonlight, whose eyes reflect the azure vault of heaven, whose cheeks resemble the blossom of a ripe peach." After several lines of panegyric on his personal appearance, calculated to bring a blush to the cheeks of a Phœbus Apollo, the letter intimated that Shirani, daughter of Muzzaffir Khan, was deeply enamoured of the son of the Emperor of Wilayet—so she styled him—was willing to sacrifice everything for his sake, to brave her father's wrath, to face any peril, to accompany him, if need were, to the end of the world. She besought him to flee with her, and unfolded an ingenious plan of escape. The cook, she explained, was in her confidence, and the only danger to be feared was from Ghulam Mahomed, the African slave, who kept guard day and night outside the prisoner's door. The slave was to be drugged and then strangled; and after he had been disposed of, a change of clothing—a fruit-seller's costume—and also some dye for staining face and beard would be brought by the cook into the prisoner's room. The coast clear,

Linskill was to slip out in the middle of the night, and make his way to the outskirts of the village, where he would find her, Shirani, disguised as a boy, with two horses ready to convey them to Kandahar. The writer concluded by begging her "heart's delight," in the event of his acceding to her request, to break the wooden skewer of the *kabob* in half, and, in case of refusal, to break it into three pieces.

"Phew," mused Linskill, after mastering the contents of this document. "This reads like a chapter out of the 'Arabian Nights.' A prettily-conceived plan, and a very tempting proposal! The girl's not half bad-looking either. But what would Grace think of the arrangement? I must intimate plainly to the fair Shirani that I cannot accept her sporting offer, though I fain would have written and explained the true state of the case. She will doubtless think me a poor sort of prince, but it can't be helped."

Having arrived at this decision, he broke the skewer deliberately into three pieces, in token of refusal, and then swallowed the letter to prevent discovery.

That night there was a bright moon, and Linskill, before lying down to rest, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, stationed himself at the window to note the result of his ungallant missive. He soon descried a movement at the curtain of the opposite lattice. A woman's face peered out at him; an arm was thrust through the iron bars, and he could distinctly see a dagger flashed menacingly towards him in the moonlight. Then the arm and dagger disappeared, and the curtain was drawn across the window.

The following day, news arrived that Muzzaffir Khan had been taken prisoner in a cavalry skirmish outside the walls of Kandahar, and that the British had agreed to exchange him for the captive officer. Linskill was accordingly conveyed to Kandahar, where the change of prisoners was effected. His comrades greeted him as one risen from the dead, and congratulated him warmly on his marvellous escape. After the famous battle of Kandahar, the war was practically at an end, and in a few months the troops returned to India.

Charles Linskill and Grace Ainsleigh were married at the Cantonment Church of Rakachee, and a handsomer pair were surely never seen. On the conclusion of the service, Linskill walked down the aisle with his beautiful bride on his arm amidst a hum of admiration from the entire congregation. At the porch was a carriage with a pair of white horses to convey the newly-wedded couple to the Commissioner's house, where a reception was to be held. The churchyard was crowded with a

dense throng of spectators, European and native, eager to catch a glimpse of the bride, while just outside the gate of the church compound crouched, unnoticed, a female figure enveloped in a dark blue mantle.

The bride and bridegroom had passed the gateway; the bride had removed her hand from her husband's arm preparatory to entering the carriage, when the crouching female, shooting suddenly upright, sprang upon her with the bound of a tigress, and plunged a dagger deep



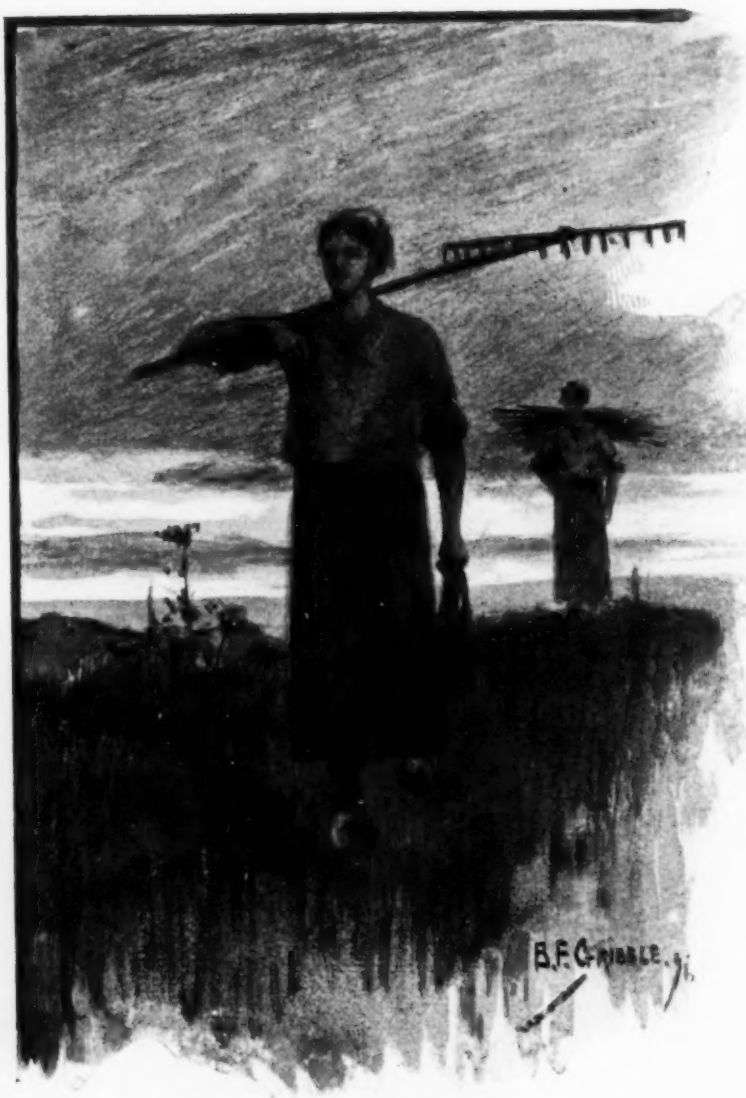
"THE CROUCHING FEMALE, SHOOTING SUDDENLY UPRIGHT, SPRANG UPON HER WITH THE BOUND OF A TIGRESS"

into her snowy bosom. Then, before any one could arrest her, she withdrew the reeking blade, and, with a savage cry of triumph, plunging it into her own breast, fell across the body of her victim. The life-blood of the two women welled forth and commingled in a thick stream staining the pure white robe of the newly-made bride with a deep crimson.

The veil of the dead murderess being removed, there were disclosed the features of a young Afghan girl of exceeding beauty, in whom Linskill recognised the ill-fated Shirani. The dagger with which the fatal blows had been struck bore on its blade, engraved in Persian characters, the following inscription: "I will suffer no rival to come between thee and thy beloved."



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WRITTEN BY J. E. CHALMERS. ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe."

"Alice in Wonderland."

CHAPTER I.

THE Jabberwock " was moored off Hampton Court, within sound of the rushing waters of the weir. In appearance she was more gaudy than artistic, the green of her was too vivid, and the gilding too heavy, while Japanese fans, yellow, red and green dragons, and coloured mosquito curtains added to the general effect; the floral decorations were chiefly scarlet.

If "The Jabberwock" was too gay, "The Madonna Lily" presented a striking dissimilarity of taste in her owner. Cool and white, with short window blinds of sea-green silk, and pale pink geraniums, blending a harmony of colour with mignonette and heliotrope, she was a thing of beauty and an object of envy to many. Her mooring was next to "The Jabberwock," and the dogs had a barking acquaintance.

Mrs. James' somewhat unwieldy form

was moving to and fro on the deck of "The Jabberwock," as, with watering-can in hand, she doused the scarlet geraniums and drowned the blue lobelias. Her daughter was lounging in a hammock, swung in the well below.

"Hetty," called Mrs. James, and she pronounced the "h" softly. "Do you know *She's* gone?"

A pause before the answer came up.

"Are you quite sure, mother? How do you know?"

"Two large canvas trunks and her dressing bag were put ashore this morning. She caught the ten o'clock express up. There's no mistake," Mrs. James added, reassuringly.

"She has left Pepper," suggested Hetty.

"But she's taken Dot, that means a fortnight at least. Thank our stars! for of all the stuck up hussies, she —"

"Oh! be careful, mother, somebody is sure to hear you discussing your neighbour in those free and easy terms."

"I don't care who hears me," maintained Mrs. James, stoutly. "She gives herself the airs and graces of a duchess, and she is only plain 'Mrs.' after all. Her daughter is going to be just such another minx. Captain B—— must be a poor stick to put up with his women folk."

"I don't suppose he sees them in the light we do," laughed Hetty, and she showed her pretty, white teeth. "Has he gone away also?"

"Yes, but he'll come back soon to Pepper."

And both women laughed.

Mrs. James began to descend the spiral ladder, cautiously lifting her skirts high at the back, her lips twitched nervously, she was afraid of a fall.

"Sit down and rest, mother, after your exertions," said Hetty, with a naughty twinkle in her eye.

"You ought to be thankful that you

are not as stout as I am," Mrs. James exclaimed, severely.

"Oh, mother, at eighteen! It would be an undeserved affliction." She rolled out of the hammock as she spoke, and stood before her mother, a slim, tall, graceful figure, in white serge suit.

Mrs. James gazed at her with a becoming motherly pride. In spite of her saucy speeches, she was charmingly pretty, red-haired, and piquante; at present she did not suggest a second edition of Mrs. James.

"I wonder who 'Uncle Mo' will bring down with him to-morrow afternoon, to enliven the week end."

"Hetty, really you shouldn't call Mr. Sales 'Uncle Mo'! It is too flippant."

"Well, I won't—to his face," she promised. Then, after a pause, "I hope it will be something young this time, most of his friends belong to the fossil



"ONLY A GNAT, AND I BELIEVE I MISSED HIM AFTER ALL."

tribe, and old men are perfectly horrid."

"They are far more indulgent than young men," observed her mother.

"Ah! That is the bait with which they set their nets; but it won't catch me."

Mrs. James laughed good-naturedly.

"You are a high-spirited girl, just the same as I was at your age. Take my advice, and don't fall in love with a youngster who may break your heart." She nodded her head with an air of mystery.

"Mammy dear, you are quite the most heart-whole woman in the world. I shall follow your lead."

Mrs. James was not a shrewd observer, and her daughter's temperament had never caused her anxiety. Yet there was dormant passion underlying the girl's pretty frivolity; and her yellow-brown eyes, and chestnut hair, surely revealed a hasty and uncertain temper. At a crisis she would be bound to act upon impulse.

* * * * *

Algernon Maule, who accompanied Mr. Sales the next day, was three-and-twenty, young enough to find favour in Hetty's sight. He was tall, lithe, and muscular, with fine eyes, aquiline features, and a big contrary dimple in his square chin.

Hetty sat very quietly after dinner, watching him, something after the fashion of a cat with a mouse. White dusk stole along the river banks. Amethyst and topaz faded from the sky, the stars came out to worship the moon.

There was a merry twinkle in Mr. Sales' eyes, as, meditatively, he smoked his cigar. He was thinking what a good thing it would be if Hetty were to take it into her frivolous head to marry, and leave Mrs. James free to—Algy was badly in need of money, too, and there would be a good dowry with Hetty. An excellent idea! He slapped his knee. "Eh, what?" exclaimed he, in view of the others' astonished faces; "Only a gnat, and I believe I missed him after all."

CHAPTER II.

"Well, what do you think of her?"

Sales inquired suddenly of his companion, as they rowed across in the dinghy to meet the ladies coming from church.

"She's fresh," Algernon replied uncertainly.

"Of course, something faded and haggard, savouring of the smart world, appeals to your fancy."

The younger man dipped his oars leisurely; he was living back six months. Sales leaned towards him, dropping his hearty voice to a confidential whisper:

"Properly launched, Miss James would take society by storm; and she would fetch a top price in the marriage market."

Algernon's eyes expressed a question.

Sales replied: "As it is, she is prepared to give a tall price."

"H'm, very likely," acquiesced the other; but he made a hasty comparison mentally between Mrs. James and the well-bred, beautiful woman whom he called mother.

The elder man was regarding him eagerly. Algernon met his glance with frank blue eyes, colouring slightly as he replied: "I know I am considerably in your debt, Sales; but I shall find some better means of settling up than the way you suggest."

The appearance of the two ladies on the bank of the river now closed the subject. Hetty looked charming in white mousseline de soie, and a black chip Gainsborough hat set on her burnished red-gold hair. She was sufficiently dainty to bear comparison with any one Algernon thought; and he felt the wild blood of youth running riot in his veins.

Hetty possessed many graces, and adorable tricks of humour. Algernon tried to express some of the admiration he felt for her, while they lounged side by side through the lazy afternoon.

"I am like a fascinating poodle, who sits up and beats the drum, or a monkey that swings and chatters and tears everything to pieces—is that what you think?" laughed the mischievous girl.

"No, no," he denied with indignant warmth; "you are just yourself, and different from anybody I have met."

"You don't know me."

"I shall never know you; I begin to fear that already. You are so full of unexpected depths and shallows. A man might be entangled in the meshes of that wonderful red hair of yours, or drowned in tears from your liquid eyes, as the poets would say. You have the queerest eyes I have ever seen."

She made a grimace. "Queer!—I don't like that."

"But they are queer," he persisted; "a mixture of yellow and brown and red, with a speck of blue in one."

"Oh, spare me! I could never stand details."

"You pay attention to them nevertheless." And he glanced slyly at her pretty foot, thrust well forward, in its perfectly fitting Louis Quinze shoe.

"Why don't you add that I am vain?"

"Because it doesn't occur to me, and I hate adopting other people's suggestions." His glance wandered towards the saloon, where Sales sat playing dominoes with their good-natured hostess. An uneasy recollection disturbed him, and he paid Hetty no more compliments.

As he had ceased to be interesting, Hetty turned to play with her sleepy dachshund; their antics caused Pepper to rush out on the gangway of "The Madonna Lily," barking furiously.

"Stop that noise, you little devil—why, Pepper, is it you, old chap?"

Thus encouraged, Pepper half leaped, half swam across the intervening space, landing upon Algernon's spotless ducks.

"When did you make the acquaintance of that little beast?" cried Hetty, with scornfully-pointed finger at the now bristling terrier.

"Pepper and I are old pals. I suppose that must be the Beresfords' house-boat."

"Do you know the Beresfords?"

"Ra—ther!"

"O you tiresome young man!—and I was just beginning to like you, too!"

"Go on liking me, I will try to deserve it."

"I should never like a friend of the Beresfords," Hetty declared, drawing herself up with a tragic air.

"I didn't say I was exactly a friend of theirs," he observed, cautiously.

"But you are. I knew when you recognised Pepper. Ugh! The little brute!"

Algernon broke into loud laughter. Then, as still she remained serious, he caught her hand, and held it firmly, while he said in his most persuasive tone:

"Really? You must forgive me this time, and let us forget the Beresfords."

"But I can't," was the reply.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks of perfect river weather had gone by, and Algernon had almost succeeded in making Hetty forget her grievance about the Beresfords. He had been successful in another matter also; perhaps more so than he desired.

Hetty stood on the gangway of "The Jaberwock," and watched for his coming. Sales had arrived alone the night before. The plaintive tinkling of a church bell, sounding somewhere from the opposite bank, reminded river folk, not unpleasantly, of the Sabbath, while its summons passed unheeded. The sky shewed turquoise through a golden haze, which heralded the blazing sun. The girl's head was uncovered, and her hair, now dully red, now shining as with copper flame. Her eyes looked out in misty expectation, for her lover was late.

As Algernon's boat turned the bend of the river, he saw Hetty on the gangway; and he waved his straw hat to her. Five seconds later he was holding her hand, and he saw a shadow of trouble in her eyes.

"What is it?" he questioned.

"They are back. I—I—suppose you are awfully glad," she stammered, avoiding his glance.

She had drawn her hand away from him, and he stood clasping his chin instead.

"The girl is there too, and she has put up her hair. She looks more like her mother now than ever."

Then he spoke:

"Bother the Beresfords! Why should you care?"

"Because I know that it is going to make all the difference to you and me," she flashed out.



"SHE STOOD, WATCHING"

"But why?" he persisted.

She was brutally frank.

"You belong to them—we are, what you call parvenus."

"Don't be so absurd," he exclaimed, sharply; because she looked so pretty, and the truth was unpalatable just then.

Hetty broke into a laugh, running into the saloon, where, presently, he heard her trilling like a bird. Sales called him up on deck, and the talk was heavy as the sultry weather for the next hour. Hetty made herself scarce until luncheon time; then she appeared lively as a cricket. She was an undependable feminine creature.

Afterwards the whole party sat in the well; and Algernon exchanged distant bows with the Beresford party, while the dogs lifted up their voices.

"Little dev—ils," Hetty breathed low.

Sales laughed in lazy enjoyment, and woful ignorance of the tragi-comedy being played out under his nose.

Violet Beresford was lovely, nearly as lovely as her mother, who was a society beauty still. She had turned up her flaxen hair, and her skirts trailed about her feet. Algy could not help looking at her, trying to realise the fact that she was grown up.

"Of course you admire her tremendously." It was Hetty who spoke low in his ear. "Everybody will admire her tremendously by-and-bye. She will be presented. Bah! That is nothing. Ma and I could be presented at the next Drawing Room, if we chose; for Americans and people from the bush can go anywhere. But that Beresford girl is going to have a lovely time, I know, and I just hate her!"

"That is very naughty of you," laughed Algernon, amused at her vehemence. "I believe you are pretending half the time."

But Hetty shook her head.

"It's every bit real," she said.

Two days later, Algernon met the Beresfords in the Park. They stopped short in front of him, and Mrs. Beresford held out her hand with her most honeyed smile. He thought Violet studied him with contempt; but she was so pretty that he forgave her for

that, and when they moved on, he strolled beside them.

"We are back in Curzon Street," Mrs. Beresford informed him. "You know we had let our house for the season; but the tenants were not desirable, and somehow my agents contrived very cleverly to get rid of them for us. We shall never let again. It makes me shiver to think of those vulgar people in my sweet house, among my Lares and Penates. I can smell patchouli in my drawing room, and peppermint in my boudoir."

Algernon smiled, and Violet's great eyes flashed stormily.

"Mother dear," she said, "I am sure Mr. Maule cannot understand your objections."

"Little cat!" Algernon mentally apostrophised her, for he understood her meaning. But she had a fascinating dimple, which she brought into constant play; and the men who passed by regarded him enviously, as he walked by her side.

"Have you given up your house boat?" he inquired, and the question was followed by a significant pause.

"No-o. My husband insists upon having her moored at Hampton Court, most unfortunately for us. The people one meets down there are most extraordinary. I expect we shall go down again at the end of the week," said Mrs. Beresford.

"She is a ripping boat."

"Ye-es."

"Your dogs seem to have a good time down there. Old Pepper looks first-rate."

Here Mrs. Beresford stopped to speak to an elderly lady, being wheeled in a bath chair, and Violet walked on with Algernon.

"Mother is quite right about the people down at Hampton Court. I am so sorry you know some of those awful people."

"Which awful people?" he asked weakly.

"Oh, the Jabberwocks, of course. They set my teeth on edge. How long have you known them?"

"Not very long," he replied.

"Do you know that I liked you ever so much when we met you at Nice last

year; and when I saw you so friendly with the Jabberwocks I was disgusted."

Her face was adorable under her shady hat, and Algernon's too susceptible heart began to hammer against his breast.

"Don't be too hard upon a chap, Miss Beresford, you know the girl is awfully pretty and amusing, and they are great friends of Sales', who introduced me, and asked me to be civil to them."

"Oh, I see," and Violet pursed her mouth. "I don't admire Miss Jabberwock, she may be a man's beauty."

"And despised of women," laughed Algy.

"I don't see the point," Violet returned, scornfully. "I suppose you are trying to be funny."

"Call me an egregious ass, Miss Beresford. I must be, to risk your displeasure."

Her full blue eyes met his, and the expression he read there might have turned a more seasoned head than his own.

"When we were at Nice," she said slowly, "you used to call me Violet."

On the following Sunday Algy called at Mrs. Beresford's house in Curzon Street, and he spent the best part of the afternoon talking nonsense to Violet, while Hetty sat disconsolate on the deck of "The Jabberwock," and watched for his coming.

On Tuesday Algy dined at Curzon Street, and afterwards went to a theatre with his hostess and her daughter. His new flirtation had not begun to pall when, a few days later, on receipt of a telegram from Mrs. James, he found himself at Waterloo, en route for Hampton Court. A river party, consisting of half a dozen men and one solitary woman, was in full swing on the "Jabberwock"; and subsequently he discovered that it was given in honour of Hetty's birthday. She looked more brilliant than ever, and Algy was piqued to find that she had not missed him at all. A big cavalry officer from Hounslow was trying to make the running with her; and in due course Algernon discovered that the pearl drops she was wearing in her pretty ears had been his gift.

He drew Hetty aside.

"When did you meet that chap?" he asked, with a gloomy air.

"Do you mean Captain Brown?" she returned innocently. "Oh, he is quite a new acquaintance."

"Rather a rapid one."

"Which suits me ex—actly," drawled Hetty, in her most irritating manner.

"Do you wish to make me jealous?"

Her hand made a flattering movement towards his, but he did not see it, and she drew back hastily.

"Of course I am awfully jealous," he continued, laughing.

Her white face flashed into his for a moment; there was a wild light of misery in her eyes.

"My God! You can joke like that!" she cried.

He thought she was acting.

"Tragedy on a house-boat," he exclaimed. "I can see you are not difficult to please. Lightly come, lightly go with you."

"I hate quarrelling," declared Hetty, wearily, "and at least, you have no right to be nasty to me about Captain Brown. I believe you have been flirting with that Beresford girl."

"Yes, I have."

She started up in her seat, with flashing eyes:

"You cannot really mean it, tell me you did not mean it."

"Well, supposing I tell you that," said he, wondering at her rapid change of mood.

"I would be satisfied. But if it were true, I might feel tempted to throw myself into the river."

He looked at her steadily.

"In that case, we should both get a wetting," he observed, quietly.

Hetty left her seat, and leaned over the railing of the deck. Algernon followed her mechanically. In the dusk of the evening, by the pale light of the moon and the stars, her face showed white, and clear cut as a cameo.

"There are some water lilies down by the weir, where the weeds grow thick," Hetty spoke in a dreaming voice. "When I am quite certain that you are tired of me, I shall try to get those lilies."

Tinkle-tank, tinkle-tank, struck up a

banjo accompaniment to a rollicking baritone voice.

"Hoo-poo," he sang, "come, come, my love,

Come, fly with me away."

"Hoo-poo," she answered him again, "I'm with you all the day-ay."

Hetty broke into a laugh, and began to dance a few steps of a new skirt dance, which she had picked up among other accomplishments.

Algernon watched her quick, graceful movements in puzzled silence. She was a curious, emotional creature, he thought; but her moods caught, and held him entranced.

Against his better judgment, Algernon had promised to go down with the Beresfords to luncheon on their house boat. Violet would take no refusal from him, and he was pliable as wax in her hands, so did her bidding.

It was a dull, grey day, and Algernon was in sympathy with the weather. As he rowed across in the Beresfords' dinghy, he perceived that Hetty was on the deck of "The Jabberwock." She saw him also, and laughed, and waved her hand to him; presently she was running round the deck like a mad thing, with the dogs in pursuit of her. A sick qualm of misgiving seized upon Algernon, but Violet was studying him out of the corners of her eyes, and he endeavoured to appear cheerful, knowing that he was on trial. Between Violet's youth and Hetty's irresponsible frivolity he stood in an awkward predicament.

Luncheon over, he suggested taking Mrs. Beresford and Violet for a row; but they were deterred by sight of the lowering skies, so they all sat in the well of the boat, within a stone's throw of the gaudy "Jabberwock."

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe," murmured Algy.

"What nonsense is that?" inquired Violet, sharply.

"The nonsense of a clever man," he replied. "I forget his name."

"Lewis Carroll, is it not?" interposed Mrs. Beresford.

"I believe you are right." But he

was evidently surprised at the extent of her knowledge.

"One is apt to be reminded of his writings—here," continued Mrs. Beresford, and she glanced swiftly towards the opposite house boat. "They are really amusing, and that is a sorry travesty."

"Have I read them, mother?"

Mrs. Beresford smiled. "When you were so high," she replied, indicating four feet from the ground.

"Then I am sure I shouldn't care about them now," Violet declared, with an air of being grown up.

Her stiltedness always amused Algy, and it seemed more real than Hetty's comedy and tragedy.

A few heavy rain drops pattered down.

"How lucky it is that we didn't venture out," remarked Mrs. Beresford, in self-congratulatory tones.

"The 'Jabberwock' girl must be mad," Violet exclaimed, as she leaned forward to obtain a better view of her opposite neighbour. "Just look at her now, in that white silk dress, going for a row. She won't take the dogs, poor creatures, as if a shower was likely to hurt them."

Hetty had jumped into the skiff alongside, vigorously waving back the dogs who were anxious to force their companionship upon her. For one brief second her eyes met Algernon's, and he saw a reckless devil in them. Then the light skiff, propelled by her oars, shot down the purling stream.

"'Etty, 'Etty," loudly called Mrs. James, from her saloon window, "don't you go far; there's an awful storm coming up."

But Hetty only threw back her head, and laughed.

Her soft, mischievous face, with its gleaming, white teeth, struck Algernon with a sense of danger. He leaned over the side to watch her movements.

"Weeds have drowned more people than water," observed Violet, sententiously. "Look at that silly girl, trying to reach those water lilies, close to the weir, too. Now she has lost an oar!"

Algernon leaped into the nearest boat, while beads of anguish stood on his brow.

"Don't go, you may be drowned too, and she is not worth it," cried Violet, stretching her hands towards him. A muttered curse was all the reply he gave her, between his clenched teeth.

"When I am quite, quite certain . . . that you are tired of me . . . I shall try and get those lilies . . ." she had said, in that maddening, sweet voice of hers. Great God! and he had let her think that, when his heart was bursting with love and regret.

"Hetty—Hetty—" his voice rang out like Gabriel's trumpet.

The girl heard him, even at that distance; she swerved suddenly round in the boat, and the next moment the skiff was floating bottom upwards, and the white figure gone under, near the spot where the dock leaves and water lilies grew among the rank weeds of the back-water. Twice Algy saw her head

rise, and the muscles of his arm swelled and cracked with the herculean efforts he made to reach her. The third time he had caught her, thank God! But the ghastly face, with its closed eyes, seemed to mock at him, as he held it above water. Another boat had been put out to the rescue; and with the combined efforts of its occupants, Hetty's still, lifeless body was disentangled from the embrace of the weeds, and taken back to the house boat.

Oh, little woman, is this to be the ending of your summer's day?

"Hetty, do you know me?"

"Yes, I know you."

"Are you better?"

She shook her head, weakly.

"I was nearly done for. Why did you force me back to life? It would have been so easy . . . then . . . to slip away."



"HETTY, DO YOU KNOW ME?"

Algy looked down upon her in bewilderment.

"A girl like you ought not to talk like that," he said. Then a sudden thought struck him. "Hetty," and he came nearer to where she lay, and bending over her, his breath fanned her cheek: "Did you really do it on purpose?"

There was the dawn of a smile in her eyes.

"Did it look like an accident?" she asked, in a queer, suppressed voice.

Algy could not account for the sob which rose in his throat; he slipped down, on his knees by the bed, and

buried his face in the white linen sheets. Hetty spoke again, querulously:

"What is all this fuss about? You have got your way, and I am going to live, and be a nuisance to every one."

"What a fool, what a brute I have been," exclaimed Algernon, while his lips devoured her small, fragile hand. "But if you'll forgive me, darling, I swear you shall never repent it."

Hetty raised herself on the pillows, her red hair, unbound, shewed her face weirdly.

"Do you mean it?" she inquired, with breathless eagerness.



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A City of Sevens

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

CAUSE or effect, which is it in Rostock? What is the connection, or is there any, between the sevens for which the old Hansetown is famous and the luck it has had during its seven centuries or so of existence? Did the old City Fathers of those far-off days hope to coerce Fate into the bestowal of good gifts—at least, to propitiate her into smiles—when they so ordered things as to justify the Platt-Deutsch rhyme of the fourteenth century, which, roughly translated, runs thus?—

Seven doors there are to Mary's Church ;
Seven streets to the market, if you search ;
Seven merchants' bridges to the strand ;
Seven turrets upon the Rathaus stand ;

Seven bells ring joyous every day ;
Seven lindens in Rose-garden gay ;
Seven gateways lead beyond our wall ;
These be old Rostock's signs to all.

However it may have been, whether they really had the good fortune their sevens would indicate, there is unquestionably an air of calm, unruffled prosperity about the Rostockers of to-day. They move about their roughly-paved, irregular streets, and past their old-world houses, as contentedly and imperturbably as the sluggish Warnow that flows so slowly by. Unhurried by any declivity—there is none to speak of in North Germany—it empties itself peacefully, a few miles farther on, into the tideless Baltic.

But first it shows cause for the name

of the town, which, of Slavonic origin, signifies the sudden broadening of a narrow stream. This the Warnow does, and very remarkably. Above the town it is little more than a wide canal, flowing peacefully through a fertile land of flat meadows, and windmills, and red-roofed farm-houses, nestling among fir trees or poplars. Just where the town stands it turns suddenly west, and then due north again, and, extending to a breadth of close on a mile, offers a stretch of water admirably sheltered and suited for trade. Here, accordingly, is the harbour, on which the prosperity of Rostock so largely depends. What piles of timber are there—what stores of sugar and grain—what a pavement of herring-barrels the quays display! awaiting shipment to Norway or England, or some other of the many countries that trade to the Baltic.

The town itself presents a curious medley of old and new. Side by side with an up-to-date factory, or school, or a smart hotel, one finds, still standing and still inhabited, the quaintest imaginable specimens of gabled dwelling-houses as they actually existed in the

Middle Ages, with their high, steep roofs, their rows of lattice windows, their wonderful outer decorations of carved figures and richly-coloured glazed tiles, testifying to the pride of the ancient burghers in their beautiful homes, as well as to the true art of their day.

There is a fine University, founded in 1400, though the present handsome pile is not more than thirty years old. It is another "seventh son" of Rostock, for it holds that rank, in point of age, among German Universities. And here again the modern and antique are jostling one another, for close by there stands the Kloster vom Heiligen Kreuz, once a monastic institution, now a kind of almshouse for ancient maidens. Several similar establishments exist in Mecklenburg, and their origin is sufficiently peculiar to be worth mention. They are generally old monasteries which, having been confiscated after the Reformation, were presented by the Grand Duke of the day, to the State, as a set-off against services rendered—a somewhat thrifty salve to the Grand ducal conscience, one reflects!



THEATRE, ROSTOCK

This Kloster consists, first, of several tiny old houses overgrown with creepers—red roofs and all. Further on, through an archway, one peeps into a cloister enclosing a square of turf. Off this tiny arcade are the rooms inhabited by the lonely old ladies. Outside each door stands a highly-polished chest or wardrobe, often of an antique beauty to make the mouth of a London curio-seeker to water with a longing for possession. A forlorn little visiting card nailed to the door-post tells of some honourable Fräulein von—who is living out her allotted span in the shelter of the old Kloster. For many of these

Rostock is rich in churches. At least five of those from which we may suppose the seven bells "rang joyous every day" are still standing, and all date back to the twelfth or thirteenth century. Of these, the chief in point of size is the Marien Kirche of the seven doors—an enormous Gothic Cathedral, more noticeable outwardly for its colossal proportions than for its beauty. The interior, however, is finely proportioned, and it contains many interesting evidences of old-world religious art and feeling. Its great size hardly tells outside, owing to its being shouldered away, so to speak, by other buildings, in



RATHHAUS

Stifts are very exclusive, and some will only admit ladies who can show a descent of six noble generations on each side.

In one corner of the cloister is a huge dilapidated picture, representing a scene in the life of Queen Margaret of Denmark, who founded this monastery when Mecklenburg was under Danish sway. And the beautiful church belonging to it, now being restored, bears an inscription to the effect that in 1270 "was this Kloster to God's honour dedicated, by Margaret, Queen of Denmark."

a corner of the Neuen Markt. Within, one has a curiously dwarfed sensation beneath the immense and lofty roof.

The Nicolai Kirche, dedicated to the saint of sailors and fishermen, offers wonderful treasures of ancient relics; and the high altar is a masterpiece of the art of the day, brilliant in red, and blue, and gold.

More remarkable than either is the Petri-Kirche, with its singularly graceful and slender spire, reaching a height of 414 feet. The country around Ros-

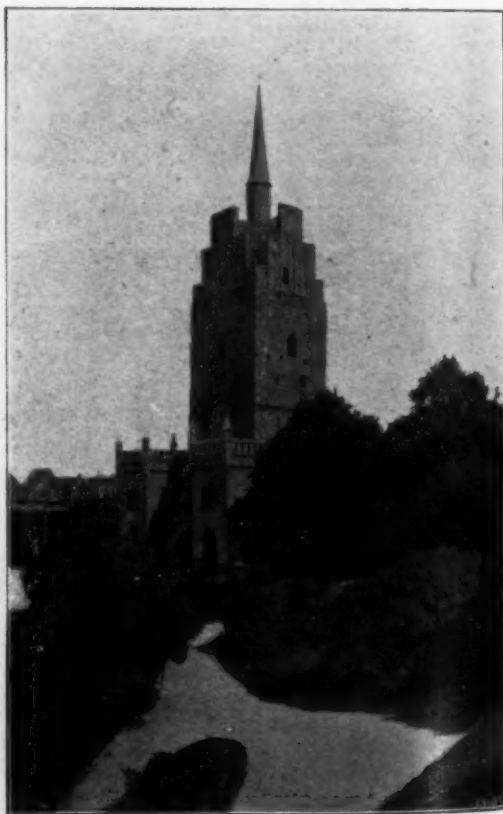
tock is so level that this tower can be seen from a great distance, and has served to guide many a bewildered seaman miles of stormy sea away. With the Petri-Kirche must always be associated the memory of the great reformer Slüter, who preached there till its precincts were forbidden to him. Then he preached outside, under the trees; died there, too, in the midst of an address to his followers, poisoned by a servant at the instigation of the Roman Catholic priests.

The "Rose-garden gay" exists now in name only; the seven lindens have disappeared. But they are worthily represented by the trees, and grassy slopes and lovely flowers of the Rosen-garten of to-day, where, with a true sense of fitness, worthy of imitation by more pretentious cities, Rostock has chosen to place her theatre. It stands in an open space, with no building near to take from the effect of its size and beauty; and these, according to our ideas, are quite out of proportion to the city. But Germans are ahead of other nations in many things—in nothing more than in their attitude towards the stage, in which they recognise a powerful aid to education. In every town of any pretensions in the Fatherland a theatre is to be found, well managed, and with prices and hours arranged to suit the needs of children as well as their elders.

Of all Rostock's sevens, only the turrets upon the Rathhaus present the full number; and how many things that old Town Hall has suffered from the Philistines! how many restorations it has undergone, since, in 1265, the City Fathers began to meet within its walls! Rostockers of to-day regard it somewhat sadly, as a monument to the depraved taste that failed to appreciate ancient art. They know better now; but it is too late. Every mark of anti-

quity, save the turrets, has been swept away under various "improvements," leaving only a very ordinary building, in front of which, on market day, a busy throng of country-folk assembles to buy and sell their wares.

They have probably driven in from the country, in their long four-wheeled waggons, through the three gateways, which are all that remain intact of the original seven. Of these three, the Kröpliner Thor is, perhaps, the most characteristic, seen mirrored in a deep circular pool, the Teufel's Kuhle, close by—probably the last vestige of the city moat. And here, again, modern taste and antiquity are side by side. The grim solidity of the old gateways is emphasised by the



KRÖPLINER THOR

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beauty of the parks and gardens now surrounding them. The fortification once enclosing the city has been levelled, and its site occupied by leafy pleasure and gay parterre. Prominently placed among them is a monument to the Rostock soldiers who fell in the Franco-Prussian war. A cannon, marked with a huge "N" stands idly on either side, their gaping mouths veiled by long films that wave and glitter across them in the still, hazy September afternoon. Children are playing, blue lilies are blooming, around these relics of a fallen Empire.

Peaceful as Rostock looks now, a glance at history shows that she has had her share in the storm and stress through which the Fatherland passed before attaining its present position. Many a vicissitude she has suffered since being destroyed by Waldemar of Denmark, in 1160. A striking proof of the vitality and energy of her people appears from their sending representatives, less than a century later, to the meeting of the Hanseatic League at Lübeck; and in 1311 a marvellous tournament took place in the Rose-garden of the seven lindens. Rostock suffered much from

the Vitalianer and other pirates, who harassed all the peaceful ports along those coasts.

During the Thirty Years' War, in 1628, she swore allegiance to Wallenstein, who had been invested by the Emperor, as a reward for his great services, with both Duchies of Mecklenburg. The following year he held Rostock during a blockade by Gustavus Adolphus. But her greatest claim to participation in martial glory lies in the fact that Blücher was born there, December 16th, 1742. The house is still standing, No. 17, Blücherstrasse, in which the great "Marshal Vorwärts" first saw the light. A statue to his honour has a prominent position in front of the University. Erect and grim, the old hero stands, the typical lion's head showing amid the drapery folded above his faithful heart. He is, perhaps, the greatest of Rostock's sons; yet, only one of many heroes who have made good her right to the praise bestowed on her in the old verse—

Thou hast held, O town of seven towers,
Firm grasped in Mecklenburger hand,
True sword to guard, when tempest lowers,
Above the long, low Baltic strand.



ODERWARREN

THE END OF SUMMER

LET us forget to-day that Summer dies :
There is no death writ in yon sunny skies.

Only the reaper and the falling grain
Tell of a changing in earth's harmonies.
Let us go forth, remeasuring the ways
Wherein we walked those tender August days,—
By wood, by water, and by purple plain,
Breathing the warm scent of the noontide haze.

And let us lie and hear the streamlet sing,
The cricket harp his solitary string,

The mellow booming of the prosperous bee,
The breeze among the branches murmuring.
Ah, sweet is sleep! but not so sweet as this :
Sleep never soothed my soul to peace, I wis,

As these soft sounds and scents that seem to me
Wed to make sweetness as is kiss to kiss.

Here is the place wherein my love was nursed,
Wherein I hoped the best and feared the worst,

Seeing my heart's oasis in a dream,
And waking to the pain of desert's thirst.
Oft has the day gone out and left me here,
Save for my sorrow, comradeless; and near

The night has drawn before mine eyes could deem
The darkness aught save my own doubt and fear.

Yea, worshipped I long days before I wooed,
And, sleepless, sighed long nights before I sued

For love; and told each halting hour your name,
With all the meanings of a lover's mood.
Sometimes my life grew sick for want of cheer
And weak with watching for the mists to clear;

And once I cried, "Let Hope depart in shame!" . . .
Ah! could Hope go before he called you "dear"?

Yonder, where high hills curve to form a cup,
Rimmed ruggedly, and rudely rising up

To touch the mouth of heaven,—once at eve
We tracked the stream, and saw the red deer sup;
And rested there awhile, and came again
Across the heather and the pulsing plain.

And when, at last, you asked why did I grieve,
I could not speak the word I knew was vain.

Alas, that all God's lights save one were mine!
Flowers, sun, and stars, and something more divine

Were in your eyes: kindness and tenderness
And girlish grave solicitude were thine.

But love was lacking, and you did not know,
And, knowing not, cared not that it was so;

And, ignorant, your pure heart sought to bless
Mine with a soft word crueller than a blow.

* * * * *

So I, who rest to-day before your feet,
Content to watch you, glad to call you sweet,

Wonder and wonder how it came to pass
That Love and You and I at last did meet.

For it is all so grand, so good, so new!
I ask my heart a thousand times "Is't true?" . . .

Awhile ago a life that sighed "Alas!"—
To-day, a life that laughs for pride in you.

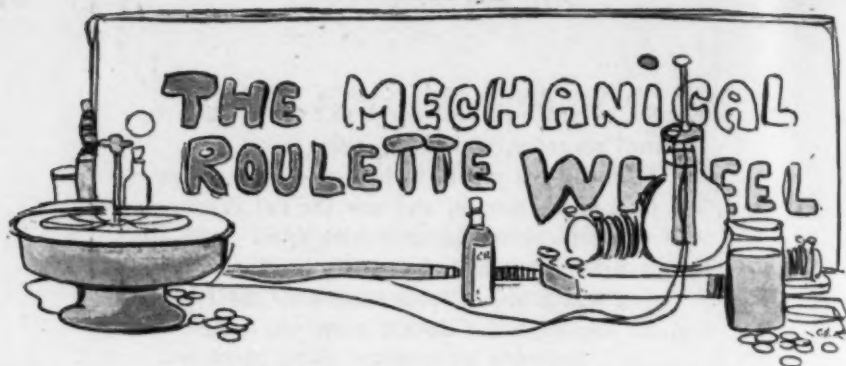
The end of Summer? Well, I have a flower
That jests with Autumn, and in perfect power

Exults in Winter's face, and greets the Spring,
As one whose age is scarce a little hour.

The end of Summer? Oh, my love, my love!
What if the green must quit the field and grove?

The snow shall smile, the very rain shall sing,
And this clear joy shall gild the grey above!

J. J. BELL.



BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY Y. A. D. LLUELLYN

THE two men in Room 390 on the tenth floor were not happy. It was an hour since their talk had ended in a weak tempest of invective, and the situation remained as uncompromisingly blank as ever. Also, there were exactly seven cents in the common purse, the whisky stood at zero in the bottle, and the mercury in the thermometer bid fair to knock a hole through the top of the tube. It was, by the testimony of the daily papers, "one of the hottest summers that have ever visited this city."

Men worked in their shirt-sleeves throughout the fourteen floors of Michigan House, and the two occupants of 390, Floor 10, stood in a like comfortable negligé at separate windows of their office. To sit waiting in the dingy room was unbearable; and the visible presence of the outside world brought at times a more cheerful companion to the thoughts that held sinister parliament within them. Far below, through the thin mist that out-ran the evening, the city of Chicago rolled northwards in octagonal blocks to where the sudden blue of the lake took on the prospect to a silvered streak of horizon.

The windows were set high in the monster building, so high that, save directly underneath, where the men and the cars mingled like tiny black dots and cubes under the microscope, the streets were only visible as narrow channels traced among the roof-tops.

A busy hum came up from the town, a hum aggravatingly suggestive of the ceaseless making of money—money that the two men in the room could by no means obtain.

It was the grizzled old man with the tired curve in his shoulders who broke the silence.

"I kin see," he said, and his voice came dryly from the back of his throat, "houses fur miles and miles, in which houses, sonny mine, air thousands of folk with no call ter blaspheme agin the Almighty."

He turned from the window, and a rippling wave of humour drove some of the creases of despair from his weary face as he looked towards his companion.

It was five long minutes, while the city purred outside and the elevators jangled incessantly past the doorway, before the young man faced inwards to the room.

"Oh, can you see," he snarled; "well, my gifted old sightseer, it would be a sight more to the point if you could cock your eyeball on some one—James Norrie for choice—coming quick with money for the spinnin' of my little wheel. Look again, old man, and good luck to your eyesight." He walked towards the table, two yards of thick bone and good muscle, with a queer light in the blue eyes, a light that had made men leave the poker table, and once a woman catch her bonnet by the strings

in the very article of throwing it over the mill.

His father—for they were father and son, Curtiuses of decent stock from Maine—jerked the gum into his other cheek, and, settling it with a thrust of the thumb, answered sharply:

"Darn your wheel, and you too, you great long loon; how long am I to waste bad names on you? Stick to your

Englishman from home, and at intervals he cast a look of apology over the patent Americanism of his clothes.

"Yes, it is Norrie," he said; "Norrie whose visits are so few and far between, if not I fear, so attractive as angels' visits; but this time"—he struck an alarmingly theatrical attitude—"I come to save the State."

Stepping forward, he whipped a black



"A BUSY HUM CAME UP FROM THE TOWN"

mechanics, I say, and leave the worldly wisdom racket to your old father. Hullo! visitors for Curtius and Co. By the Lord! it is Norrie."

The door had flung suddenly open to admit a young man of an exceedingly proper appearance. He was English, with the flamboyant insularity of the

bag from behind him with the flourish of a conjuror, and banged it down among the littered papers on the table.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Heber Curtius the elder, "the State wants it; and Joan, I reckon Joan'll be along soon?"

John Curtius laughed harshly.

"Joan is well?" he drawled, and his lips curled sneeringly over the words.

The little man flushed, and his *aplomb* died from him.

"I am glad to say, gentlemen, that the incident of Joan is at an end. I come on the best of business. Look at these, gentlemen, and these." He fumbled in his bag, and jerked notes in little packets out to the table.

Two months ago James Norrie had drifted across the path of the Curtiuses, and, fired by the schemes of the adventurers, which certainly were, in the language of John Curtius, "colossal," had been big with promise of capital. Then distraction, in the shape of Joan, a wisp of a brown-eyed girl, with shapely legs that flung skywards a shade higher than those of her companions of the Eldorado Quartette, had intervened; so that the Curtiuses sat moodily apart, living on the unsatisfactory food of hope as doled out by the errant Norrie at irregular intervals.

The sight of the unlooked for money wiped the care from the men's faces, as the sponge cleans a slate; neither spoke, but both watched intently the fountain of greenbacks that spouted from the bag. His task ended, the little man looked up with a smile.

"Money to make the wheel go round, eh, John?" he queried.

"That's so,"—John Curtius' voice shook with excitement—"by gum, that's so; this day a very few weeks, Mr. Norrie, a tenth floor single-room office don't show the door-plate of Curtius, Norrie and Co."

"Then," shouted the old man, his back straightening with a jerk, "in the face of my words, my most insultin' words, you two air loony enough to believe you kin bluff a roulette swindle like John's yonder in the face of the American public." He jerked out his sentence with an emphasis that culminated with a scream of consonants in the penultimate word. "Sonny, there'd be shootin' round that table inside an hour's gamblin'. I don't hold with it, Mr. Norrie, and I was playin' draw poker before you were born. Thirty-five years' experience, sir, gives a man leave to talk big about gamblin'."

"Oh! stuffan' nonsense." It was not

hard to know, as he spoke, that the younger Curtius was usually at the helm of the joint enterprises. "Rubbishin', hogwashy nonsense," he went on, "we aren't in the forties now, and we don't propose to play our gamble in minin' camps. Here's one of the neatest swindles the world's yet seen, and Heber Curtius afraid of his public. Mark me, dad, it's this infernal caution of yours that's landed us, stony broke ne'er-dowells, in Chicago; and where it may land us in the end, the Lord above knows only!"

"Gentlemen, please"—the suave English of Norrie came as oil on the troubled conversation—"there is no need to quarrel, I have not only brought the money, I have brought a plan of campaign as well. There is a good deal of sense in your father's arguments, John; people *are* too inquisitive in America. Now listen, and if I may, I'll send for whisky—no dry man can talk through this heat. Can I get a boy?"

"I'll tell the elevator kid," said Heber; and, going to the door, he shouted hoarsely.

"I hope your other idea's as good as that one, Mr. Norrie," he said, when the boy had gone. "Holy G—! I was dry."

"Listen then," the little man went on: "I was once, before the unfortunate occurrence, now, I have reason to believe, forgotten, an undergraduate at Cambridge; very shortly I am going to become an undergraduate at Oxford,—so is John—and the roulette wheel shall be not the least important item in our baggage."

"And me?" queried the old man.

"Oh, you shall be in it, Mr. Curtius, I've got a big part for you. Oh, how you will like the undergraduates! Simple—and you an American professional gambler. You'll hardly credit how simple they are. And lots of money, and they love to gamble, and when they've lost everything, they'll borrow more to lose; but as for thinking about concealed electric batteries, why, they'd never dream of it. Do you follow me, gentlemen? It is at Oxford that John's little wheel is going to make the first of its fortunes."

John Curtius was sprawled over a wicker chair, listening with an air of

amused intolerance. "Well," he said, speaking slowly with an exaggerated emphasis, "I am not personally a gambler by trade. I have not run a mile in a boom city street with the gunshots spoiling the sidewalk around my heels."

The old man shivered, it was one of his least happy reminiscences; also, when it rained, his left leg jogged his memory.

"Nor," continued the young man, spitting elaborately against the stove bars, "have I ever written a reverend gent's name across a thirty-cent bill-stamp." It was Norrie's turn to shiver.

"These references, John, are in doubtful taste, they are also beside the point."

He coughed deprecatingly, the signature of the Dean of Trinity had been a terrible failure.

"All I wanted to point out"—the voice of John Curtius could be unpleasantly sarcastic—"is that I am not myself a gambler, wherefore I make no comments. If there is better money to be got in Europe, I back down, but I should like to meet the man in this up-to-date brainy continent who could spot anything shady in my little invention. Let me show you again."

"Oh, let the blame thing rest, sonny, we know its workin' by heart; Mr. Norrie has struck the right nail. Play it in the old country, we are safe; play it here, there'd be shootin'—and you'd make a tidy target, John. Say on, Mr. Norrie," and Heber cleared a sitting space for himself for the table.

"Oh, I back down," said John, "and here's the whisky; put it there, kiddy, and if any one wants Curtiuses', you've never heard of any—see? Now, Norrie, spit out your plot, you're driver this trip."

Norrie's scheme was simple. He was to enter the University at one College; John Curtius, as a young American of large fortune, at another. Heber Curtius the elder would be the concealed manipulator of the machine, and would, as far as possible, be an invisible partner. The gambling would take place in Norrie's rooms, in which John, as a casual acquaintance, was to lose large sums. A sufficiency of the right sort of

players could be, Norrie asserted, most easily discovered.

As the money required for the preliminary stages of the adventure had been obtained—they did not press Norrie as to the means of its acquisition—there was no need for further delay. Tickets for the voyage were taken that same evening, and as, three days later, the "City of Paris" surged into the swell, while Sandy Hook faded below the horizon, two of the partners in this novel enterprise were conscientiously employed at the poker table in the handsomely appointed smoking-room of the vessel.

The voyage passed without remarkable incident, and within but a few hours of the record passage. John Curtius, who was never tired of asserting that he was a gambler by chance, but by no means from choice, eschewed the smoking-room and became a great favourite among the engineers, who, by some fortunate chance, were not one of them Scotch. He had all but converted the chief to his theory of aerial navigation, when the appearance of the English coast concentrated the worthy fellow's thoughts on his wife and children at Fratton. Norrie, however, and old Heber Curtius stuck perseveringly to their *métier*; and though the really remarkable frequency of four aces in Mr. Curtius' hands excited some unfavourable comment among jealous passengers, the two confederates stepped on to the quay at Southampton with a comfortable addition to their capital.

As some time must of necessity elapse before arrangements could be completed for Norrie's and John Curtius' *début* as undergraduates of Oxford, they took rooms in a secluded portion of Chiswick, and in the energetic carrying out of the many essential preliminaries, the days passed quickly and happily enough. The matter of the necessary matriculation presented the greatest difficulty. Norrie broached the subject somewhat suddenly. "It will be necessary," he announced one morning at breakfast, "that we renew our acquaintance with the classics and the elementary mathematics, for there is an examination ahead."

John Curtius threatened a return to America; but eventually his fears were overcome, and, with the assistance of a clergyman in reduced circumstances, from whom he took daily lessons, he became an apt and even interested pupil. Meanwhile, Norrie, who was a real expert in handwriting, set about preparing the testimonials that were to be their passports into the University. Heber Curtius, who was perforce idle, made many expeditions about the Metropolis. He had formed, in a West-end bar, a chance acquaintance with a Mr. Caradoc Milnes, an author, and his father, whom the young man jokingly alluded to as Uncle Fiddeyment, a very pleasant, laughable old fellow with an intimate knowledge of life in London. He became Mr. Curtius' cicerone in many an exciting ramble.

The affair proceeded in a most satisfactory fashion. The testimonials, of which Norrie was justly proud, were accepted without a murmur. John Curtius invented an elaborate arrangement for concealing notes about the person, with the aid of which they both easily satisfied the examiners, and on a fine morning in the late Spring, took possession of their quarters in Oxford.

They had decided to wait for the Summer Term, for, according to Norrie, the undergraduates were accustomed to devote that portion of the academic year almost entirely to idle amusements.

Both the young men had obtained permission to live out of College, and Norrie, whose rooms were to be the scene of the enterprise, had obtained a really magnificent suite of apartments in the Cornmarket.

A few days were spent in making preparations for the working of the machine. John Curtius' roulette wheel was in appearance exactly the same as those commonly used in private houses, in which the numbers are so arranged that the reds alternate with the blacks, the even with the uneven, and those over eighteen with those under eighteen. Its peculiarity lay in a device by which either the red or the black, the high or the low, the even or the uneven, could be magnetised at will. The ball was composed of steel, with but a thin coating of ivory, so that it was certain

to finish its journey in one of the magnetised compartments. The speed at which the ball and the disc travelled were amply sufficient to effectually conceal any slight impetus or deflection in the course of the ivory sphere. However, as an additional safeguard, the conspirators had determined to have lights reflected brightly on to the tables, leaving the wheel somewhat in shade. The players were to sit about three sides of a long table, and the wheel was to be placed on a small table at the end. Beneath the floor, and by means of the legs of the small table, electrical communication was established with the next room, in which, observant but unobserved, Heber Curtius was to work at the direction of Norrie, the croupier, whom he could see through a minute slit in the wall. The manner in which he laid his hand upon the table was to indicate which of the sections of numbers the croupier desired to be magnetised. In this way Mr. Norrie and Messrs. Curtius were able to take a bank at roulette, against which a syndicate of millionaires would have been impotent of success.

It was a notable night in their history when, the trial trip of the apparatus having most admirably succeeded, they went out, all three together, to enjoy a dinner at a restaurant in the town. A fortunate chance in the conversation brought the name of Fiddeyment Milnes from Heber Curtius' lips; and, at the sound, a tall gentleman, of a very winning manner, started up from an adjoining table and approached them. It was not right, he explained, that mutual friends of Uncle Fiddeyment's should remain strangers to each other; and, excusing his intrusion on these grounds, he proffered an invitation to his rooms, where he was giving a party for baccarat and other card games. Here was luck, indeed; here were fish to be caught, with scarce the trouble of casting a line. The three accepted at once, and during the evening made a number of friends. Invitations to other card parties followed, at which the pleasant manners of Mr. Norrie and the quaint eccentricities of the two Americans attracted the friendship of many.

When, at last, it was judged advisable to open Norrie's *salon*, his invitations were eagerly accepted. To cement the position, Mr. Fiddeyment Milnes, who enjoyed an extraordinary popularity among undergraduates, was asked to Oxford on a visit; and James Norrie's parties became so rapidly fashionable,

elegant surroundings gave Mr. Norrie's *salon* all the *flair* of a continental casino, and it was proportionately attractive.

They were merry parties. Uncle Fiddeyment was pressed into service as croupier, and, a stalwart grog ever in front of him, maintained an inces-



"THEY WERE MERRY PARTIES"

that all conditions of young men intrigued to have the *entrée*. To accept Norrie's abundant hospitality at dinner, and, subsequently, to be seen at the gaming table in the Cornmarket, conferred that term a *cachet* of social position. Roulette, save for the smallest stakes, was of rare occurrence in the University; but the high play and

sant flow of the cheeriest witticisms. At the wheel, Norrie, alert and urbane, threw the fatal ball, and piled the winnings in the copper box at his elbow; while Heber Curtius, behind the wall, attended to the switches with the conscientious regularity of a signalman in his box. John Curtius lost large sums of money nightly, and

invented surprising histories of his adventures on the Pacific slopes.

The money rolled in in surprising quantities—you would not have thought there were so many sovereigns in the University. The possible interference of the authorities was, at first, a cause of alarm to some; but as the weeks passed, and no vision of proctorial dignity ever darkened the door, all fears were gradually allayed. It was certain that Heber Curtius might often be seen in the saloons of the town, jovially conversing with men of a large carriage, and that these conversations frequently ended with a quick passage of hands and a distinct clink of coin; but he made no public mention of his expeditions.

The fame of the parties spread even to London; and Mr. Caradoc Milnes, with his rich friend Mr. Cormorant, would often organise Saturday to Monday parties for the purpose of gambling at Oxford.

Norrie was completely happy. He was making money easily and quickly, and, what was the more pleasurable to him, he was doing it in the society of gentlemen. He shuddered when he remembered some of his associates in America. There seemed no reason why the gambling *salon* should not be continued for many Terms to come; and he had settled down into a lazy, careless life that exactly suited him.

It was on the Monday morning of the sixth week of Term that an element of disquiet appeared in his life. While walking, as was his custom, in the High Street before lunch, he was startled by the pronunciation of his name in a melodious female voice. Turning rapidly, he was confronted by a young lady of great personal charm, and most elegantly dressed.

"I thought I recognised you, Jimmy," she said, "though it must be, let me see, ten years."

"Eleven and a half," corrected Norrie, with all the composure he could muster.

"Well, a very long time since the night that you came to me with the tale of your troubles."

"And you lent me the money to go away. I have never forgotten, Agnes. For all these years—hard years, many

of them—the memory of your kindness has been my dearest possession. But I am an outcast now; I do not seek my old friends."

"Oh, the world has forgotten."

"And you, Agnes?"

"And I have forgiven. You were very young, Jimmy, and, perhaps, not altogether to blame. Well, let us leave the past. What are you doing in Oxford? I have come down for the eights."

"And Mr. Wagstaffe, your husband, is he with you?"

"Edward is dead."

They walked some way in silence.

"Yes," she continued, "I am a lone, lorn widow, rather solitary with all my money. I am quite alone here, save for my maid. I often come to Oxford; the sight of these boys puts months of fresh youth in me."

"If you are alone, Agnes, and you are not going to treat me as an outcast, may I see more of you? I should like to talk over old times, *some* old times."

They lunched together that day, and subsequently, save when the business of the gambling called him, Norrie was rarely absent from Mrs. Wagstaffe's side. In times gone by he had loved her with a mad, boyish passion, and during all the years of exile the love had slept but fitfully; the presence of her image in his heart had been the most cruel part of his punishment. To be with her again, to find the prettiness of the girl mellowed into the gracious beauty of the woman, and above all, to find that he was forgiven, seemed almost too much happiness to be true.

It was four days before he dared frame with his lips the words that were constantly shaping in his heart. Then, one fair summer's afternoon, as they sat, heedless of the roar of the races in the river beyond, in his punt beneath the trees that fringed a breakwater, she consented to be his wife.

Almost from the hour that he had first met her in the "High," he had determined to be done with the gambling. The thought of his ill-gotten gains seemed to choke the love phrases on his lips, the possibility of detection and shame, hitherto the faintest shadow on his life, became an ever-menacing

spectre. The constant fear lest some evil chance might tear him from the realisation of the one dream of his life made him very sure that he must run no risks.

As, in silence, too happy for speech, he drove the punt slowly homewards, past the long line of glittering barges, he made up his mind that to-night should see him call the last coup at roulette. Agnes had suggested that their life might be happier abroad, and with the coming of to-morrow he meant to definitely throw the sinister cloak of the old life from his shoulders.

He dined with Agnes at her hotel, and about nine o'clock, the hour usually agreed on for the gambling, set out for his own rooms.

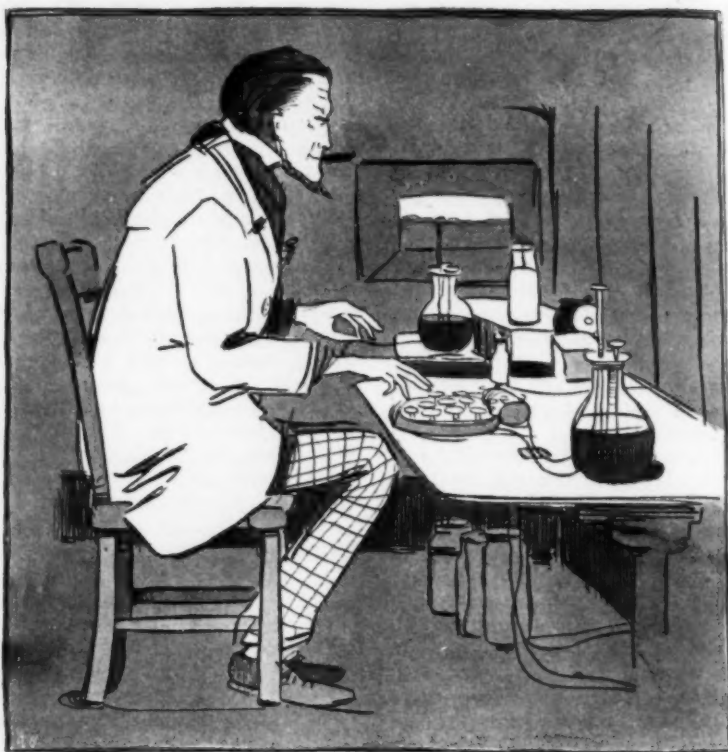
The sky had become overcast and threatening, it was surprisingly dark for the time of year, and as he paused on

the steps of his lodging the lightning flickered behind the spires and towers of the colleges, and a deep growl of thunder ended with a sudden tempest of rain.

He passed upstairs, surmising from the empty dining-room that the play had already commenced. Coming to the door of the little room, where Heber Curtius played on the fatal wires, something drew him to visit the old man. He opened the door with his pass-key, and sat a few moments in silence, watching the puckered, observant eyes of the old gambler, and the ready fingers resting on the tiny key-board. The chatter of the players, and the monotonous clinking of coin came plainly through the slit in the wall. At intervals he heard the "Make your game!" and then the winning number called in John Curtius' hard, unsym-



"HE DINED WITH AGNES AT HER HOTEL"



“— PLAYED UPON THE FATAL WIRES”

pathetic voice. The room was almost dark. Fear of detection forbade a light, but no blind shielded the window, and a street lamp lent a fitful glimmer. In the street below a few undergraduates, their gowns twisted about their necks, were hurrying home through the storm.

As Norrie looked down Broad Street, a great open flare of lightning rose up behind the buildings and seemed to stay there, burning like magnesian wire. Every detail of the room stood confessed. It seemed to Norrie like a fore-warning of vengeance, a search-light sent from hell to make patent their sin. The old man whispered to him, “This is dangerous work on a night like this, Mr. Norrie. Try and get the game stopped early. I’m taking my life in my hands here.”

Norrie went on tip-toe across the room, and, making a silent exit, entered

with a forced hilarity among the gamblers. The scene was a mixture of gaiety and sadness. The boisterous good humour of Uncle Fiddeyment, and the easy bearing of those who had money to spend, and found this a pleasant way of spending it, were partly infectious. Many a young fool, who was busy throwing his life chances into the fire, roared a drunken appreciation of the old man’s wit.

It seemed to Norrie, as he stood behind the players, that never before had he realised the utter sordidness of it all. The play was ruling higher than usual, and the gains of the bank were heavy. The boy at John’s elbow, Norrie knew well, had sacrificed all for the gambling. His lectures had been unattended, his books had lain untouched throughout the Term. The result of his final schools, on which depended his future livelihood,

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was horribly easy to guess. About the table sat other boys in like case. Again and again Norrie thanked heaven that to-morrow he left for London. He would take his winnings up to the present moment, withdraw his capital, and the Curtiuses might go on if they liked.

He felt a little afraid of announcing his withdrawal to John, and watched him apprehensively as he stood by the wheel, a sinister instrument of fate, joking harshly with some of the players. Outside, the wind screamed like the music of an orchestra of the damned, and there was continual slamming of the hall door as man after man availed himself of this genial haven. Among others came Caradoc Milnes and Cormorant, just arrived from town and clamouring for drink and play.

Norrie stood by the sideboard and assisted in the business of the whisky decanters and the syphons. As each hour chimed from the clock he felt the load lighten on his shoulders. At eleven o'clock he had become almost cheerful, knowing that in another hour the play must stop. He sat on a raised window seat, close by Cormorant, and chatted about London and the theatres.

About half-past eleven, a young man, who had always complained loudly of his losses, rose unsteadily to his feet and stood at John Curtius' elbow. Norrie watched him uneasily; he saw danger in the angry lines of his face.

Curtius turned to him.

"Had enough, Evers," he said, "why didn't you back that run?"

"Oh, damn you and your runs," the boy answered, "this board's uncanny, I can't play against it—why, look at the ball jumping. Oh, I say! look at it; it went in and came out again. I'll swear it did!"

Norrie turned pale, and gripped the cushion of his seat; the slightest breath of suspicion terrified him. He hoped that Heber Curtius would hear, and have the sense to stop working the wires; several men were already looking into the wheel. They were talking, but the noise of the wind and the incessant thunder was so loud that their words did not reach him.

The man who had spoken had drawn a little back, and was fumbling with his waistcoat pocket. Something glittered in his hand, and to Norrie's unspeakable horror he saw that it was a compass. He knew that if the wires were still in use the deception must be instantly detected, and, stumbling to the floor, he lurched across the room, meaning to simulate drunkenness and upset the roulette wheel. In the ensuing confusion he trusted to luck to conceal any apparatus.

Before he got near the table, he saw the boy's face light up and words shape on his lips. He quickened his step and shouted to divert attention, when the house shook as if it was the sport of an earthquake. There was a noise like the screaming of the wind through all the telegraph wires in the world, an unearthly glamour of light, and then the room was in darkness save where flames burst from the floor and the further wall. There was a horrible smell of burning flesh. The gamblers fought savagely to reach the door, and alone, unmoved, Uncle Fiddeyment sat on in his chair.

"There is plenty of time, Norrie," he said. "Do not risk your life at that door; look at Cormorant and Caradoc, I had thought better of them."

The fire was quickly subdued by the engines, and three charred bodies were carried out of the house. The boy with the compass, and the two Curtiuses had been struck dead by the lightning.

After the funeral, Norrie left Oxford with Mrs. Wagstaffe, and three days later they were married at a registry office in the presence of Uncle Fiddeyment and Charles Cormorant, whose limp had entirely left him, owing, he asserted, to being partially struck by lightning.

Norrie lived happily with his wife for many years in the various continental cities of fashion, but he was never able to forget that fearful scene when he had stood on the brink of ruin, and the roulette wheel had in the very nick of time veritably called down fire from Heaven to silence the mouth of its accuser.



THERE IS MANY A SLIP

OR, THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE!

WRITTEN BY L. WYNN-LESLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. CARTER

DARK, dank and dismal was the night of the storm that raged over London, and did such great damage to the city, in the year of our Lord 1703. On that memorable night stacks of chimneys were flung into the streets below, houses were stripped of their roofs, and tiles dashed to fragments, or driven deep into the earth, to the great danger of any belated citizen.

It was evening. The wind blew in fitful gusts that moaned among the projecting gables of the houses, and hissed through winding alleys. Solid squadrons of cloud marched sullenly across a lurid sky; the atmosphere was charged with a premonition of storm—that feeling of anxious unrest always noticeable before any grand convulsion of the elements. On the river, the flood-tide meeting the stream, struggled round the slimy, scum-coated piers of old London Bridge, and eddied away in long pallid streaks of foam.

Now, old London Bridge was like a street, being covered from bank to bank with houses, and on one side, even a church. Each end of the bridge was guarded by an arched gateway, ornamented with felons' heads, ghastly and grim, stuck upon long iron spikes. As building space upon the bridge was of necessity very limited, the massive stone piers were in some cases utilised, having

cellars and chambers built in the great width of the masonry.

This street was deserted. The lights which glimmered in the windows, or shot into the gloom through cracks of the rotting shutters only served to make the darkness more apparent. The bridge-folk were safe within doors, for that was the night of the Great Storm, long portended.

Yet no! Some one was still abroad.

The cobbles of the narrow roadway rang with the tread of hurrying feet; the walls echoed stamp for stamp. A person close-mantled hastened past overhanging houses and gloomy doors, glancing neither right nor left, until at last he stopped at a portal gloomier than the rest. The man unlocked the iron-studded door, and entered a passage dimly lit by a spluttering lamp which made the old oak wainscoting shine dully. He threw off his cloak, disclosing (if any intruder had been there to see) a hideously deformed body, all ugliness and misproportion. The head was huddled between unequally elevated shoulders, the back was humped, and the arms long and huge, whilst the features were coarse and sullen. This was the alchemist's dwarf—his dog, his dumb slave.

Taking the lantern, the dwarf descended a narrow flight of stairs, which creaked as he trod the worm-eaten boards. From the bottom of this flight

he carefully threaded his way among a number of barrels and crates of merchandise to the opposite wall, where at the touch of some concealed spring a block of stone slid back, revealing a spiral stairway. He crept down the rough steps until his further progress was barred by an iron door at which he rapped.

After waiting for some minutes, he knocked again, louder than before, this time succeeding in gaining some response from within. A rusty bolt grated back, a chain clanked, and the dwarf was admitted by an old and venerable man.

"You ha' come at last, then?" he said. "You disturbed me. You ha' brought the chemical I bade you? 'Tis well." The old man took the chemical, and returned to his work once more.

The dwarf closed and bolted the door again securely. The room in which he stood merits some description, but first, perhaps it may be best to introduce its presiding genius. He was clad in a heavy robe of black cloth, drawn in at the waist by a girdle. His long white hair swept disordered over knit brows, of which the many lines and furrows proclaimed a life dedicated to over-much study, and his tall lean figure was bent with stooping over manuscript or crucible, yet was still noble and commanding. But his deep-set eyes ever wore an apprehensive look, a wild expression of fear, as if some lurking danger was ever at his elbow. Such then, briefly, was Doctor Price, the Alchemist. The world knew little about him. The people on the bridge called him Wizard, and passed his habitation as far away as the narrowness of the road allowed. He seldom left his sombre hermitage, then only at night and alone.

The laboratory, the very atmosphere of which breathed heavy of alchemy, was very small, for indeed it was but a cell in the pier, and below the water-level when the tide was in full flood. At the time when the dwarf entered, the sole illumination was the flickering light of a furnace, over which hung a large retort. That end of the chamber was filled with a ruddy glow, the many recesses and corners being left in almost total darkness. Near the furnace a

shelved recess was filled with test-tubes, cucurbites, phials, and all the various paraphernalia appertaining to the alchemic art. On shelves extending to the low vaulted roof were bottles of many chemicals. To the immediate right of the fire stood a heavy oaken table, black with age, and polished by constant use; by it a large celestial globe reflected, glimmer for glimmer, the furnace glow. From a beam overhead a skeleton was dangling, the flickering light playing a gruesome hide-and-seek among its polished bones. A brazier fantastically wrought was suspended from its ankles by three chains, whilst the rough walls of the vault were ornamented with huge stuffed lizards, vampires with wings outspread, crocodiles, and other loathsome beasts. The door was draped with black curtains, which rustled mysteriously when touched. Over it, with bony heels resting on the lintel, squatted another skeleton with outstretched arms. Above, in hideous mockery, was blazoned the one word, "BENEDICITE."

This was the cell in which the old alchemist toiled—had toiled away his lifetime—and would continue to toil until he found at last that *Lapis Philosophorum* for which he searched, or in the meantime died of the river-damps that were eating fast into his bones.

Doctor Price had bent again over his work; the dwarf retreated to his closet, a sort of small oubliette still lower than the laboratory. The crystal powder which his servant had just brought was a last resort, and the result meant success, or ruin utter and complete. He was wrought up to the highest pitch, his muscles quivered, his breath came and went in short, sharp gasps. The climax of a life was nearly reached.

Two hours later the old man still strained over the retort which contained all his hopes. "In a few minutes—in a little hour, at most," he moaned, as he watched intensely. Suddenly he bent yet closer to the vessel with a cry of joy: "At last! At last, it changes!"

The liquid was indeed undergoing a transformation. It had been dull and clouded; now it slowly, almost imperceptibly, cleared. The alchemist turned to one of the ponderous tomes



"... TURNED TO ONE OF THE PONDEROUS TOMES BESIDE HIM"

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on the table beside him, following with bony forefinger some mystic formulæ. In time the contents of the retort became tinged with colour, which rapidly developed into a full, warm red. The climax was almost attained! The old man clung to the table for support, his features twitching violently, a clammy sweat upon his forehead. When at last a precipitate collected at the bottom of the retort, a hoarse cry broke from his dry lips, for his life-work was that night achieved.

The prize was won. The alchemist staggered to the door, for he knew that until the vessel cooled with the dying of the fire there was nothing further to be done. Stumbling up the spiral stairways, he rushed out into the street, thinking to calm himself in the cool night air.

It was raining heavily; the wind went bursting between the buildings in sudden, boisterous gusts. Doctor Price heeded them not, however, but strode on, only drawing his mantle closer round him. The strife of the elements suited his own excited mood. Yea, he would have danced for very joy, but that his old limbs refused the task.

The aim of his life; the end to which he had laboured night and day; the grand substance for which hundreds of other men from the earliest times had sought, and vainly sought, had been at last discovered—and by *him*. The weary hours of study and research, the hours of stooping over crucibles, the anguish of repeated failure—what were they to him now? Memories, nothing more! What mattered it that his prime was past? Would he not have gold to cheer his old age? Gold, good red gold, to buy the world, the flesh, or the devil; aye, and Heaven too, for he was a good Catholic. He would turn everything into gold, and revolutionise the world. The very spears of light from the windows seemed to him to be bars of gold; the raindrops as they caught the rays seemed molten gold; the gutter-spouts dripped gold; the flag-stones gleamed gold; the gusts of wind howled "Gold, gold, gold."

His brain was aflame! With joy he was distraught, and he strode forward, neither heeding nor caring the direction

he might take, when the abrupt cessation of all noise and buffeting of the wind aroused him. Peering into the darkness for some clue as to his whereabouts he perceived that his wanderings had brought him far from home.

The lull was short-lived. It was but the calm before the tempest that with a sudden roar burst over the city. Then steeples rocked, and stacks of chimneys were thrown down, windows burst in, and doors dashed open. Then wives clung to husbands in their beds, and children screamed aloud in terror. The livid sky was rent by fiery lightning that threatened the high edifices of the town, and the continuous thunder shook the very foundations of the earth. During that, the most violent storm that ever raged over our city of London, roofs were ripped off, trees torn up, and some of the older houses were even razed to the ground.

Doctor Price was thrown off his legs into a deep doorway by the first blast, and very fortunately so as it happened, for a shower of tiles from the house-top would otherwise certainly have killed him. He lay as one dead for a short time, but on recovering and finding himself the worse only by a few bruises, he made his way towards the bridge, seeing nothing of the havoc going on around him, and marvellously escaping all danger. The river was white as beaten cream; foam-capped waves dashed headlong against the bridge, drenching it with spray. Occasionally a barge torn from its moorings was dimly visible through clouds of hurtling spume and driving sheets of rain, like some uneasy shade, driven on in the toils of the storm to its inevitable destruction.

Doctor Price became fearful for his life as he stumbled on through piles of rubbish that encumbered the ground. But defending his face with his arm, and seeking what little protection there might be from the walls beside which he groped, the old man at last reached his house, bruised and bleeding, almost prostrate with fatigue. The memory alone of what awaited him below buoyed him up, and a measure of brandy poured out in trembling haste lent renewed vigour to his body for a time.

The laboratory, when he entered it, was in darkness, so the alchemist felt his way to the hanging brazier, as he went, kicking a skull which rolled chattering against the flag-stones. The little vault by the pale light of the skeleton-suspended brazier looked even weirder than before. The erstwhile jumping furnace-flames had at least cast a ruddy glow over the laboratory, but the present wan illumination gave it the appearance of a chamber of death. Even here penetrated the din of the tempest without. The shriek of the gale, and the mad waves dashing upon the pier made it tremble, and the timbers creak.

The retort, now cool, was half-filled with a dull purplish powder, and some red liquid. The old alchemist drained away the fluid part into a beaker, afterwards pouring with scrupulous care the powder—the Philosopher's Stone—into a shallow earthenware basin, the rim of which he kissed with a reverence that was almost blasphemy ere he put it down, and bathed his hand in it, letting it trickle through his greedy, trembling fingers.

Then suddenly a change swept over him—he lost all self-control. Standing erect before the furnace-altar, with upraised arms and staring eyes, he shouted, "Scream on, ye winds! Dash on, ye waves! With all your vaunted power ye cannot harm me here. Ye cannot break the solid rock, neither can ye upheave the mountain. I'm safe within my cell, I and my secret—my secret and I! A fit night this for such a grand discovery. Gold—Ha, ha, ha, ha! Gold! Gold! . . . Heaven thunders forth my victory, and groaning Hell makes wild reply. The world's wealth is within my grasp—the Philosopher's Stone is mine! Ha, ha, ha!"

He rocked himself wildly, shaking his clenched fists above his head. His frenzied peals of terrible laughter rang through the vaulted chamber. Such is success: he was mad.

"Rain on, ye rain! Flash on, ye levin! Roll on, ye thunders! 'Tis a worthy salvo to a grand discovery. Gold—all, all is gold! The walls are gold, the floor is gold, those long-dead bones are gold. I'll swear they

are gold! Look! Look, you leaping, gleaming devils, I can see vistas of gold—I can see a city of gold; in the streets piles of gold; men dressed in cloth of gold; but—they are all starving—starving. . . . Eh? Eh? . . . What does it mean? Starving!" The old man tottered and fell, and lay still upon the cold, damp stones. In falling, he struck with his elbow a large gong. The hollow note reverberated through the laboratory, and the dwarf appeared through the opening in the floor from his closet below.

He sprang to his master's side, and after a weary time succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. Doctor Price stared about him, dazed for a moment, until recollection gleamed from his dull eyes.

"Dwarf," he whispered, coughing up a clot of blood, "Dwarf, I am rich—rich beyond all understanding, and you shall be rich, too. Yea, I am rich, rich, rich, and you have always been faithful unto me. I saw heaps of gold—" He struggled to his feet. "Eh? Eh?" he mumbled, "Where is it all?" Then he caught sight of his powder. "Be-gone, you crawling deformity," he shrieked in a passion; "why do you stand shivering there when I have ordered you a thousand times to bring me those kegs of iron?"

The tempest without raged more grievously than ever; the very bridge quaked. Ah yes! and whilst the old man had lain unconscious, something had cracked in the roof. He did not note an ominous sound like the ticking of some great great gruesome clock—Drip—drip—drip. So!

Taking a melting-pot, Doctor Price poured into it some scraps of metal that the dwarf had already brought. To this he added a carefully-measured quantity of the *Lapis Philosophorum*. The dwarf, in the meanwhile, fanned the furnace into a vigorous blaze, until his master motioned him away as he placed the pot among the flames. Then, heedless of smoke or heat, the alchemist bent over the vessel with no thought for anything but his task. For a full hour he watched it thus, scarce a muscle moving, save occasionally when he stirred the seething mass, or turned to

blow the fire to a greater heat. He heard nothing of the creaking beams overhead, nothing of the slowly-chafing stones, nothing of Death, forcing its cruel fingers through the crannies of the straining roof.

Suddenly he uttered a gasping, sobbing cry, "At last! *It changes!* It is GOLD!"

Yes, indeed, the secret of the transmutation of metals, which had baffled the chemists and wise men of all ages, was solved that night in the tiny laboratory hid there in a pier of old London Bridge. Yet, even at that supreme moment of success, the alchemist caught the sound of fast-trickling water. He sprang up too late to plug the hole. There was a grinding crash, and a deluge of water gushed in through a yawning aperture, open to wind and wave. The torrent drowned the furnace instantly, filling the vault with scalding steam. Doctor Price was driven back by the first rush of water, but strove frantically to reach, not the gold, but his wondrous powder. In vain! Chaos held possession of that lonely cell. Stone after stone fell in; the mad wind shrieked exultant through the breach. The river-waters, rushing down the trap-opening, flung back the poor terror-stricken dwarf, who strained up the crazy ladder calling piteously for his master's aid. The alchemist, driven backwards to the same abyss, made frantic efforts to reach the iron door in safety. Clutching madly at anything—at nothing—in his agony, he was swept downwards through the

hatch, screaming "My Gold! My Gold!"

There can be little more to add.

The habitation of Doctor Price was no longer an object of fear to the bridge-folk. Its secrets were disclosed; the wizard himself had departed, no one knew whither, in the storm. The privacy of the flooded laboratory was profaned by the inquisitive watermen, who gazed through the ragged breach and wondered, and probed as far as they could reach with their long boat-hooks, looking with horror upon the skull and shoulder-girdle of the skeleton that still hung from the roof, the turbid Thames waters rippling among its ribs.

But what of Doctor Price himself?

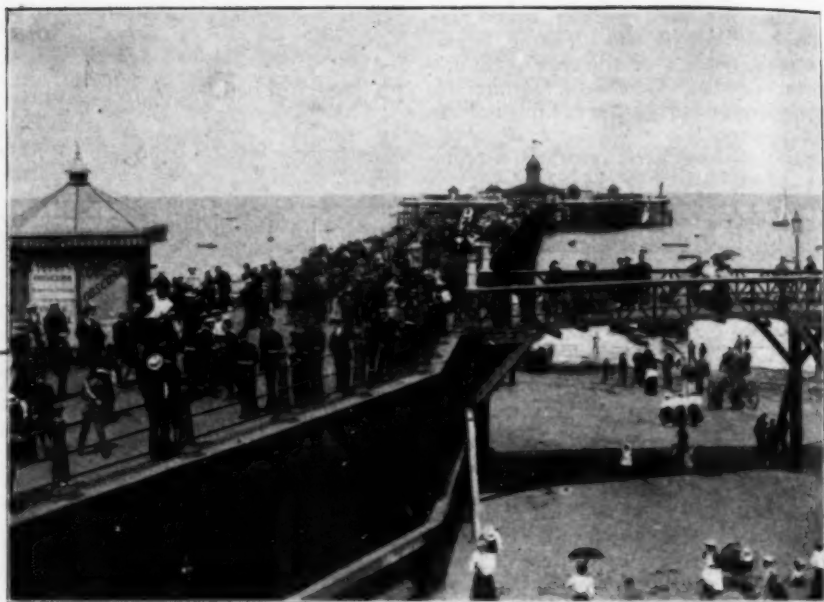
There he lay in the little oubliette, with his dwarf—and his secret. It yet remains for some other one to wring from Nature that secret by which base metals may be turned to gold. Thus was lost to the world a wondrous discovery; a discovery that would have killed all poverty and want, a discovery that would have made all men rich; a discovery that would have thrust gold into the hands of men—

But hold—what am I saying?

The ghost of the dead rises up, and whispers: "*They are starving! They are all starving!*"

Our beloved gold would then be but dross. Then brass and lead and iron would be the valued metals. And then? Why then would spring into existence men who would labour their lives away striving to make gold—lead!





MARGATE JETTY

Bank Holiday Impressions at the Seaside

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS

THE manner in which the masses are catered for on the occasion of our great national holidays is nothing short of wonderful.

The tripper in these days of reduced rates can see as much in the limited holiday at his command (possibly it is a question of hours only for him), as our forefathers would have done in as many weeks. There is a strong argument which holds good on either side. A poet has said with regard to present day freedom of the tourist :—

“Grant him that leisure, and the man’s undone ;

No real cares, ’tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest.”

Be that as it may, everybody can get good value for his money nowadays—too good sometimes !— should the spirit of unrest prevail upon him.

The tripper (and I must make a distinction between the two), pays and sees, while the tourist sees and pays at a more reasonable pace, even if he should form but a tittle of a “personally conducted” party.

But you need go no farther than Brighton or ‘appy “Margit,” if you desire some enlightenment as to how the crowd spends the time, and there are no places more representative of a tripper’s paradise than either of the afore-mentioned.

Our beloved climate (and one that is so much maligned as to almost grant it just retaliation in its vagarious moods), without a doubt "pulls the strings," yet it takes a surprising lot to damp the exuberant spirits of a bank-holiday pilgrim.

His commissariat, generally speaking, consists of a plentiful supply of shrimps, which are reserved for a banquet on the beach.

Failing that, he has much faith in the passive whelk, which may be had "ad lib." from the numerous barrows on the front.

Then that large species of oyster, but rarely seen, except on these occasions, comes to support the famished appetite, eaten without bread and washed down with beer at 11 a.m. while the "native," a superior bivalve would fain shun such habitations, and holds aloof.

An extraordinary supply of pence finds its way into those automatic machines, which have a little way of showing an iron resolution to keep the coin, whether they work or not.

I quite recently watched the collector pay a visit at early morn following Bank-holiday to each of these machines at the end of the pier, and—talk about a "corner" in copper!—he literally filled the four corners of a Gladstone portmanteau with the plunder.

But what is that amongst so many? The rental of half-a-dozen of these machines and two small stalls at the end of the pier in question amounts to no less than £800 a year! Those that like may "cal'clate" as to how many "coppers" have to be set aside before even expenses are covered!

The better class restaurants do not fully appreciate Bank-holiday custom; it is all fuss and little profit.

As an example of this, I overheard the following pregnant observation of a disappointed waiter, whilst flipping off the stray crumbs from the table, with that indispensable adjunct—a napkin:—

"Some more stuck on paper and won't come off!"—this with reference to the bill which he tightly screwed up, after the feasters had quitted.

And in confirmation of the proverbial



MARGATE BEACH

meanness of trippers, a story has been going the rounds to the effect that someone had the confidence to devour half-a-dozen oysters opposite a looking-glass, with the palpable object of beguiling himself into the idea that he had consumed a dozen.

But Brighton boasts peculiarities of its own.

Why is it all London newspapers which are hawked in the streets and more especially on the front, cost double their proper price?

While the people that so dispose of them will never yield, but rather retain the paper than be beaten down in price, the majority of folks are perfectly content

speaking of holiday times)? Very few, if the number of those I recently witnessed, was any guide.

Whilst the collector is making his rounds from seat to seat, there are people who take a rest, and, when the man arrives and asks for the penny charge—pointing as evidence to the notice on the back of the seat, the sitter invariably gets quietly up and states that he or she (generally "she") was entirely ignorant of the fact, and whilst so saying, walks off to do likewise further up the beach.

It has been said of Mr. Fred. Collins, of the yacht "Skylark" fame, a skipper of the old school, that such a one Charles



MASKS AND FACES AT BRIGHTON

to swell the handsome profit (about three farthings on each paper sold) and buy the journals, thus giving their support to a custom which is doubtless illegal and one which could readily be dealt with from the right quarter.

However the larger number of trippers pay double when they really have no provocation, and, *vice-versa*, don't pay at all when there is occasion.

Those benches on the beach are an example of the latter inference. According to the statement found upon the back of each seat, one penny is the authorised charge for each person so occupying the space, but how many people, do you suppose, think of paying up when the moment comes (and I am

Dickens or "Phiz" would have longed to caricature and depict.

There is no doubt, that Cap'n Collins is a striking personality, almost as broad as he is short, with long curly black hair, partially hidden by that unique little shiny black sailor hat slightly tilted on one side, together with a good show of cuff and an ample display of linen on his expansive chest—these idiosyncrasies cannot fail to mark him out as being no ordinary seaman.

It is a sight to see the little man busy-ing himself with his several yachts on the occasion of a fine bank-holiday.

As fast as one returns (shilling an hour) it is hauled a short distance up the beach and then swung round on a

small turn-table, with bow facing the sea, ready for another start.

"Sailin' again in a few minutes, gents, sailin' again," Capt. Collins rapidly repeats, whilst throwing himself hand and foot into whatever commands he may be shouting to his crew and help-mates. The few minutes extend to a good half-hour, whilst the boat is laden with smiling, shouting trippers, who look singularly helpless, as they rock from side to side—a foretaste of what is to come!

It is not too much to say that this gentleman is a mariner of very wide experience, seeing that he has now conducted some thousand launches and sails in his famous "Skylarks," for a period extending over forty years, and this is no mean performance when, as on the occasions of Bank-holidays, sea-trips follow one another in such rapid succession that the enormous crowds on the beach greatly impede the carrying-out of these highly responsible duties.

There are few places where so varied a supply of entertainment is to be found as on Brighton Lower Parade during holiday time. Yet it is very doubtful whether these many efforts are appreciated to the full, whether it be the serious-looking individual breaking beach flints with his naked fist, a performance which he vows to have given *before* most crowned heads, fortunately not on them,—or the less muscular efforts of a personage styling himself "the Court Jester," whose many inaudible remarks

barely met with the hearty response that might have been granted them on trust. For instance, one woman—with feathers of serious magnitude clinging to a hat of similar proportions, made one poignant query as she squeezed her way through the crowd, taking small heed at the breathless observations of the Jester—"E 'aint right, is he?"

Gramo-grapho-phono-graphs galore were spotted about the beach, reminding one of Italy, if only because of the resemblance to pipe-macaroni which the rubber unsavoury ear-tubes favoured.

The inmates of the Aquarium had their admirers. The famous old bear at the entrance doors was surrounded with votive offerings, principally consisting of chocolate-cream and *Sunday* (!) newspapers. Nor was the sea-lion wholly forgotten, for around him lay a half-devoured piece of cake, a piece of orange-peel, one lucifer match, and paper bags for him to stow away the surplus.

Those many barrows with the inscription "Pure Hokey-Pokey" (kept cool in flannel, and tucked tight up under the vendor's arm) seem to imply a contradiction in terms, yet the trade in this condiment of doubtful extraction was unusually brisk, and went fair to balance the slump in "nugget," so pronounced, but spelt "nougat."

"To the Dyke and Back"; but no, we will spare our readers. Yet "a Channel Trip,"—"Fares There and Back, 1s. 6d." beyond the dreams of avarice, but we should like to know first what a *single* fare will involve.





DARJEELING

Two Indian Days

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

FOUR o'clock of a January morning, and the long train pulls up beside the yet longer platform of that important junction Moghal Serai, and discharges those passengers who here are about to exchange from the G.I.P. Railway to the O. and R. These letters, of course, stand for the Oude and Rohilcund, though to the unregenerate and flippant they signify the "Old and Rotten"—a

playful term of affection we may suppose, for, to the outward eye, this line appears neither better nor worse than its compeers.

The few Englishmen who step out of the incoming train make but a sorry show. The majority of them are from Bombay, and have spent thirty-six hours—two nights and a day—in a compartment of, say, 8 feet by 10, containing three seats, two upper berths, a wooden slab, and as much dust as

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would furnish an entire terminus in far-distant England. Unshaven, unwashed, rumpled, and bedraggled, their eyes heavy with sleep, the little party tumble out on to the dark platform, and stand shivering in the chill night air; a doleful group, lost among a small mountain of baggage, boxes, and bedding rolls, and a large army of the inevitable coolies. They are tired, they are cold, they are exceedingly cross to boot, for the mail being an hour behind time, the connecting train has started without waiting for it, and there is no other for three hours at least.

It is pitch dark without, for the sun is not yet risen. The station is dimly lighted with feeble oil lamps, whose sickly rays disclose, indistinctly, loose bundles of clothing untidily strewn upon the stone pavement, which closer investigation reveals as sleeping natives, motionless, and wrapped in nondescript shawls and cloths. Across these heaps stumble passengers and officials, and among them flits the ubiquitous, indispensable, courteous, albeit harassed, English station master—a mere boy in looks, but old in experience of the wily Hindu and his ways; for where in all India is such an opportunity for study afforded as at the junction of Moghal Serai?

Daylight at last, and in due course the Benares train. But by this time the station has assumed another and yet stranger aspect. The piles of rags are now awake and animate, disclosing themselves as lean, lithe figures, with bare brown legs, none too straight, and swarthy, patient faces enveloped in many-coloured wrappings. They shiver in the fresh, crisp air, and draw their cloths tighter around their heads and shoulders. The uncovered legs are left to take care of themselves.

But the number of these resuscitated ragbags has been enormously augmented from other sources. Another train has come in, and from nooks and corners hitherto unnoticed pour ever fresh recruits, until the whole platform is one seething mass of brown struggling humanity, of every age, from the senile, decrepit old man, whose face is a network of wrinkles, and whose bones seem actually protruding through his

shrunken, shrivelled skin, to the stark naked infant bestriding his mother's hip, his round little, tight little, brown body reminding one strongly of a week-old black pig—what a Berkshire man would speak of as "a little runt."

Kaleidoscopic are the colours of this motley crowd, and wonderful the diversity of rank, race, and calling. Here is a native princelet of high degree, clad completely in a tight-fitting suit of purple velvet; here a lean, chocolate-tinted being, whose poverty is so extreme that his turban is reduced to a mere wisp, and the scantiest rag of discoloured loin-cloth makes up the whole of the rest of his wardrobe. Here a fat, oily Bengalee Babu, his dress the quaintest mixture of East and West that it is possible to conceive; for he wears a black coat over a wondrous white, folded, flowing garment that takes the place of trousers, and discloses a wide expanse of brown, bare calves, terminating in cotton socks and patent-leather boots, elastic-sided, with the tags well in evidence. He wears no hat, and a large umbrella is an essential part of his mixed costume. Then we have fierce-bearded Mohammedans, with gay turbans of gigantic proportions; smart, picturesque native police; women with plain features, rendered yet plainer by hideous nose ornaments, but holding themselves like goddesses, and clothed with flowing draperies that hang about them in folds of perfect beauty; while among the crowd wander sundry loathsome figures with paint-smeared countenances, wild eyes, and awful masses of long matted hair wound round their heads in filthy coils. We instinctively shrink back at the approach of such an object, though round his shoulder we note the Brahmin's sacred thread, and we know him for a Fakir, holy beyond words, and almost an object of worship to even that velvet-robed rajah himself.

There are other and more ghastly objects to be seen. There are figures scarred and mutilated with terrible disease. There are sick, and helpless, and infirm, borne and supported by friends and relatives. There are faces with the shadow of death dark upon them; sometimes there is Death himself.

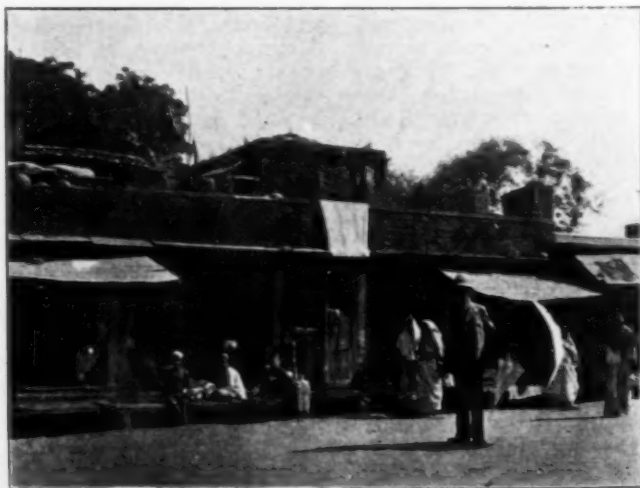
From incoming trains at Moghal Serai it is no uncommon thing for the officials to remove three or four dead bodies in a day. For it is the junction for Benares, whither flock the sick and dying from the uttermost parts of the empire to draw their last breath in the Sacred City; and for some the end comes all too soon.

But the surging mass of natives and the little group of English are packed into the train at last, and a short run brings them to the noble railway bridge over the Ganges, a triumph of British engineering skill and enterprise scarce to be surpassed. And what a noble view here opens out before longing eyes! Below flows the placid river, in broad shimmering curves to the horizon, bordered by long stretches of silvery sand, the bed of a furious torrent at other seasons. And beyond, on the further bank, rises, tier on tier, the Holy City, the clustered temples, the flights of steps, the sacred buildings, all huddled together in most picturesque confusion; and rearing high above the town, towering aloft into the pure morning sky, soar the slender minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzeb, proud emblem of a later faith, that dared to plant its foot even in the citadel of Brahminism itself, and by this impos-

ing building, erected in the midst of all that is holiest to the Hindu, to keep in the perpetual remembrance of a conquered people, the abhorred supremacy of the Mohammedan rule.

The station at Benares lies beyond the City, where the Cantonments are, and the trim bungalows and the church and the post-office and the bank, where the country is open and the roads broad and shady with trees, and the purple Bourganvillia flings its gorgeous mantle over trim white walls. The hotel, in its quiet compound, in which the roses flourish in the well-tended beds, is a veritable paradise, its bathrooms, with big tin tubs, a delicious luxury after the sweltering trains. All is peaceful and calm repose during the midday heat, but with cooler hours comes a desire for exploration, and the carriages arrive to take the refreshed travellers to the town.

Half-a-mile's drive only, but are we in the same neighbourhood, the same country even? The shady roads and cool houses are gone; instead behold a human ant-hill, of 500,000 inhabitants, crowded into the fewest possible acres, surely, that in this world contain such a population. Narrow winding streets, choked with every sort of traffic, littered with brown babies playing in the dust, with squatting barbers shaving their



STREET IN BENARES

customers, squatting before them, without water and without soap; squatting mothers performing operations on their children's matted heads that shall be nameless. The narrow track bordered by long mud huts in which, each in his own little pigeonhole, squat the merchant, the tailor, the brass-worker, the weaver, the smith, every conceivable trade of a mighty city. Thicker grows the swarm as we penetrate deeper into the hive. The mud huts give place to infinitely dilapidated brick buildings, the streets grow narrower and fouler; the course is impeded by the sacred kine, immensely holy but horribly in the way, that roam at their own sweet will whither the spirit moves them. What with these and the houses nearly touching each other the carriage proceeds with ever-increasing difficulty.

We are reaching the holy buildings now. At one corner we leave the "gharry" to pick our way up a tiny alley to the roof of a house where stands the ancient observatory built by a kingly scientist 300 years ago. Here are giant sun-dials, mural circles and what not, built of stone of the most massive construction, oriented and graduated with infinite skill and labour. Among these colossal instruments sit two learned Brahmins, on mats, swaying their bodies rhythmically to and fro, and reading aloud in monotonous chant from the sacred books spread before them. They take no notice whatever of the strangers, and never pause in their sing-song, but the faithful disciples around them do not fail to solicit alms for their support. As the white-helmeted, be-kodaked English party troop back down the alley a withered old woman cowers abjectly against the wall, lest the shadow of the infidel fall across her, entailing some weary work of purification.

The temples are crowded thick around, of varying interest and holiness, but most sacred of all is the Golden Temple, the focus of sanctity, the Holy of Holies; containing the holy well, the holy bulls, the holy tree (or one of them), and what else of highest worship to the millions of Hindus scattered throughout India. Wonder, disgust, and sadness falls on the European who enters here. Wonder at the religion

that prompts the adoration of that monstrous, hideous, flower-decked, red-painted caricature of a bull, to mention only one of the many idols within. Disgust at the putrid waters of the utterly offensive well in which the lepers bathe and the faithful drink with ecstasy, at the loathly fakirs, their faces white with ashes, at the utter filth and squalor of the whole den; and sadness for the fate of this vast population, so sunk in idolatry and superstition, so powerless to rise, so hopeless to aid.

More interesting and certainly cleaner is the temple of the Monkey-god. Here in a quiet court with lofty walls, live the sacred apes, scores and hundreds of them, sitting on the roofs and ledges, swinging on the branches of the over-shadowing trees, grinning, gibbering, and making faces from every nook and corner above, below and around. A handful of corn is given to the visitor, and instantly a dozen tiny hands are placed in his, and tiny fingers, uncanny in their humanness of touch and miniature size, take the grains gently from his palm. In the centre stands the shrine where priests kneel in adoration before another hideous, grotesque, red idol, and offer it wreaths and chaplets of yellow flowers. As the stranger passes, one of these strings of blossoms, wet with holy water, is dexterously flung over him, which the guide in attendance warns him to carefully preserve and wear till out of the temple, lest offence be given.

While we yet stand within comes a sound of much shuffling and commotion, and round the court there presently arrives the quaintest object imaginable. Four attendants are engaged in carrying along a small, square tent, with curtains closed carefully round it, but which, somehow, seems animated of itself, for sounds of voices come from within, and beneath the draperies are to be caught glimpses of brown feet with heavy anklets and scraps of gorgeous robes. This strange procession scuffles along with difficulty and noise, and soon we know it to be a bevy of ladies from some rich harem, come to worship at the temple, the tent of course shielding their beauty from unlawful eyes.

Hard by here lives Sri Swamy Bhas-karanand Saraswati, the Holy Man, special friend of Mark Twain's, and a species of god in himself. He lives in a beautiful garden with a high wall round, but before entering, the guide begs leave, for the sake of the ladies, to go in and prepare the way for the visit, for such is the sanctity of Sri Swamy, that he has renounced clothes altogether, and only dons a loin-cloth on sufferance when females are of the party. So after due allowance of time we enter, and find his holiness with the minimum of costume, but exceedingly affable and courteous. His person is scrupulously clean, and his high-cheeked, clear-cut

undoubtedly is the richer by more than mere autographs from his receptions.

But it is time to leave the gharry and the narrow streets, and to make our way to the water's edge; for the right way—the only way to really see Benares—is from the river. Down one of the many broad flights of steps on the bank, we direct our course. These stairs are called "ghâts," and are built for the use of the pilgrims come to bathe in Mother Ganges, the River of Life; and truly they are well patronised. Up and down them pass every day and all day long, the mighty crowd of men and women come from hundreds and thousands of miles away to wash away their



BENARES. BURNING GHAT

face, is clever and intellectual to a degree. We are quite proud to shake hands with him, and to write our names in the gigantic autograph book which is his delight and pride; and we are flattered when he bestows a red rose on each of us. The specially god-like trait about this saint is, we are informed, that he will receive no money from his visitors, and to offer it him is to offend him very highly. But it is not to be supposed on that account that the annas in the pockets of his guests will remain untaxed. There is a very stern janitor at the gate, and though Sri Swamy may not actually handle the coin, yet he

sins in the turbid flood beneath the steps. There they are, rich and poor, young and old, laving their bodies, their faces, their hands, in that mixture of mud, refuse, dead flowers and filth, that borders the town. They are washing their clothes in it, they are rinsing their cooking pots, they are drinking it, worshipping it, carrying off little vessels of it to bear to far distant homes. We see them better when we have embarked in one of the crazy native barges, and sit in dilapidated wicker chairs on the deck, idly floating down the stream.

On the bank rise, block above block, the thousands of temples sacred to the

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worship of the mud god, the rain god, the elephant god, the goddess of small-pox, the terrible Siva, and Kali, his yet more terrible spouse, the benignant Vishnu, all the deities of the teeming Hindu mythology. Most of the buildings, none of them imposing, are old and decayed, some near the margin have subsided deeply into the mud, and their leaning walls are half beneath the water. Upon the steps are numbers of large straw umbrellas, fastened on the slant, to shield those going in and out of the water from the scorching sun. There is much splashing, shouting, braying of instruments, and general animation, and the whole sun-illuminated scene is bright and curious and infinitely picturesque.

But suddenly the boat rounds a corner and the scene changes. A dense smoke is rising from some brightly blazing fires, burning in a little gully by the river's brink. A pungent smell is wafted across the water. About the fires stand a number of attendants, feeding the flames and stirring the logs to make them consume the faster. A few indifferent spectators are grouped around. The boat stops, the rowers rest on their oars. What are the fires for, and what are those three or four white objects lying in the water? Presently the men who have been arranging a new pile of wood advance and raise one. There is a ghastly resemblance in the shrouded object; there is terrible significance in the stiffened outline. We shudder involuntarily, as the awful thing is placed upon the pyre, and the flames lap round it. The attendant stirs the heap, and there rises from the fire a human hand!

Sickened and faint, we turn our heads away, and urge the callous oarsmen to row us quickly from this nightmare scene, and from the sight of a yet more terrible heap that is lying on the top of a neighbouring pillar, very quiet and motionless. It looked at first sight like a heap of sticks, but it seems to us now to resemble a man. But such a man! A heap of bones, a brown skeleton, an indescribably emaciated frame, a sight to shudder at and dream of, and so terribly still. How comes it there? Why does it lie there all alone, no one

near it to help or tend it? The guide is very indifferent. He says it is a man who has come to die in the Holy City, and because the dread angel has yet delayed his summons has lain there on the pillar and starved himself to death. He is not dead yet, but doubtless he will be very soon, and then he too will be wrapped in a white winding sheet and placed in the water while his fire is prepared for him. Then they will burn him as they are burning the others, and his ashes will be scattered on the broad bosom of Mother Ganges, who will bear his soul away to the rest he desires.

But we have seen enough by now, too much indeed, and we seek the landing stage again. The sun has set behind the temples, the swift Indian twilight is passing apace. Grey mist rises from the river and creeps up the long flights of steps. The death fires flicker brighter, and throw up sparks into the darkening sky. Dim lights appear in the temples, and from the banks suddenly arises a deafening and hideous uproar of tuneless drums, conches and horns. It is "music for the river," we are told; a sort of evening hymn to the sacred flood that is seeking the ocean many a hundred miles away, and bearing on its breast, as it has these thousands of years, the offerings, the prayers, and the ashes of a strange and mighty people.

A different day; a different scene. The same bright sun, and the same pale blue sky, but the air is sharp and keen and invigorating, and furs and overcoats have taken the place of lightest summer dress. The interminable plains, the dusty fields, the broad sluggish river, have gone, and in place behold the mountains piling peak above peak around, their summits lost in the very clouds, while beneath, the fertile valley descends in green clad slopes and winding terraces, thousands of feet, to brawling streams below. Instead of the crowded, stifling city, a pleasant village of gay bungalows with roofs of corrugated iron gleaming in the sun, perch themselves in nooks and corners, crowning the summits of the lower hills, clinging to ledges and crevices of the higher. Not a level spot to be seen in the whole panorama,

not a barren patch to be distinguished on the dark green country, while in the background, soaring high up into the western sky, forty miles away, but apparently within grasp, a snow-white range of glistening peaks, heavenly in their beauty, dazzling in their purity, awful in their majesty, the highest mountains of the world, the loftiest range of the Himalayas.

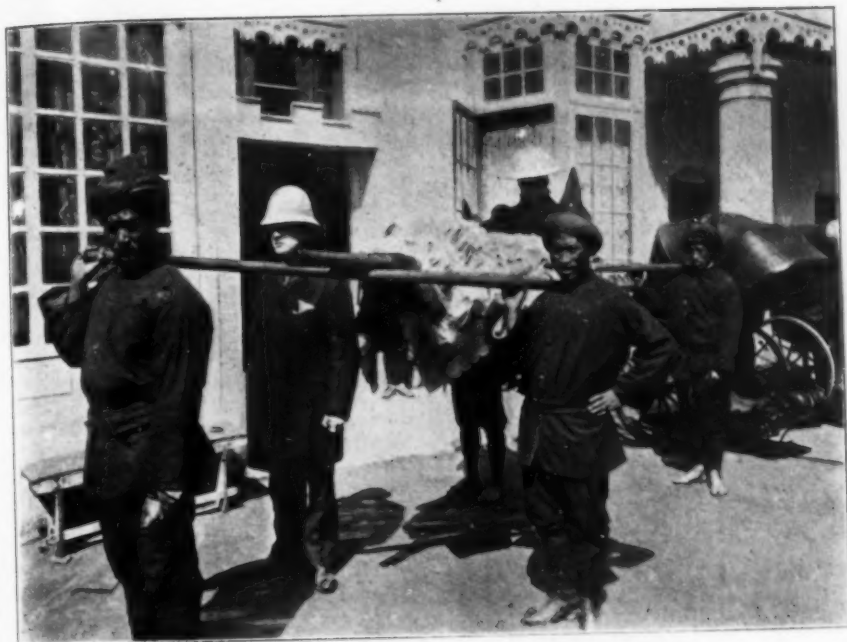
spots on earth. The railway journey alone from the steaming heat of Calcutta, that stifling City of Palaces, to the pure mountain breezes of 8,000 feet above, is a journey in fairyland. The quaint, squat little engine and its long trail of toy carriages is a sort of magic train, as unlike the common-place, every-day locomotive as the wonderful flying horse of the Arabian Nights was



DARJEELING

The dark green vegetation on the hill-side, on nearer inspection, reveals itself as hundreds of square acres of neatly planted tea bushes, for this is Darjeeling, household word of all, though to how many the name brings no association beyond the grocers' price list. But once at Darjeeling and the tea seems but a small part of the interest and beauty of surely one of the fairest

unlike the ordinary equine animal. Who ever before has known a train that ties its course into loops as it goes? that proceeds in zig-zags up impossible gradients, first backwards and then forwards. That during its whole run of seven hours imagines itself a serpent and proceeds in a course of sinuous wriggles, so that you may sit in your compartment and look, not only at the



A DANDY



SOME INHABITANTS OF DARJEELING

engine, but at your friends in the next carriage ahead of you, first out of one window and then out of the other, the whole time!

As a result of clinging like a limpet to the side of a rock, the little town of Darjeeling is perforce obliged to dispense with ordinary vehicular traffic. No horse living would be capable of dragging carts and carriages up those terrific hills. So your baggage is conveyed on the backs of sturdy female porters, by means of a strap passed over their foreheads, as the Cornish fishwives carry their baskets, and you yourself, if you do not ride or walk, are pushed and pulled by three grinning natives in that glorified Bath chair known as a 'Rickshaw,' or carried on the shoulders of four in a tasteful article yclept a "Dandy," a sort of hybrid between a large coffin and a

small boat, and combining the advantages of both.

Then the people of these strange regions, how quaint they are and how varied. The Thibetans, with wild outlandish raiment, Chinese faces and enormous pig-tails. The plucky little Gurkhas, the Lepchas, Bhooteans and Nepaulese, with their merry, ugly faces, their good-humoured expressions, their utterly nondescript garments, and ornaments studded with turquoise.

It is wonderful indeed how perfectly they harmonise with their surroundings, what an essential part they form of as curious and lovely a spot as the heart can desire, though not less wonderful that in the space of a thousand miles can be found as great a contrast in two cities as that presented by Darjeeling and Benares.



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TIMBER YARD

Our Pianoforte

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



FAMILIARITY may not always, as the somewhat cynical proverb tells us it does, breed any feeling so strong as contempt, but it is certainly very apt to make us extremely indifferent to many things which really ought to arouse our strongest interest. The pianoforte, for instance; What do we really know about it? There it stands, in its handsome case of walnut or rosewood, forming an important part

of our drawing-room decoration, and occasionally, at the bidding of some expert performer, lifting those within hearing for a brief space out of this sordid work-a-day world into those regions where all is imaginative and ideal. But the thing itself is so familiar, that probably not one in a thousand of us ever asks how it came to be, or how much art, science, skill, discovery, and invention have been necessary to produce that which we take without thinking as a mere matter of course.

The pianoforte is not only *par excel-*

lence the instrument of the nineteenth century, but is also the only musical instrument which is peculiarly and distinctively European. We need not, therefore, be greatly surprised to find a crowd of claimants to the honour of being its first inventor. Germany advances a claimant, in the person of Christophe Gottlieb Shröter, who constructed the model of a new clavier in 1717; England proposes for the honour a monk named Father Wood, who made

finger-keys was certainly the organ, the credit of which is due, not to Saint Cecilia, but to one Guido Arentino, and may be dated, at least, as far back as A.D. 757. Then, in the early years of the fourteenth century, came the clavierium and the clavichord, both of which were in no long time superseded by the virginals. One of Queen Elizabeth's virginals is still in existence; it has 50 keys, and is 5 feet in length, 16 inches wide, 7 inches deep, and weighs



MILL ROOM

a pianoforte in 1711; and Italy sets forth her Bartolomeo Cristoforo, who appears to have invented a "piano e forte" as early as 1710. Without attempting to decide this international question, we may point out that the pianoforte, by whomsoever invented, is a development, on evolutionary lines, of previously existing instruments. The first keyed instrument was called a tamboura, but the first instrument with

24 pounds. After the virginals came the spinet, a very similar instrument, of which the curious in such matters may see many excellent specimens in the South Kensington Museum. And following the spinet came the harpsichord, an instrument never exceeding five octaves in compass, but with which such great composers as Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart were, for the greater part of their lives, enforced

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to be content. The harpsichord-makers, however, endeavoured to make their instruments suitable for orchestral compositions, and in their endeavour to do this the pianoforte, as we know it to-day, was, in essentials, evolved. Of course, the earliest pianos, compared with the almost perfect instruments which are now to be obtained, were feeble and clumsy productions. The first upright grand was an extremely unwieldy thing, and the first cabinet piano, invented in 1807, was close upon six feet in height. It was not until 1811 that the first "cottage" piano appeared, and even that was between four and five feet high, be-

the Guildhall School of Music, and various conservatoires of music throughout Europe and Australia, the reader who wishes to obtain a good idea of how a modern first class instrument is made, could not do better than pay a visit to this firm's extensive manufacturing premises in Kentish Town. In these works are to be found as elaborate a plant of up-to-date machinery, as varied a stock of various kinds of valuable timber, and as complete an army of workmen, skilled and experienced in every branch of their artistic trade, as can be shown by any establishment in the world.



GRAND BELLING SHOP

sides being almost prohibitively expensive. A new era commenced, however, in 1835, when John Brinsmead, founder of the now world-renowned firm of John Brinsmead & Sons, of London, began to make good and comparatively small pianos at a moderate price.

As Mr. John Brinsmead has received the unique distinction of the Cross of the Legion of Honour for the excellence of his pianos, and as his firm make many of those which are to be found in the Royal Palaces of Europe, on board of our magnificent P. and O. Steamers, and in such places as the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music,

It is obvious that wood must play a very important part in piano-making, but the visitor may not be altogether prepared to see quite so enormous a stock of timber as is piled up in the wood-yards, and stacked on the roofs of some of the buildings at Kentish Town. Still less will he have been able to realise how varied are the kinds of wood which the manufacture requires, and to obtain which almost the whole round world must have been ransacked. Here is beech from our own Surrey hills, oak from the United States, cedar from the Philippine Islands, pine from Switzerland and New Zealand, peduk

from Borneo, satin-wood from Ceylon, mahogany from Honduras, rosewood from Rio Janeiro, and great burrs cut from old walnut trees in the ancient forests of Persia. And it will probably be a further surprise to learn that nearly all this wood—and there are three-quarters of a million feet of it!—requires to be bleached, or dried, or hardened, indoors and out, for three to five years before it is in fit condition for the piano-maker's purposes.

After going through its lengthened period of probation out of doors and in the drying rooms, the wood then finds its way into the saw-mills, where it is

as sheets of writing paper, or reduce to one level the edges of a dozen or more pine boards at a single operation. Mouldings, and the carved parts of legs, keyboards, etc., are similarly cut out of the solid wood by a band-saw, according to a marked pattern, although such parts as these are afterwards carefully finished off by hand.

Many of the wooden parts of the interior of a piano are formed of several layers of wood, glued together, and placed so that the grain runs in various directions, thus giving them greater durability and power of resistance to the strain they must be subjected to, as



STRINGING ROOM

cut up into various sizes and shapes, according as it may be destined for part of an outside case, or for some part of the innumerable divisions of the internal mechanism. There is, of course, great economy of labour, as well as great exactness of execution, in having all the preliminary shaping of the wood done by machinery. A circular saw slits up huge logs of hard chestnut wood with as much apparent ease as one can slice an apple; a planing machine, going at the rate of 5,000 revolutions a minute, will then turn out a number of these rough pieces of wood as smooth

well as enabling them to defy the power of various climatic conditions such as would probably warp the strongest piece of any one solid wood. Wrestr-planks, for instance, are made of layers of the hardest beech and spruce glued together, while a sounding-board, or what the piano maker calls a "belly," is composed of about thirty separate pieces of wood, and is a marvel of constructional ingenuity. One finds glue in perpetual use in almost every room throughout the factory. Each piece of wood is carefully warmed in a hot cupboard before any gluing takes place,

and is then subjected to great pressure so that every particle which does not penetrate the natural pores of the wood is forced out.

Important as wood is, however, it is by no means the only constituent of a modern piano. If its "belly" is always made of wood, its "back" is always nowadays made of iron. This iron back, which is the string frame, not only varies according to the size or style of piano it is intended for, but is made according to various principles of construction. The usual form of iron frame is so cast as to allow of the insertion of a wooden "wrest-plank," for the holding

the other. With this continuous frame, the wires are carried through the iron in a straight line, and receive their necessary tension by a direct pull from the top, instead of from pegs at right-angles to the frame and wires, as in the other form of frame. There is also an ingenious screw-and-nut arrangement, allowing the wires to be tightened or loosened with the thumb and finger, which must be a great boon to many a performer, especially in certain outlying foreign parts, where tuners' visits are like those of the proverbial angels, few and far between.

Of course there is a great deal more



FINISHING SHOP

of the strings. But the Brinsmeads make a special kind of iron frame, which they patented in 1881, in which the wooden wrest-plank is discarded, and the entire frame is cast in one solid piece of iron. The value of this invention is twofold. In the first place it gives greater strength to a part of the instrument which is subjected to a very great strain—the strain of the strings of an upright grand being equal to a pressure of some twenty tons or more—and in the second place it renders possible a new and simplified method of tuning, which is another Brinsmead invention, and the direct outcome of

in the construction of a good piano than can possibly be set forth within the limits of a magazine article, and, naturally, much of it would only be intelligible to experts, although the results, as regards purity of tone and facility of executive performance, are very evident to the musical amateur. There is the "Perfect-Check-Repeater Action," for instance, which enables the softest touch to secure a reply, with the key held down to within one-eighth of its depth, and which gives a perfectly even, smooth and sensitive repetition touch. And there is the quite recent invention of "Triplex Sounding

Bars," which are so grooved out as to give a freer vibration, and enhanced sustaining power.

The vital points of a piano are the "belly," or sounding-board; the "back," or string-frame; and the action. The case, although by no means an unimportant part of the instrument, regarded either from the point of durability or of artistic effect, should never be taken—as we fear it too often is—as the sole criterion of merit. An inferior piano in a handsome case is rather like the well-dressed *nouveau riche* of whom it was said that he never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. After the "back" and "belly" of a piano have been put together, and its strings fitted in, it is clothed with whatever kind of case may have been designed for it. Then, having had its actions adjusted,

it begins to go through a long series of tunings. When it comes to what is termed the "fly finishing floor," every part is separately polished, and the whole instrument hinged up. After this, it passes on to a certain room where it receives so microscopical an examination that the Brinsmeads' workmen have nicknamed the place the "Chamber of Horrors." Not unless a piano can pass this examination without one bad mark is it considered fit to send up to the show-rooms at Wigmore Street. As the factory—which has thus been briefly described—is capable of turning out three thousand first-class pianos annually, we may surely congratulate ourselves that in this important industry, at any rate, whatever the pessimists may say, we English are yet a very long way from being beaten out of time.



RESULT OF OUR

**GRAPHOLOGY COMPETITION ; OR, CHARACTER INDICATED
BY HANDWRITING.**

In the July Number of "The Ludgate," 1899.

THE FIRST PRIZE OF £2

HAS BEEN WON BY

Mr. F. W. MATTHEWS, 9, Commercial Road, Hayle, Cornwall.

You are fond of physical exercise, out-of-door life, and probably go in for sports in some form or other. You appreciate ease, have a vivid imagination, good sequence of ideas, and would invariably reason all the ins and outs of a question thoroughly before coming to any definite decision. You are generous, kind-hearted, have an impatient temper, are cheerful, ambitious, and sanguine of success.

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1

HAS BEEN WON BY

**Mrs. LOUISA MUTLOW WILLIAMS, 212, Portsdown Road,
Maida Vale, W.**

You are always ready to enter into and sympathise with the trials and troubles of those around you, and to help them in any possible way. You are fond of children and animals, and of all the surrounding influences of your home life. You have generally plenty to say for yourself, are probably skilful with your needle, and are a clever and capable manager in the household affairs. You have keen powers of observation, are inclined to look on the dark side of life, or else are not very strong.

THE THIRD PRIZE OF 10s.

HAS BEEN WON BY

Miss G. AMBROSE, 12, Cornwallis Terrace, Hastings.

The will is firm, and you would generally manage to obtain that upon which you have set your mind. You are kind-hearted, and are always ready to interest yourself in the affairs of those around you, and to spend your money on others. You have a bright, hopeful nature, and invariably make the best of your troubles. The temper, though hasty, is never lasting.



ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS NIGHT

THE season at Totland Bay was over. A week of wet, stormy weather at the end of September had driven nearly all the guests away, and the hotel was deserted save for the presence of four persons: a deaf, elderly lady and her golf-loving husband; Miss De Lavigne, a remarkably pretty girl, whose calm self-possession seemed to belie her very youthful appearance; and Malcolm Cameron, a clever, hard-headed Scotch engineer.

He was taking a well-earned holiday after a spell of anxious, engrossing work, and, to the dismay of his family, he had elected to spend it here in this quiet nook, rather than join a lively party of friends in a tour up the Rhine.

The main reason for this unsociability was the feverish desire shown by his own people and their friends to see him "settled," "comfortably married," and the evident willingness on the part of more than one girl to assist him in this all-important matter.

From a worldly point of view he was decidedly eligible, for he had private means in addition to the good income he earned, and when he chose to unbend he could be a most agreeable companion.

Miss De Lavigne had arrived just before the general exodus, and he had hoped that she would take wing with the rest, but a week had passed and she showed no signs of moving. He was so tired of girls! His doting mother had long led him to regard all those in their own set as loving lassies whose imperfect existence he would crown with joy by the bestowal of his name and affections.

This girl, with the haunting eyes and gentle movements, did not, it is true, seem the least conscious of his existence, but still her presence there might lead to complications. He knew he had nothing to fear from the elderly couple who occupied a table near the fireplace in the dining-room, but it annoyed him to see this sweet, interesting face at the next table to his own chosen seat near the window.

He did not feel comfortable if he sat with his back to her, and yet if he turned the other way he found himself constantly watching her in a way that was wholly opposed to his principles. It seemed so foolish for these two young people to sit apart, in true British exclusiveness, without uttering a word, day after day, absorbed in the alternate consumption of meals and the contem-

plation of the grass-crowned cliffs, and the shipping crossing the bay.

He found himself wondering who she was, why was she there alone, and how long she was going to stay. He remembered the evening she had arrived, and how calmly she had walked into the dining-room through the assembled company, and had taken her place without the slightest shade of either embarrassment or aggressive assertion.

There was nothing of the "New Woman" about her, and as far he could see, she didn't even ride a bicycle! Malcolm had an old-fashioned aversion to the biking female, whether "rational" or otherwise.

October came in bright and sunny. Summer seemed to have returned to take a lingering farewell, clad in the rich hues of autumn.

Cameron spent his days out-of-doors, scouring the island on his bicycle with his camera slung over his shoulder, studying nature mainly from the point of view of an amateur photographer.

Miss De Lavigne appeared to spend most of her time basking in the sun on the green overlooking the sea, or on the little terrace in front of the reading-room.

She looked pale and tired when she first came, but the pure, bracing air soon brought the colour to her cheeks,



AT ALUM BAY

and by degrees she, too, began to explore the neighbourhood.

One glorious afternoon she hired a pony-carriage and drove over to Alum Bay, and as she was making her way down the steep path leading to the shore, she caught sight of the lithe, muscular figure of the Scotchman before her. She stood for a moment to take in the view, and as she did so he turned round, quickly fixed his camera, and took a snap-shot.

Then, as an idea seemed to strike him, he retraced his steps, and taking off his cap, said courteously:

"I hope you will forgive my seeming rudeness, but I had set my camera before I recognised you, and the picture was so charming I could not resist it."

She met his apology with a frank smile, and answered good-humouredly:

"One has to get used to that sort of thing now-a-days, and, to tell the truth, I was so absorbed in watching that steamer that I didn't notice what you were doing."

The perfect candour of this remark made Malcolm feel as if he had been a fool for his pains, but as the ice was broken, he decided to make himself agreeable.

"This is my first visit to these wonderful cliffs," she said as they walked along the pebbly beach; "and they are certainly marvellous. Just look at the colours with the sun on them. I must be like the children and take home some of the sand."

"You can buy samples, arranged in fearful and wonderful designs inside glass bottles, from the coastguards near the pier," he said.

"Oh, but I'd rather get some for myself," was her laughing reply, and she began scrambling about with girlish enthusiasm. Malcolm soon found himself climbing up to get specimens that were beyond her reach.

She was a delightful companion, and met him on easy terms of comradeship that were totally free from any suspicion of design or coquetry, so that he felt quite safe.

"The best view is to be got from the sea, you know," he said when the sand hunt was over. "I want to take some

photos, and shall be very pleased if you will come too."

"Yes, that would be charming. I've been longing to go on the water ever since I came, but it is rather poor fun by oneself."

"By the way, how did you come over here? I never saw you on the road."

"I drove in the hotel pony cart, and the boy is waiting all this time! I told the poor thing that I would only be half-an-hour."

"I rode up on my machine, but if you're a fairly good walker, and would allow me to send my cycle back in the trap, we might walk home along the cliffs. It's lovely there when the sun's setting."

"That's a brilliant idea. We'll go up to the farm and have tea, and send back the impedimenta," she said, entering readily into the impromptu programme.

After tea they made their way to the little pier, at the end of which they took a boat and were rowed up and down in the afternoon sun, which made the Needles stand out like gold-tipped pillars of alabaster, and lighted up the many-hued cliffs till they looked like a huge mass of opal.

The photos were a failure, but Malcolm did not seem to mind that in the enjoyment of his companion's society. She still mystified him a little, but she was perfectly charming.

"You don't cycle, I think?" he asked as they were walking home.

"No. I am one of the few exceptions."

"One of the blessed exceptions. I can't bear to see women on bicycles," he said warmly.

"Oh, I don't abstain from principle, or prejudice, as most people would call it. I should love it, I know, only I'm afraid of spoiling my hands," she said rather regretfully.

His face fell, and so did his opinion of her. What miserable vanity! He would almost rather have an out-and-out unaffected cyclist.

She watched him with some amusement, and then went on quietly:

"You see I am a violinist, and anything that spoils the delicacy of touch

or the flexibility of the wrist must be avoided. Cycling might not do any harm, but I have my way to make in my profession, and can't afford to run any risks for the sake of mere amusement."

The quiet dignity with which this was said made Malcolm heartily ashamed of his passing unworthy thought.

"Forgive me, I understand," he said quickly. "Now I know why your name is so familiar to me. I have often seen it in print."

She flushed with pleasure, and raising her eyes to his, asked:

"Are you fond of music? You look as though you ought to be."

"My hard, practical line of life—engineering—does not leave much time for music and poetry," he answered evasively.

"But that need not be. See how Kipling has idealised machinery and that sort of thing in 'Mc Andrew's Hymn.' It was a revelation to me, for I had always thought it all so hopelessly unattractive."

He winced a little and said drily:

"Yes, it takes a genius to combine the prose and underlying poetry of life satisfactorily. As to music, I never realised what it might mean to some people till one day last spring. I was in Norwood on business, and strolled into the Palace while waiting for my train. There was a concert going on, and as I heard a Scotch song, I went in. The place was crammed, so I had to content myself with a seat from which I couldn't see the stage. The song was followed by a violin solo, and whatever it was, for I haven't the slightest idea, it stirred something within me that I had never felt before. The player was encored and gave Chopin's Second Nocturne which I have painful cause to know, as my sister is for ever strumming it on the piano."

"And how did it sound on the fiddle?" asked Stella with a gleam of excitement in her hazel eyes.

"It was a 'warld-liftin' joy' as Mc Andrew says," he replied, with one of his rare sweet smiles.

"That was on March the 12th, and the violinist begs to thank you for one of the most genuine tributes to her

playing that she ever received," she said impulsively, holding out one of her delicate, artistic little hands.

He caught it in both his strong ones, saying: "Was it you? Really *you*? Then I am happy to have found my unknown enchantress!"

The sun was setting in glorious splendour, changing the sea from purple to crimson, from crimson to gold, till the glow gradually faded and only a track of glory showed where the golden disc had disappeared behind a bank of purple clouds.

Stella told Malcolm of her early struggles and aspirations, how she had studied in Paris, then in Berlin under the great Joachim himself, and how she had just completed a successful engagement in London.

"I was in Edinburgh for some weeks last year, and made lots of friends. Your countrypeople are most hospitable. What you say about music reminds me of a very nice man I knew there. He only cared for Scotch airs, and though he would look bored to extinction at Beethoven or Chopin, his eyes would glisten with pleasure if you struck up 'Bonnie Dundee' or 'My Heart's in the Highlands.' Poor Fergusson!" she said, half to herself.

"Not Donald Fergusson?" asked Malcolm.

"Yes; Donald Fergusson, the lawyer. Do you know him?"

"He's one of my oldest friends."

From that day Stella de Lavigne and Malcolm Cameron saw a good deal of each other. He moved to her table, and their acquaintance ripened rapidly. The deaf lady became most interested, and the waiter was ready to lay heavy odds on the issue.

At the end of a week, in her usual letter to her mother, Stella wrote: "You need not be afraid of Mr. Cameron interfering with my career. We are excellent friends, and he is a pleasant companion, but he is far too matter-of-fact to think of falling in love, and even if he did, my profession is all in all to me; my fiddle will always hold the first place in my heart."

Cameron had told his friend Donald of his strange meeting with Miss de Lavigne, at the end of a business letter

he was forced to write. He found himself mentally contrasting her with the various girls who had been pointed out to him as suitable wives. He supposed he should marry one of them some day. He did not want any very exciting experiences in the way of love-making, but it would be nice, perhaps, to have a pretty little wife to welcome him home and save him from the clutches of extortionate landladies. Still there was plenty of time for that. He was only thirty, and meantime he was having a real holiday from work and match-makers alike, and was free to enjoy the society of the nicest girl he had ever met. She was totally unlike his preconceived notions of lady professionals.

There was no attempt to pose, she was not unkempt or slovenly. Her simple coats and skirts were as neat and trim as the most fastidious could desire, and if her evening dresses were different to other people's it was in the fact that they were infinitely more graceful.

Her manner had an ease and freedom to which he was unaccustomed in his sister's friends, but he felt it came from the fearlessness of innocence and self-respect, not from unwomanly forwardness.

He had settled in his mind one night that he would propose an expedition to Carisbrooke the next day, but when he came down he found that she had already started to meet some friends at Ryde, as the waiter informed him, so he had to eat his breakfast alone.

He was foolishly disappointed, and nothing went right with him that day. Stella did not come back to dinner; but when he was in the smoking-room he heard her saying to the deaf lady:

"Yes, thank you. I've had a lovely day. I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time."

"Humph!" he growled, "I wish I could say as much for myself. I begin to think that I'm a fool. I'll go off for a couple of days myself. Been too long in this quiet hole!"

The next morning he was in the act of starting when she came down.

"Hope you had a pleasant time yesterday?" he said jerkily. "I'm off for a couple of days to the other side of the Island. Good morning!"

"Good bye! Mind you bring back some nice photographs."

No sooner had he started than Cameron began to wish he might lose his train; but he called himself a few more homely and forcible names and decided to enjoy himself. On looking back he always declared that they were two of the dullest, deadliest days he ever spent in his life, and came back thoroughly disgusted with his own society.

Stella was not much happier, but she attributed her restlessness to a longing for her beloved music, so at last she went off to Newport and hired the best instrument she could get. She shut herself in the large empty drawing-room and played; but the charm did not work, for once her art failed to soothe her. Her heart was still heavy, oppressed by a sense of loss, aching with an unsatisfied longing.

The morning after Cameron's return they greeted each other with a mutual gladness that neither cared to analyse.

She found a business letter awaiting her, and he had one from Donald Fergusson in which the following passage drove all else from his mind:

"So you are with Stella de Lavigne! I don't know whether to envy or pity you most, for of course you'll fall in love with her, no man could help it, and if you're fond enough to tell her so, she'll look at you with sweet pitying eyes and tell you gently that 'she's wedded to her Art.' My dear fellow, I've been there myself, and though it hit hard at the time, I have quite come to see that an artist is not the kind of wife for such work-a-day folk as you and I. We should not satisfy her, and she would not fit in with our ways. Take my advice, and if it's not too late, pull yourself up short."

Malcolm read and re-read this passage, and knew that his friend's advice *had* come too late. He felt it was all true, but, suitable or not, she was the one woman in the world for him! "Wedded to her Art. We should not satisfy her!" he repeated to himself. Yes, she was more artist than woman yet, but some day her love might be awakened; he would wait.

Her face was radiant with pleasure

when he at last roused himself and put the letter away.

"I have just had such good news. I am engaged to play at the Queen's Hall concerts this winter, and I begin next week."

"Wedded to her Art" rang in Malcolm's mind, and the joy in her eyes confirmed it.

"I congratulate you heartily. So our pleasant time here will soon come to an end," he said, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Yes, I am sorry. But it is high time I was at work again. My long holiday has begun to demoralise me. Do you know, I was so lost for my fiddle yesterday that I had to rush off and get a base substitute for it? I dared not bring my own, or I should have been playing instead of resting."

"Will you play to me before you go away?"

"Yes, gladly, only it won't sound like my dear old Strad.," she replied, lingering lovingly on the three last words.

The night before she left she played to him in the twilight, and though her instrument was inferior, all the pathos and ecstasy of a human soul seemed to fill the air by turns. Malcolm listened with his head in his hands lest his face should betray the strange emotion he felt. "'Wedded to her Art! We could not satisfy her!' True, pitilessly true!" he said to himself again and again.

When she had finished, and the last low note had died away, he got up and tried to thank her. Her eyes were dilated and shining, her whole form was vibrating with the passion of her artist's soul, and her fingers still caressed the strings from which she had drawn such sweet, bewildering sounds.

"You have a glorious gift, and it is no wonder that you love it above all else," were his last words to her that night.

"He would not listen, or understand! Though I played to him as I've never played before, to tell him my secret, to win a response from his heart!" she half sobbed to herself when she was alone. "Of course he would not love a mere violin-player, public property!

His Scotch ideas are too narrow, too stiff. He will marry some quiet, domesticated girl, who has been taught to cook and manage a house like a machine!" she said bitterly, brushing away the hot, blinding tears, as she thought of her own Bohemian bringing-up.

For the next two years Stella de Lavigne reigned as queen of the concert-room. Every one remarked how her playing had gained in depth of feeling, in pathos and passion; but none knew that it was the artist's own sorrow which found its only expression in her music. Many times she saw Malcolm Cameron among her audience, and then she played for him alone. It was the only intercourse possible between them, for he had never sought her out again after seeing her off at Yarmouth Pier.

One hot, thundery night, at the beginning of July, Stella was to play at St. James' Hall. She had not been feeling well for some days, and, but for her unwillingness to break an engagement, would have sent an excuse to the director. She nerved herself to appear, and got through her first solo with brilliant success. A storm of applause greeted the finish, and an "encore" was clamorously demanded.

"I can't possibly play again yet," she said to her accompanist. "I shall only bow."

When she returned to the stage, the applause redoubled; but, as she bowed her acknowledgments, her slender form swayed, all became dark before her eyes, and she would have fallen if some one from behind had not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

When she recovered consciousness in the artists' room, it was to meet the anxious, loving gaze of Malcolm Cameron's deep blue eyes.

"Where were you? How did it all happen?" she asked with a strange feeling of rest and happiness.

"I had a seat behind you in the orchestra. I only came to town to-day, and when I saw you were to play here, I felt I must come. I wanted to be near you—to hear the rustle of your dress, to feel it brush my feet, perhaps, as you passed. Stella, do you know how I have been hungering for you these two weary



ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON

years? They have been full of triumph for you, but, dearest, this life is killing you. Let me take you from it, and love and shelter you as my wife?"

"It's not the life that has been killing me, dear, it was the want of love—your love, Malcolm. I should have died without my music. It was my only consolation."

"But why did you listen to Donald?" she asked when they were driving home, and she had heard her lover's story. "A lawyer is never disinterested in giving advice, and I believe he was jealous."

"I was a coward, I suppose. I

dreaded to hear the truth from your lips, and yet the suspense nearly drove me mad. The more I heard you courted and praised, the farther you seemed to recede beyond my prosaic sphere, and yet I went on hoping that something might happen to bring us together."

"And it *has*," she said, laying her hand in his. "It was cruel of you to doubt me so long, for I found out before I left Totland Bay, that even Art has to take the second place in a woman's heart when Love steps in."

His only answer was to press his lips to hers, and in that silent caress, the pain of the past was forgotten.

The Plantin Press

THE OLDEST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT EXTANT

WRITTEN BY GEOFFREY RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE night about the year 1554, a celebrated Antwerp casket-maker was on his way to the house of the Secretary of King Philip II. of Spain, with a box he had made for that officer, when he was attacked and severely wounded by a party of drunken men who mistook him for a guitar-player, to whom they owed a grudge.

The artisan reached his home half-dead, and the two doctors called in at first despaired of saving his life; however, their efforts were successful, and the casket-maker did not die. But he was so hopelessly crippled that he was obliged to desist from all manual labour that entailed his moving about, or bending his body; he could no more chisel the designs on wood and leather that had made his fame. Forced thus to abandon his business as a casket-maker, he took up that of printing, in which trade he had once served an apprenticeship.

To show how far he succeeded in his new occupation, it is only necessary to say that the casket-maker was Christopher Plantin, the founder of the world-renowned Plantin Press.

Having briefly outlined its origin, before proceeding to describe this famous typographical establishment, it is necessary to explain the difficulties under which a printer laboured in Plantin's time.

Printing from movable type was comparatively a new art (impressions from woodcuts were understood in Europe in the eleventh century), and for that reason alone would be jealously guarded, but the chief reason for the many restrictions put upon printing was the opportunity it offered for circulating illicit literature, published by the numerous secret religious and secular associations with which Europe was honey-combed. Whilst they had to be copied by hand, these societies could

necessarily issue few pamphlets, but with printing-presses at their disposal their field of operations was practically unlimited.

The important presses therefore confined themselves to printing Bibles, Missals, and the general literature of the orthodox Roman Catholic Church, reprints of the classics, and historical works by approved authors. New writers, unless they enjoyed the patronage of a high official of undoubted integrity, had no easy task to get their MSS. published. It says much for Plantin's foresight and business capacity that, amid rampant suspicion and the political disturbances that agitated Antwerp from time to time, on only one occasion was he obliged to close his works, and then he retired to Paris for a year.

The Plantin Press was unique in several ways, but more especially was it remarkable for having continued to exist and remain the property of the same family, through all the vicissitudes of civil and foreign wars that ravaged Antwerp, from the time of its foundation in 1555, till it was sold to the Belgian Government as a historic monument, in 1876.



TRADE MARK

Christopher Plantin's descendants added to, and altered, the original houses that comprised his offices and home, so extensively that if he were living to-day, he would scarcely recognise the buildings from the outside; inside the house, however, he would be welcomed by the sight of presses, types, books, and a hundred etceteras, with which he and his workmen were familiar.

All that archæological knowledge could suggest, and skilful workmen carry out, has been done to restore the interior to its original state when occupied by the crippled casket-maker and his family; and the thoroughness with which the work has been done may be perhaps best seen in the details—the restoring of the antique door and window fastenings, instead of the modern ones that had taken their place.

Every corner of this interesting building and every one of the objects within its walls is worthy of the closest scrutiny, but in the present instance it will only be possible to refer briefly to a few of the rooms and the printing plant.

The second saloon on the ground-floor is the most interesting of the living rooms. It contains twelve portraits in

oils of Plantin and his family, and scholars with whom he associated, by Peter Paul Rubens, besides many sketches in ink and wash by the same master. The prices paid for the portraits are on record. Rubens received a total of 38 florins (about £3 16s.) for painting the portraits of Plantin and his wife. These two pictures are shown side by side on the wall to the right of the doorway in the first photograph.

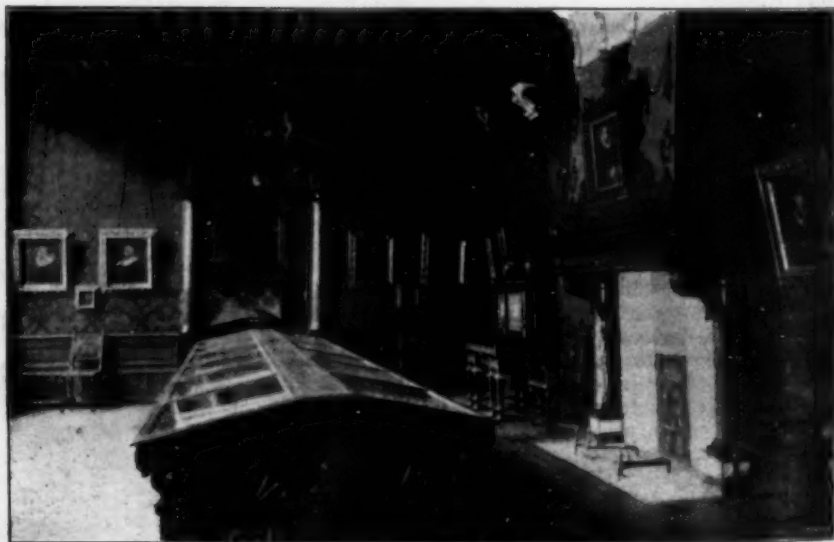
An interesting document is exhibited in the case in this room. It is Rubens' receipt for 600 florins for the picture ornamenting the sepulchral monument of John Moretus I.* in Antwerp Cathedral. It is in Flemish, as follows:—

"Ic onderscreven bekenne ontfanghen te hebben van S^r Balthasar Moretus de somme van seshondert guldens eens tot betalinghe van sijn vaders saligher epitaphium door mij geschildert. Tot bevestinghe der waerheyt hebbe dese quittantie met mijn handt gescreven en onderteekent, desen 27 April, 1612.

Pietro Paulo Rubens."

("I the undersigned acknowledge having received from S^r Balthasar Moretus the sum of six hundred florins,

* Plantin's property descended to his son-in-law Moretus.



THE SECOND SALOON, WITH RUBENS PORTRAITS

in payment of his late father's epitaph painted by myself. In confirmation of the truth, I have written and signed in my handwriting, the present receipt on this 27th April, 1612.

Peter Paul Rubens.")

Passing through another room and crossing the courtyard, round which the house is built, one reaches the shop, for the business of printer then included that of publisher and bookseller.

The illustration gives a very good idea of the appearance of this *boutique*, with its leaded windows, counters, and heavily-laden shelves. The door shown

dark Cordova leather stamped with golden Arabesques. It is a typical living-room in a good sixteenth or seventeenth century house, and shows the simple grandeur of the decorations. Notice the small, thin, square oak shutters that guard the leaded and barred windows.

After traversing a lobby and a room for the storage of type, the printing office is reached. The two presses at the far end of the hall, deserve special attention as being the first presses Plantin worked. Printing was slow then (in 1555). The forme of type was first of all placed on a moveable shelf in front of the press, then



THE SHOP

open in the picture leads to the small office furnished with desk and stools, adjoining the shop, and where the clerical work immediately connected with the sales was transacted.

Two rooms further on is what we should now call the "readers' room." The table in the centre is covered with bundles of proofs. This apartment contains the contemporary furniture and original chimney-piece, surmounted by a very ornamental stone bracket.

The room, called after the author Justus Lipsius, is pictured in the fourth photograph. The walls are hung with

after being carefully inked the sheet of paper was laid on it, the shelf pushed back under the upper plate of the press, the lever pulled round from right to left—or left to right as the case might be—thrust back to its original position, the shelf bearing the forme pulled out, and the paper lifted off. As soon as the ink was dry the process had to be repeated with another forme, to print on the reverse side of the sheet.*

Opposite the row of presses are the stands with the "lower" and "upper"

* In some special cases a process almost as slow as this is employed at the present day.

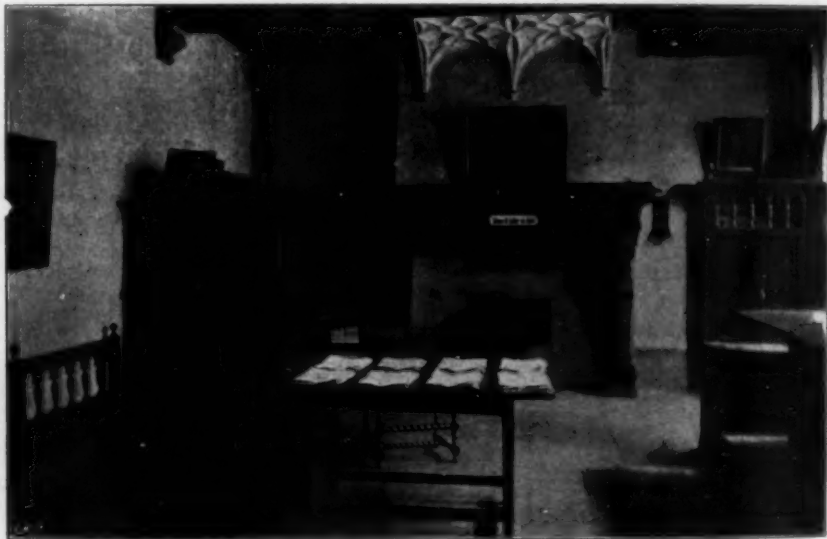
(small letters and capitals respectively) cases of type, which might for all the world be part of the equipment of a modern printing works. Attached to the sides of the upper frames of the presses may be seen the spherical leather inking pads, and by the side of each machine is an inclined desk for the wet impressions.

During nearly three centuries, from 1576 to 1865 printing went on in this actual room, which has preserved unaltered all its architectural ornamentation since the first-mentioned date.

Having visited the places where the

This room is on the first floor, and therefore handsome and lofty, but on mounting another flight of stairs one reaches the region of small chambers and low ceilings. The first to rivet the attention is a bed-room, so complete in every detail of decoration and arrangement that one feels as though one had been wafted backwards for three hundred years on the wings of time. It needs but water in the ewer and a towel on the washhandstand to make the illusion complete.

This room enjoys no direct light; such daylight as enters it is first filtered



THE READER'S ROOM

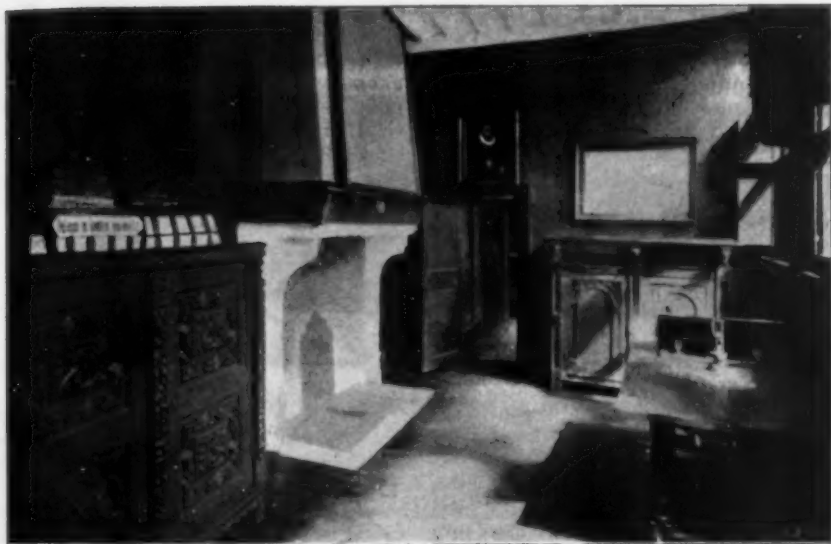
printing was carried out, there still remains the foundry, where the letters were designed, the moulds cut, and the type cast. This workshop is on the second floor, it contains all the original tools, the crucibles, forge, bellows, and glass-fronted cupboard of moulds.

Leaving the commercial section of the building, one returns to the residential part, which includes many fine apartments, one being the chief library—that also served as a chapel—where the most valuable of Plantin's ponderous volumes were stored.

through another apartment and then subdued by a stained-glass window. Most mediæval sleeping-chambers appear to have been planned in this way. But that is probably putting the cart before the horse; the reason, no doubt, was that the dark rooms in odd corners that seem to have been unavoidable in the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, were utilised as bedrooms.

There is much to admire and interest in the home arrangements of the Plantin family, and it does not tax the imagination very severely to picture the human beings

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THE JUSTUS LIPSIIUS SALOON

who passed their lives amid these surroundings, who slept in these beds and sat on these chairs.

As already mentioned, the Press continued the property of, and was worked by Plantin's descendants until the middle of the present century. The following translation gives a concise history of the establishment and an account of the work it undertook during the years following Christopher Plantin's decease:—

"After the death of his father-in-law, John Moretus continued the Plantin printing office. He followed the foot-prints and respected the traditions of his predecessor. The works he executed are as well elaborated as Plantin's. Nevertheless, under his direction, the number of books printed yearly greatly diminished, and their importance was much inferior to the editions of the founder of the office. The classical authors and scientific books disappeared altogether, to make room for works of devotion, ecclesiastical history, and ancient philology.

"John Moretus I., born on May 22nd, 1543, died on September 22nd, 1610. As Plantin had wished the printing office at Antwerp, with all its materials,

to become the property of his son-in-law, so as to give himself a worthy successor, even so the latter, in conjunction with his wife, assigned their sons Balthasar and John heirs to the buildings and materials of the office, and continuers of the firm founded by their grandfather. He stipulated in his will, that, failing his two eldest sons, the printing office should pass, entirely, into the hands of those of their children or relations whom the family would consider most worthy. This clause acquired force of law for their descendants, and was repeated in the wills of all their successors during centuries; it remained a kind of majorat, and the cause of the marvellous conservation of treasures of all sorts accumulated by Plantin and by the successive proprietors of the printing office.

"Balthasar and John Moretus II., the former of whom was born in 1574, the latter in 1576, helped their father after 1592. John died in 1618, and Balthasar entered into partnership with John van Meurs the same year. This partnership ended in 1629. From 1610 until 1641, the year of his death, Balthasar Moretus I. was in truth the chief of the Plantin house. He was a man of uncommon knowledge, and of high intelligence. Al-

though entirely paralysed on the right side, he displayed an indefatigable activity, and became the most illustrious of the Moretus family. He knew how to give a new impetus to the concern, and the office was, under his direction, nearly as illustrious as during the life of Plantin. He had large additions made to, and repairs effected in the paternal house. In 1638, he annexed to the printing establishment the shop, which had remained separated up to that time. Being connected with a large number of eminent men, and with the most celebrated artists of his time, he got Rubens to paint portraits of members of his family and of learned men, which still adorn the Plantin-Moretus Museum.

"His successor was the son of his brother, John Balthasar II.; he was born in 1615, and died in 1674. This was the last of the Moretuses who produced any editions worthy of being mentioned. After him, the privilege of printing religious works chiefly occupied the attentions of the proprietors of the press. Besides the publishing of the Missals and Breviaries, the Moretuses continued, up to 1705, to print the ordinances and placards of the town of Antwerp; and being rich already,

they did not undertake, beyond these two kinds of lucrative work, a single task which might have caused annoyance or exposed them to run pecuniary risks. When, in 1662, Balthasar Moretus II. made the inventory of his possessions, he ascertained with satisfaction that his fortune already amounted to 341,000 florins, or about two millions of francs.

"Balthasar II. was succeeded by his son Balthasar III., born in 1646, who died in 1696. He was created a nobleman by the King of Spain, in 1692, and obtained the privilege of exercising the trade of printer without derogation to the nobility.

"Balthasar III. was succeeded by his son, Balthasar IV., born 1679, who died in 1730; his younger brother, John James Moretus (1690-1757), managed the printing office after him. His eldest son, Francis John (1717-1768), succeeded to his father, and had a large building constructed (1761-1763), fronting the Vrijdagmarkt (Friday market), in place of the small houses, which up to that time had stood before the ancient printing-office. His wife, Mary Theresa Josephine Borrekens, managed the business up to the day of her death, the 5th of May, 1797. Their four sons,



THE PRINTING OFFICE



THE FOUNDRY

James Paul Joseph (1756-1808), Lewis Francis Xavier (1758-1820), Francis Joseph Thomas (1760-1814), and Joseph Hyacinth (1762-1810), managed it together after the death of their mother. In 1820, Albert Francis Hyacinth Frederick (1795-1865), son of Joseph Hyacinth, succeeded to the last survivor of the three uncles. His younger brother, Edward John Hyacinth (1804-1880), who succeeded to him, sold the printing office, with the buildings belonging thereto, the material, and the art collections, to the town of Antwerp in 1876.

"The last Plantin printing dated is of 1866; nevertheless, the Moretuses continued working up to 1867. The last patent paid by them as typographers dates from 1871."

With our nineteenth century job-work, jerry-building, and spurious manufactures, one derives a good deal of pleasure from the contemplation of mediæval handicrafts. There is something fascinating about the completeness of an establishment like the Plantin Press.

Within a single building the wealthy tradesman lives as befits his position, and carries on his business in a manner to maintain his reputation. Above all, he is "thorough" in everything. His

craft is printing. He engages the cleverest designers from Paris, and places at their disposal workmen to make steel dies from the artists' drawings. These moulds are handed on to a smith and his assistants in an adjoining chamber, whose duty it is to take casts from these dies, and then see that they are carefully stored for future use. The finished type is taken from the foundry, and given over to the men in charge of the store-rooms, who, in their turn supply the compositors with new or different type, as they may require. These set up the MS. as it is given them, and fix it in the formes. The workmen in charge of the machines take an impression, which is submitted to the readers, and, when passed by them, the printing is proceeded with. The dry sheets are handed over to another department to be bound, and are then consigned to the charge of the librarian, who, again, has to cope with the demands of the shopmen. The latter, when accosted by a customer, have to see that the volume asked for has not just been vetoed by law; or if it is a novel, must refer and see what is the fixed Government charge for the book. The transaction duly finished, the money is passed on to the counting-house, and so on and so on.

Some Northern Health Resorts:

ROUND HARROGATE, ILKLEY, AND BEN RHYDDING

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR HALLAM. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

BRITISH inland health resorts are regarded by many as dull, uncongenial places, in comparison with Homburg, Baden, Aix Le Bains, and other continental spas; yet how often is it the lack of appreciative faculty, or the air of importance one can assume on returning from "a trip on the Continent," which renders a good many Englishmen incapable of enjoying a holiday in their own land? Leamington, Cheltenham, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells have lost much of their early significance since the introduction of continental tours, reduced fares and special travelling facilities; still, it is interesting to know that England is not entirely devoid of popularity in this respect, for in Harrogate, Ilkley, and Ben Rhydding, chiefly the former, not only our own countrymen but many Europeans find elements productive of considerable benefit to their health, and a reasonable amount of harmless enjoyment. Harrogate, in fact, seems to be superseding all the old English watering places, its interminable supply of mineral aperients having been mainly instrumental in establishing its ascendancy over several of its historic predecessors.

Popular, however, as it is to-day amongst those whose keen desire for perfect health has induced them to give it a trial, and who, in consequence, are now in the habit of paying the town periodical visits, there are numberless people still unacquainted with its virtues,

who, the moment they are run down in health, fly with great haste to the Continent, simply to secure that which they could have obtained at home. It is to this class of patrons that our northern health resorts more particularly appeal, and as the number of their visitors gradually increases year by year, it is evident that their reputation is becoming more generally known.

From Easter to the beginning of October Harrogate affords most excellent scope to the student of expression, the close observer of individuality, or to any one devoted to the study of life from the fashionable, artistic, and worldly aspects. The best time for the caricaturist is in the early morning, when visitors of high rank and various nationalities may be seen partaking of the mineral waters upon which the fame of Harrogate principally rests. Although in the district there are no less than eighty known springs, all differing in strength and quality, there are few which can be said to possess an agreeable flavour; and, strange as it may seem, the one in greatest demand and the most effective in operation, is the one most difficult to relish. This is the sulphur water, and the famous old Pump Room from which it is dispensed is, from 7 a.m. until midday, the rallying ground of all the fashion, beauty, wit, real invalidism and imaginary invalidism of the town. It is often extremely amusing to notice the impression made upon the newcomer by this extraordinary aperient, as

can well be imagined from the precise description of it given in the following verse :—

Of rotten eggs, brimstone and salts, make a hash,
And 'twill form something like this delectable mash,
Nothing else in this world, I will wager a pasty,
So good in effect, ever tasted so nasty.

The true method is to blend the consumption of these medicinal waters with a course of walking. And here comes in one of the great advantages of what is known as the "Stray," a common

land five hundred feet above the level of the sea, it stands midway between the German Ocean and the Irish Channel, its air having the invigorating freshness of both. Within a few minutes' walk of the Pump Room you may trudge through heather-clad moorland, overlooking an illimitable stretch of fairest England, or you may ride, drive, cycle, or fish, play bowls, lawn tennis, golf, cricket, and lacrosse, or indulge in the many other forms of pastime for which innumerable facilities are given. What with the waters, the baths, the bracing



OLD SULPHUR WELL, HARROGATE

some two hundred acres in extent, round which the principal residences are built. Over the greensward of this old-time forest-land every one has a right to walk or ride, and as it is throughout either level or only gently undulating, it is well adapted to the strolling of invalids and water drinkers in general. Many, however, prefer to wander in the Valley Gardens or the ornamental grounds of the Royal Spa, where they can daily listen to the music of the Corporation, Volunteer, or Temperance bands.

But Harrogate is a place for the hale as well as the sick. Perched on table-

air, the walks, the excursions, the entertainments, the bands, and the many and varied attractions of the town generally, the visitor must be very "down" indeed if he cannot contrive to pick up both health and enjoyment at Harrogate.

The four-in-hand coach is a vehicle much favoured by visitors to the town, for by it excursions can be made to the many romantic and picturesque places of interest in the surrounding districts. Fountains Abbey, Brimham Rocks, Pateley Bridge, Nidderdale, Harewood, Ribston Park, and all the other charming adjuncts of Harrogate are regularly



SURPRISE VIEW, FOUNTAINS ABBEY

visited in the season by this form of public conveyance, the drive to Fountains being, perhaps, the most popular. On the way thither the tourist may enjoy the satisfaction of becoming acquainted with Lord Ripon's beautiful park and pleasure grounds of Studley Royal, which lie distant from Harrogate some fourteen miles; while he is also afforded an opportunity of inspecting the picturesque ruins of the famous Abbey of Fountains, which are said to comprise the noblest ecclesiastical remnant in the kingdom.

Of course, visitors to Harrogate rarely omit going to Knaresborough, the most romantic of English market towns. It is only three miles distant by road, and its great antiquity, which proved so fascinating to the genius of Turner, as expressed in the great master's drawing of the old Rhine-like town, is of a character extremely diversifying. As you approach this once famous Roman fortress you gradually become more and more sensible of the quaint originality which it has somehow managed to retain. Indeed, from a first acquaintance it would seem that the town was totally unconscious of the revolutionary pro-

gress and improvement going on around it, so stately and unimpaired do its ancient thoroughfares and buildings remain. Apart from the Castle, now a mass of crumbling ruins, Knaresborough possesses a host of exceptionally curious objects. The first in importance is the Dropping Well, the most remarkable spring known in Great Britain. Situated in what is known as the Long Walk, and close to a part of the river's course where the intermixed charms of rock, wood, and water, combine to render the scene one of great beauty, the tourist may, whilst wending his way to this noted spring, enjoy that sequestration and repose which, according to local tradition, proved so fascinating to that celebrated Yorkshire sibyl, Mother Shipton. The water rises a short distance above a picturesque limestone cliff, over the further extremity of which it trickles, and its extraordinary power of petrification or encrustation is amply illustrated by the fact that such articles as gloves, sponges, hats, birds' nests, stockings, or small animals and birds will, after a few months' immersion, become masses of corrugated stone. Suspended in front of the rock are to be

seen articles similar to the above in course of petrification, while specimens are always obtainable at the museum adjoining the well.

Mother Shipton is reported to have been born near the Dropping Well in July, 1488, and here is still shown the cave in which she is said to have worked her charms, composed her rhymes, divined her mysterious prophecies, and told credulous folk their fortunes.

To those interested in quaint old architecture Knaresborough should have many charms, for here are still existent several specimens of what may be regarded as

same as that of the cavern dwellers of Israel in the time of Moses and Joshua.

Should you chance to come across one of the old inhabitants of Knaresborough you have only to mention these dwellings to hear a number of reminiscences of St. Robert, the hermit, whose memory is strongly preserved in the neighbourhood by means of the priory, chapels and cave associated with his name. St. Robert's cave faces the river in close proximity to the rock shelters just described, and is approached by a flight of narrow steps leading down from the pathway above. It is famous not only on account of its



KNARESBOROUGH

the first permanent dwellings of the primitive inhabitants of these islands. And how strange it seems at this day to find these ancient tenements still inhabited as they were two thousand or more years ago! Perched like eagles' nests on mere ledges of the great hillsides, and hewn out of the solid rock, these dwellings consist, as a rule, of merely two small apartments, the largest one being about ten feet square; and it is astonishing to find that in them the occupants still carry on spinning and weaving on a principle pretty much the

association with St. Robert, but also because of its connection with the murder by, and execution of, Eugene Aram, a tragedy immortalised by Lord Lytton in his masterly work on the subject, and by Tom Hood in one of his well-known poems. Almost in front of the cave are the remains of a small chapel hollowed from the solid rock, in which St. Robert bestowed his holy benedictions and fervent preaching upon peasants attracted to his cell by the simplicity of his life and the fame of his piety. The roof and altar of the chapel are beautifully adorned

with Gothic ornaments, while on one side of the entrance, under the shade of spreading ivy, is carved in stone the rude figure of a Knight Templar in the act of drawing his sword, symbolical, no doubt, of the defence of the Christian Church from the hands of the Infidel.

Knaresborough, too, is the happy possessor of what is believed to be the oldest chemist's shop in England. It is a conspicuous building on the east side of the Market Place, and to all appearances its massive oak framework remains as sound as at the time of its erection centuries long past. The cellar of the shop is of very dungeon-like aspect, being a single-arched vault possessing neither shelves nor tables and but one small recess in the wall where a lamp or candle might be placed. It is, in fact, believed that the greater part of the buildings in

the Market Place were at one time used as dungeons in connection with the Castle. Preserved on the premises are several interesting relics of early occupants, including some curious old shop bottles and mortars, as well as quaint "Pharmacopœias," "Dispensatories," "Herbals," and other books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are also in existence several deeds and documents relating to the property which date back to the year 1720.

With a holiday in modern Harrogate can therefore be blended many interesting tours amongst the ruins and relics of past ages, all of which have from time to time served to induce antiquaries and historians to adopt this northern health resort as their temporary place of abode. But to real admirers of Nature, who love to wander on moorland and by stream, to



DROPPING WELL, KNARESBOROUGH

pass a healthy, peaceful and pleasant holiday away from the tyranny of Fashion, and who desire not the waters and baths of the last-mentioned spa; to such as these Ilkley, "the metropolis of hydros," or Ben Rhydding, its neighbour, are far more delightful retreats.

Ilkley, though but a comparatively recent candidate for popular favour as a health resort, carries back its records to the Roman occupation of Britain. It is situated on sandy soil, on the southern slope of the valley of the Wharfe, while above it towers a lofty range of rocky,

and other places when the strong wintry winds from the northern hills are at their height, still there are many who appreciate the cold, invigorating air, and for these the great hydros especially cater by providing a variety of entertainments with which to while away the long, dark evenings. Almost all the hydropathic establishments can boast of large halls for dancing and dramatic purposes, and it is pretty well known that not a few people go there as much for the company and the fun as for the bracing air and charming scenery.



GENERAL VIEW OF ILKLEY FROM THE HILLS

healthy hills, called Rombald's Moor, from which gushes in never-failing force the spring of pure cold water for which the town is famed. It is considered eminently adapted for children of strumous habits, and invalids convalescing from acute and chronic disease, but, be this as it may, it is certainly the place for those who are addicted to good tailor-made tweeds and homespun in preference to satins and silks.

And the attractions of Ilkley are not confined to the summer season only. Although the majority of its visitors prefer the mild climate of Bournemouth

Near to Ilkley lie the famous Bolton Abbey and the picturesque Bolton Woods, which the art and skill of Landseer and the engraver have rendered familiar to many who may never have been in the neighbourhood. Bolton is to the toilers of Leeds, Bradford, and other northern towns what Hampstead Heath is to the Londoner; and a Yorkshireman who admits never having made this excursion is almost comparable to a Cockney acknowledging that he has not seen Hyde Park. For years past Bolton Woods have been regarded by the working classes in the northern and midland

parts of England as one of their favourite picnic grounds, and, certainly, they could not choose a better place, for by the courtesy of the Duke of Devonshire, the Abbey ruins, the grounds, and the extensive woods are placed at the free disposal of all comers.

Ben Rhydding, being only a mile from the centre of Ilkley, is generally recognised as part of that town. It has, however, a station of its own for the convenience of visitors, besides a number of distinctive features. Principal among these are the "Cow and Calf Rocks," which overlook the valley from a stretch of moorland towering in the background.

These rocks are known throughout Yorkshire on account of their grotesque aspect, and it is interesting to read the many names inscribed upon them by visitors during the past fifty years.

Oliver Cromwell, it is said, passed a night in a little cottage near Ben Rhydding station, but so numerous are the reminiscences of doubtful authenticity still afloat anent Cromwell in this part of England that considerable difficulty is experienced in extracting the real facts. Wherever you go you almost always find some one ready to assert that Cromwell or Dick Turpin preceded you.



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THE LAST SKIPPER OF THE "LAPWING"

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR H. HENDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY J. SYDNEY ALDRIDGE

MASTER wanted for a 1,000-ton steamer. Immediate employment offered. Knowledge of China Seas indispensable. No investment necessary. Apply at once, with testimonials, to Messrs. Mavis, Gray and Co., Hong Kong."

The above advertisement used to appear with more or less regularity in the columns of the *China Mail* every three or four months. At first a single insertion appeared sufficient, but as time went on it might sometimes be noticed running for several consecutive numbers. After a while most of the regular Hongkong skippers grew to know to what ship it referred. Still, it must have been constantly answered by outsiders from other ships, or other trades. These, however, can never have retained their command for long, for the advertisement invariably re-appeared after an interval to announce that the "Lapwing" was again without a master. There was no doubt she was a most unpopular ship. Yet it was difficult to ascertain the cause. Most people, if asked, said they could not understand it. A few looked as if they could tell

something if they chose. No one seemed to have any definite knowledge—or if they had they kept it to themselves.

Now I have learnt the reason. Now I understand why the command of that vessel passed from man to man till the phrase, "skipper of the 'Lapwing,'" raised a smile on Hongkong lips. Now I know not only that it is a fact that every captain, save two, left that ship after the first round voyage in her—and of the two exceptions one was washed overboard in a typhoon, and the other committed suicide—but, also, I know the reason why!

Some months ago, Jack Forrester and I ran up against each other most unexpectedly in old Ambrose's Store at Hongkong—a noted gathering-place for officers of the merchant vessels trading to and from the port. We had been friends ever since we were boys, and, consequently, we hailed each other with genuine delight after the years that had elapsed since our last meeting. I was, by this time, first officer of one of the Indian mail boats then running between Hongkong and Calcutta, and he had recently been master of a China coaster

that plied mainly between Shanghai and the southern ports.

When the war broke out between China and Japan his owners promptly sold their vessel at a good price to the Japanese, and he lost his berth. Times were bad, and he had not yet succeeded in getting another ship—so he told me as we sat over our drinks at the rough store table. Then we talked of many things: of the happy days spent as cadets together in the dear old training ship on the Mersey; of apprentice days round the Horn in a 'Frisco wheat ship; of vessels that we had sailed in, and vessels that we had seen from afar; of Board of Trade examinations, and the long, weary struggle up the ladder of a sailor's profession. From that the conversation turned back again to homes in England, and I asked him if he was married.

"No," he answered, with a sudden flush on his bronzed face, "but I am engaged."

"My best congratulations, old fellow"—I was beginning conventionally, when he cut me short with abruptness.

"Her name is Jessie Collier, and she is governess in the family of an English merchant named Price at Shanghai," he said, in rather troubled tones. "And, of course, I think her the sweetest girl on earth, Frank. But in another three months the family are returning to England. Unless I can get a berth before then, and one, moreover, which will enable me to marry her and take her with me, she will have to go back with the Prices. The thought of it is worrying me badly."

Just at that moment, before I could reply, someone, quite by chance, flung down on the table beside us the current copy of the *China Mail*. Jack picked it up carelessly, and there was the advertisement about the "Lapwing" staring him straight in the face. He pounced on it eagerly with a quick exclamation. In five minutes he had departed unceremoniously, leaving me to cut the fatal slip out of the paper and speculate idly on its real meaning. I have that very cutting in my possession still.

Two hours later I met him again in the street. He was radiant with delight. He had gone direct from Ambrose's

Store to the office of Messrs. Mavis, Gray & Co., to apply for the post, and had obtained it on the spot.

It was in vain that I hinted, at first slightly, and then, after a while, more plainly, that he ought not to have been so precipitate. That the ship might not perhaps be a desirable one. That if it was the first-class berth that he declared it to be, it was at least peculiar there should have been such an evident absence of competition for it. Growing more explicit, I warned him that there were curious rumours afloat; that more than one skipper had left the "Lapwing" in the greatest hurry. That none had ever remained, so it was said, more than three months in her, and that although, strangely enough, the same did not apply to the crew, yet the high wages offered by Messrs. Mavis, Gray & Co., to the masters of their desirable 1,000-ton steamer, invariably proved of no use in retaining their services for any lengthy period. It was even whispered that the bad end of her first skipper—he who had committed suicide—had something to do with the aversion felt by his successors for their vessel.

But Jack Forrester scoffed at the idea, and ridiculed my indefinite warnings. He laughingly declared that it would take more than all the ghosts of all the skippers that had ever had her, to prevent his accepting the command of the "Lapwing" on the terms offered by the owners. Never, he averred, had such a stroke of luck turned up so opportunely. Mr. Mavis, the senior partner of the firm, had been so pleased with Jack's testimonials that the latter had ventured to ask him whether, after the first voyage, he might be allowed to take a wife with him. And the tall, courteous old owner, looking gravely at his new captain from under his bushy, grey eyebrows, had replied, after a momentary hesitation, that he thought there would be no objection—provided, of course, he remained in command when the time for the second voyage came.

Which highly significant proviso—as I thought it—Jack treated as merely the ordinary caution of a shipowner's business.

And, forthwith, we went off to have a



"TWO HOURS LATER I MET HIM AGAIN IN THE STREET. HE WAS RADIANT WITH DELIGHT"

look at the steamer. She was lying abreast of the lower part of the town on the far side of the Fairway Channel, engaged in taking on board bunker coal from a large lighter alongside. Consequently, everything was plentifully besprinkled with coal dust. Her two pole masts were grimy in the extreme, and recent brine-whitened patches on her funnel were rapidly assuming a more sooty colour. Her iron decks, in places, were distinctly rusty. But she was not at all a bad ship of her kind. Built on the Tyne about five years earlier, she was a steel boat with triple expansion engines, and many modern improvements. One peculiarity of her construction was that all the berths for the officers and engineers, as well as their mess room and the steward's pantry, were amidships; the skipper's cabin and a tiny saloon being situated aft by themselves. This arrangement seemed to me rather unusual, and I drew Jack's attention to it.

"Oh—that does not matter," he answered promptly, "I always sleep in the chart room under the bridge at sea, so as to be available at once in case of necessity."

"You won't be able to do that aboard this 'ere ship, sir," commented the mate, who was showing his new skipper round. "There ain't no proper chart room so to speak. All the chart room we 'as is a bit of a table and some drawers at the back o' the wheel'ouse." And this fact was speedily confirmed on investigation.

"The cap'n allus 'as to sleep aft," continued the mate, who struck me as wishing to emphasise the fact. "Bit lonesome at times I'm thinkin." And the speaker blinked queerly in the sunlight.

Isaac Smerton, as the mate called himself, was a rough battered looking individual, one of those men who never rise above subordinate rank, but, sturdy and hardworking, are content with the lesser responsibilities of life. A splendid seaman in his uncouth way who had voyaged in almost every corner of the globe—from Mauritius to Honolulu, from Alaska to the Cape—he had, so he told us, come out with the "Lapwing" from England on her maiden trip, and remained in her ever since.

"Aye, she ain't such a bad boat," he opined slowly, "though not the sort o' craft as you'd make a yacht of. A bit too much given to rollin' when she ain't full that's what she is; and contrary-like she pulls strong on 'er 'elm when deep. But she don't seem to suit her skippers, them as lives down aft. Lord! what a 'eap I've 'ad over me. 'Bout full moon 'tis mostly as they gets uneasy too."

"Full moon!" exclaimed Jack in surprise. "Why what has that got to do with it?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure," answered the other shrugging his shoulders and looking his questioner straight between the eyes. "Never did rightly understand it myself. But 'tis a fact for all that. Maybe you'll find out before long sir," he added rather significantly.

"I wonder they have not given you the command," I remarked with some curiosity.

"Wouldn't 'ave it, sir," he replied promptly. "I knows a good berth when I gets it. I'm mate of this 'ere craft and I sleeps 'midships and I'm content like. Mr. Mavis 'e offers me the ship two year ago come next week. 'No thank ye, sir,' I says, 'mate I am and mate I'll stay.' But now I'll just be lookin' after them coolie thieves forrard by your leave, sir."

And, straightway, Mr. Smerton departed in some haste, while from the hubbub that shortly afterwards arose in the bows we judged his presence was not unneeded.

"What does the old fool mean, Jack?" I asked my companion as we went down into the little cabin aft to drink to a prosperous voyage from certain stores abandoned by the last skipper, who had departed—so unkind rumour alleged—without even the formality of getting a discharge.

"I don't know and I don't care," answered the "Lapwing's" new master curtly. Then his honest, sunburnt face flushed slightly as he added:

"I have got to make a home for Jessie in three months' time, you know. So I cannot afford to be too particular. Here is luck to us all three!" he said.

As I put down my glass, after drinking heartily to his toast, I swear that I distinctly heard a low mocking chuckle at

my side. I glanced sharply round the dusty little saloon in astonishment. Of course there was nothing there. I got up and walked to the door. Jack, apparently quite unconscious of it, was overhauling an empty locker. So far as I could see no one was near the companion ladder or by the cabin skylight overhead. Could it have been merely imagination? I suppose it was—and yet?

But my chum speedily cut short my wondering by declaring that he must return ashore to fetch his kit. The ship was to sail almost immediately. And so my visit to his vessel was at an end. And as I went overboard I felt a distinct reluctance to refer to that curious sound. So I didn't.

Both the "Lapwing" and my own ship cleared from Hongkong the same evening. We left just after her, and steaming rapidly seawards, passed her outside the entrance to the harbour. It was my watch, and as I paced the bridge I could see Jack's tall form standing by the binnacle on the other craft. We waved mutual farewells. For my part I thought he was a fool to go. There seemed to me an air of mystery about his ship that puzzled me and which I did not like. But then I had no Jessie Collier to consider. Perhaps, if that had been the case, my point of view would have been different. I have never married yet.

I was back again in Hongkong before many weeks had elapsed, and I enquired at once for the "Lapwing." But she was still away on some round voyage to the Philippines and Java, and there was no news of her. Then I was sent on an intermediate run to Rangoon, and it must have been a good two months later before I found myself opposite Jack Forrester again in a cosy corner of Ambrose's hospitable store. I was just in from Calcutta; he was off next morning for Labuan and the Straits Settlements.

He seemed unusually grave, and at first was very uncommunicative. But after a time he threw himself back in his seat lit a fresh pipe, and told me the whole yarn that follows quietly and thoughtfully. I think it was a relief to him to have some one to talk to about

it whom he could trust. As far as I can remember this is how it ran, more or less in his own words:—

"There is something uncanny, something horrible about that boat of mine, Frank, that baffles me. I never knew what fear was till I joined her, but I think I understand the feeling well enough now. Just about the full moon—as old Smerton hinted in our first interview, do you remember?—the evil things seem to have power to manifest themselves. Evil they certainly must be too! I used to laugh at stories of ghosts and spirits; I do it no longer, I can tell you.

"For some time after leaving Hongkong all went well. Once or twice I thought I heard curious sounds in the cabin for which I could not account; but as I was accustomed to have it all to myself, except when the steward was about at meal times, I put them down to fancy. The night before the moon was full we were steaming through Mindoro Strait on the way to Manila. The heat all day had been fearful, and the tropical evening had brought no respite, it was close and sultry. The sea was smooth save for a slight oily swell from the northward. A few ghostly gleams of phosphorus broke from the 'Lapwing's' bows as she made her way sluggishly against the set of the current. I had been on the bridge till we were safely past Apo reef, which divides the strait in two, and then shortly before eight-bells, midnight, I went aft to get some sleep. A strange feeling of depression had been creeping over me all day and by this time it had become almost insupportable. My cabin, as I dare say you recollect, has two doors, one in the passage and the other into the little saloon. On this occasion I made straight for my bunk without passing through the latter, and I was in the act of turning up the little swinging lamp when a sudden most unexpected noise made me pause in astonishment.

"Next moment it was repeated. A distinct burst of hoarse laughter rang out boisterously from the saloon itself.

"I confess I was startled. Who on earth could be there at this hour of the night. But then it occurred to me that



"AT THE TABLE WERE SEATED THREE STRANGE FORMS"

the steward must be making free with my whisky, and I flung open the door angrily, intent on giving that gentleman a lesson.

"The words died on my lips. *At the table were seated three strange forms.* The lamp was burning brightly, and shed a vivid light on them; every detail is burnt on my memory. One looked like a Chinaman of the lowest description, a sallow, round-faced specimen, with hideous triangular eyes and a degraded cringe in every movement. Opposite was what appeared to be a burly, red-headed man, in a dirty sailor-blue suit, *minus* a collar, smoking a black clay pipe upside down, the ashes from which strewed a long thick beard. This latter Appearance was wild and uncouth in the extreme; I can hardly describe the impression made on me in words. I can only think of it with a shudder.

"The third Shape was a woman's. It was sitting in my armchair at the head of the table, leaning carelessly backwards. It was the dress that struck me as so extraordinary, for every colour there is seemed to be blended in one hideous glare that made my eyes ache to look at it. It, or rather She, was busy sorting a pack of greasy cards, and her face was hidden behind them. Her hands were white and active.

"I never was so completely taken aback in my life. Everything looked solid and substantial, from the sailor's ragged cap on the floor to the black spirit bottles on the table. And yet the faces made me shiver. On all of them—for the woman was gazing straight at me now with piercing black eyes—was stamped the same fierce expression, the same reckless, abandoned look. One felt there was nothing, however wicked,

such people would not dare; no deed however cruel they might not attempt if it suited them.

"My entrance was greeted with a rude shout.

"Here is a partner for you, Nell," cried the man in a rasping voice. "You two can take on Ah Fung and me. Whist, mate, that's the game!" And he motioned me imperiously to a seat opposite the woman.

"I suppose I must have taken it mechanically, for I found myself shuffling the cards like a man in a dream. They certainly seemed real enough. I can almost feel the touch of them still.

"The Shape opposite me gave a horrible little laugh.

"The usual stakes?" demanded its woman's voice, shrilly.

"Aye, that's it," agreed the other; while the Chinaman rocked backwards and forwards, and peered at me with beady eyes. "Look ye here, mister; you think you're master of this ship, I reckon. So did others afore ye. But that is where you are all mistaken. There is only one skipper aboard this craft, and that is Me! And I am going to have my way. This ship—the Thing that was speaking thumped the table furiously till the bottles rang—'has got to be lost—to go to the bottom. Do you understand? May be you have a kind of objection to sinking her. So did some of the others in your shoes; and those are the lucky ones that shifted quietly, I can tell ye. But I'll make a sportsmanlike offer. We'll play for it. The ship's safety shall be the stake; that is a fair game, ain't it? If we wins the rubber, you sinks the ship. If you and Nell there—with a ghastly leer—'beats us, then the old tub floats. See? Play up, Ah Fung, you son of a pig—your lead!"

"And he kicked his partner under the table till the creature screeched with anger.

"We played that awful game those three Shapes and I. I have the reputation of being rather good at whist. But I do not remember in the slightest how it went that night. All I know is that a sudden fiendish yell of triumph warned me that I had lost. And I became

aware of those horrible mocking faces glaring fixedly into mine.

"An indescribable feeling of terror seized me. I sprang to my feet, scattered the cards in all directions, and rushed madly on deck. Their last threatening chorus rang in my ears:

"Lose the ship before We meet you at next full moon, or face Us again if you dare."

"And its discordant echoes haunted me along the quiet decks, up the bridge ladder, and even while I stood beside the mate, looking mechanically into the glowing binnacle at the restless compass card.

"But I am not going to be scared away from the 'Lapwing.' Neither, of course, am I going to lose her if I can help it. Last full moon we were lying in Batavia harbour, and I confess I spent the nights ashore. But during the next one, in about ten days' time, we shall be at sea. Then I will face it out, and tell you the result when we meet again."

I begged him, with the utmost earnestness, not to be so rash. I urged, I argued, I entreated, and at last I cursed his obstinacy. Then only I learnt the reason of his determination.

"Jessie sails with me this voyage, Frank," he said slowly. "She knows all the story, and has made me promise to go and take her with me. We were married two days ago."

I stared at him in silent surprise, and after that I gave up my attempt to dissuade him. Moreover, when, later on, he introduced me to his young wife, I ceased to wonder. There was that in the girl's clear dark eyes, and sweet, rather wistful face, that made me in some degree realise how a man would risk everything for the sake of keeping her with him.

Besides, in this matter she herself was resolute. If such a girl had ever wished me to do anything for her, I should have done it unquestioningly. Alas! none such ever has. And Jessie Forrester had heard her husband's story, and had declared that her place was to face the evil Things at his side, come what might. And she had made Jack, who loved her, reluctantly

acquiesce. Of what use, then, was argument of mine?

They sailed next morning at sunrise, and I watched them go with a dim foreboding, for which I could not account.

One evening, rather more than a week later, my own vessel was steaming rapidly southward towards Singapore. The night was fine, with a light breeze, the sea smooth, and the moon, approaching her full, was bathing everything in a wondrous glory of silver hue. Dinner was over, and the passengers aft were having a dance. It was my watch on deck, and as I paced the upper bridge the waltz music hummed dreamily in my ears. All that day a vague sense of approaching calamity had haunted me, mixed up in some strange fashion with thoughts of the "Lapwing" and her crew. Once that evening I could have sworn I heard Jack's voice calling me. Another time it was as if Jessie's low tones came across the rippling waters in a cry for help. Of course, it was all imagination. The heat in the daytime had been stifling, and I had not been able to get my due share of sleep.

But what was that glare away to the southward? Suddenly, interrupting the music and the laughter on the after deck, a hoarse shout broke from the man on the lookout forward:

"Strange light on the port bow, sir," his voice rang out ominously. Then a minute or two later, "Ship on fire ahead, sir!"

The dancing stopped abruptly. There was a general rush to the side rail. The captain joined me on the bridge, and ordered me to alter the course to bring us close up to the burning vessel. He rang up the engine room to "stand by."

The distance between us lessened rapidly. Soon we were able to distinguish the outline of a steamer lying motionless in the midst of a circle of flame-coloured sea. The fire was bursting out furiously, and mounting upwards till the very sky above was reddened with the glare. As we steamed nearer fresh volumes of flame and smoke could be seen breaking out along her decks, whilst we seemed almost to hear the

fierce crackling of the woodwork and the dull hissing of the flames.

But she appeared to be deserted. There were no signs of life on board.

"Can you make out her name?" said the chief to me, as the sharp "Ting Ting" of the telegraph carried his orders to the engine room to slow down.

I steadied my glass on the canvas wind screen of the bridge, and directed it on the bows of the doomed steamer. Long and earnestly I looked. Then a mist seemed to steal over my eyes as I spelt out the white letters one by one—

"L-A-P-W-I-N-G."

"I shall not go any nearer," said the chief decisively. "Take one of the boats and make sure there is no one on board," he ordered. And the throb of our propeller slowed away and then stopped.

The boat's crew gave way with a will, and we were soon as close to the burning vessel as I dared approach. As it was, the heat of the fire was almost unbearable. We hailed her again and again—no answer. Once indeed my shout seemed to linger curiously, as if it were caught up on board and repeated in derision. But I must have been mistaken. She was low in the water, and from where I stood I could see no living thing on her scorching decks. Her boats had been cleared from the davits and were gone.

I gave the order to return. As the men pulled round we went quite close under the "Lapwing's" stern. Tongues of flame were shooting out all round it and licking hungrily at the unburnt sides. And there, looking out of one of the cabin port holes, I saw a face.

A face such as no honest man should see! A face the likeness of which—please Heaven—I shall never gaze on again! Its weird fiery eyes glared at me with the sinister triumph of evil accomplished at last. A terrible grin played round its white mocking lips. A second only was it there, and then there remained but the darkness of an empty port hole, through which the smoke was creeping.

A deadly fear seized me. I shouted incoherently to the men to row for their lives, and fell back into the sternsheets like a man that is stunned.

From that day to this I have never



"BUT WHAT WAS THAT GLARE AWAY TO THE SOUTHWARD"

seen anyone connected with the illfated "Lapwing." When I reached Calcutta at the conclusion of the voyage, I was transferred on promotion to one of the European going liners. After a while I learnt that the crew of the lost vessel were reported to have taken to their own boats, and to have been picked up by a passing Dutchman previous to our arrival on the scene. From the same source I gathered that the origin of the fire, which was supposed to have commenced in the captain's cabin, was

wrapped in mystery. So far as I know it has never been explained. And though I have made every endeavour to trace my friends the Forresters, as yet my efforts have been in vain.

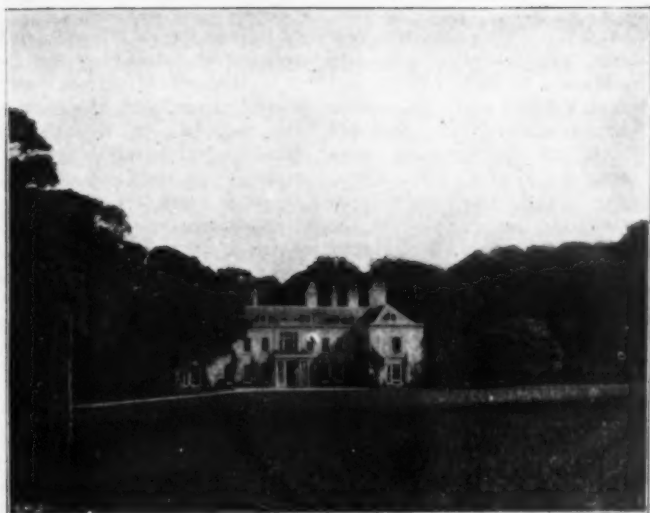
Now I am to go back to the East again to command a fine new steamer in the China Seas. Perhaps before long I shall grasp Jack's sturdy hand as of old and look into his wife's sweet face once more. Perhaps at last I shall hear the conclusion of the strange weird tale.

Who knows?



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COMPTON PLACE

From Photo by R. J. HENNELL

Eastbourne and Its Vicinity

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON." ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
COLONEL MOORE AND R. J. HENNELL



ASTBOURNE is frequently spoken of as a growing place, and its inhabitants, more particularly the money-grabbing portion of them, seem mightily pleased that this erewhile primitive and peaceful seaside resort is yearly becoming more fashionable.

We live in an age of progress, and, alas! progress means the advent of machinery to take the place of more picturesque methods of locomotion and agriculture, the relentless march of the jerry-builder, and the disappearance of ancient landmarks—in a word, the destruction of Arcadia!

"One hundred years ago," I quote from an article which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1897—"Eastbourne was a country village distant more than a mile from the sea-

side, with four little hamlets known respectively as Meads, Prentice Street, South, and Sea houses, whose inhabitants—simple folk—described a journey to Eastbourne proper as going up to town; did not know that their air was purer and richer in ozone than any other place in the United Kingdom, and would as soon have thought of risking their lives, by ascending in a balloon, as of endangering their health by bathing in the sea, or, indeed, in any other water."

And in what is, I believe, the earliest Eastbourne guide-book extant, which was published in 1799, and dedicated to Their Royal Highnesses Prince Edward and the Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia—a work which is now very scarce—we read "This village is small, but snugly situated, being almost surrounded by hills, and is built in form of a cross.

The church is an ancient edifice; the arms of Charles I. being hung up over one of the portals. There are but few good buildings, the principal ones are inhabited by Messrs. Willard, Gibbs, and Augur; the Custom and Parsonage houses, their gardens and pleasure grounds, which are uncommonly pleasant and shady, having fine elms, walnut, chestnut, and other large trees thereon, which, so near the sea, is seldom to be met with. . . . From Meads, which consists of a few scattered houses inhabited by farmers, a pleasant shady lane leads to Lord George Cavendish's house" (Compton Place).

To-day, not only have the four original divisions of Eastbourne become quite obscured by building operations, but two new residential quarters have sprung up, and are rapidly extending themselves, on the one hand towards Willingdon village, and on the other to the Downs. The sea front is nearly two miles in length, and thousands of pleasure-seekers are annually attracted to this healthy watering place, which bids fair to rival Brighton itself, in popularity and in size.

Visitors to Eastbourne are usually delighted with the gardens, the theatre, and the swimming baths, all of which

are named after "the Duke," as His Grace of Devonshire is generally spoken of hereabouts. A band discourses sweet music twice daily on the Parade, while "Mysterious Minstrels," the ubiquitous barrel organ, and the "raucous voice of the Salvationist," add each its quota to the babel of sound which we have learnt to associate with places of amusement—save the mark! in England. And many "intelligent tourists" when they have enjoyed all these things and have driven—by the Duke's drive—to Beachy Head, and have duly made excursions to Pevensey and Hurstmonceux, fondly imagine that they have exhausted the beauties of the neighbourhood, which, perhaps indeed they have, so far as their very limited ambitions and tastes dictate. But there are always the favoured few to whom nature whispers in the ear, and who do not confound fashion with pleasure—for the benefit of these then, let me endeavour to point out some places of interest in the vicinity of Eastbourne, besides mentioning what is best worth seeing in the town itself. And first a morning may well be devoted to the "old town," beginning with St. Mary's church. This, as the early guide-book so naively informs us, "is an ancient edifice," apparently because



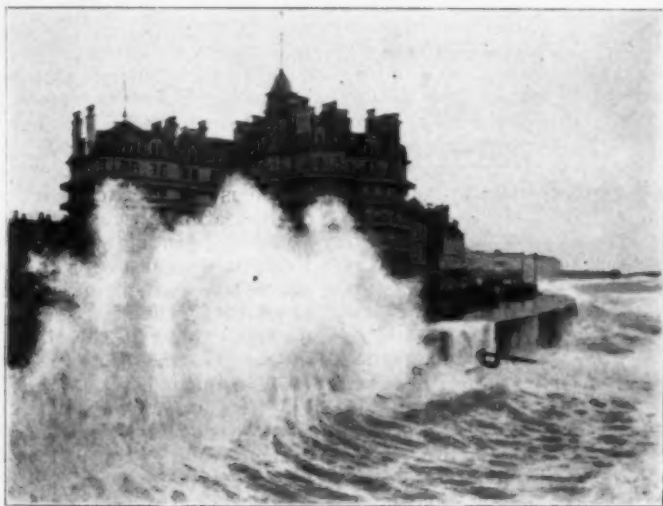
PARSONAGE FARM

From Photo by R. J. HENNELL

"the arms of Charles I. are hung up over one of the portals!" As a matter of fact the chancel is of late Norman or Transitional work, having been built between 1150 and 1160; the nave (with the exception of the westernmost bay) is early English, completed before that style was thoroughly developed. The screen-work, the south door, and some of the windows are late Decorated, while the westernmost bay of nave, the tower, the sacristy, and some of the windows, together with the Easter sepulchre, the sedilia, and the recess over the altar, are Perpendicular. The font, too, is of this date, though Mr. St. John Hope—a

cross. It must be admitted that the tower is squat and ugly, but the venerable structure as a whole, when viewed from a little distance, is decidedly picturesque.

Immediately behind the church is one of those delightful "bits," whose loss the artist and the archaeologist must mourn, spite of the fact that they are being gradually swept away by the ever-encroaching tide of progress. And Parsonage Farm is already doomed to destruction. It is supposed that it was formerly the habitation of a body of Black Friars, but it is now cut up into cottages, and the accompanying photo-



SPLASH POINT, EASTBOURNE

From Photo by COLONEL MOORE

great authority on such matters—is of opinion that it was copied in general form from an earlier Norman one. So that we have here all the Gothic styles represented in one building; indeed, St. Mary's is a very mine of wealth to the architectural student. The upper "molding" of the chancel arch is somewhat unusual, and appears to be of Saracenic character. The nave and chancel are not quite in a straight line, which has a curious effect, and is generally considered as symbolical of the Saviour's head inclined upon the

graph gives a very good idea of its present somewhat dilapidated condition. At the "Lamb Inn" may be seen (by permission of the landlord), a vaulted crypt of early English date, in an admirable state of preservation. In the High Street are still left a few stone doorways which belong to Tudor times, as may be seen by the moldings, which centuries have not quite succeeded in obliterating from the jambs and lintels. Two other Eastbourne churches, beside St. Mary's, are well worth visiting, as they are good

examples of modern ecclesiastical architecture, *i.e.*, St. Saviour's, a fine red-brick structure designed by Street, and "All Souls," built in the Italian style with a detached campanile.

Those who are fortunate enough to see a really high tide at Splash Point in stormy weather, are not likely to forget the grandeur of the immense waves which, rising like a solid wall against the sea walk, soon break into clouds of spray, and, anon, return to the beach, making an angry hissing sound as they drag the pebbles down into a seething cauldron of foam. Though baffled and defeated by the artificial barrier again and again, the waves often break right across the roadway and rush down a side street opposite, where the houses suffer considerable damage from the violence of the waters in "dirty weather." People sometimes dismiss the country round Eastbourne as "uninteresting;" the Downs they say are monotonous, and the Pevensy marshes wind-swept and desolate. And like most such superficial and obvious remarks, this has its substratum of truth. For the Downs can look very monotonous at times, especially in summer, when the white chalk cliffs and the dancing wavelets give back Father Sol's fierce rays in a glare of dazzling quivering light; when the sun-baked turf is brown and slippery as glass, and the curved outlines of the undulating hills is sharply silhouetted against an azure dome. No doubt, also, the "Pemsey Flats" are terribly bleak and cold beneath a sullen sky, and should a belated cyclist happen to be pedalling wearily homewards across this exposed part of the coast in the teeth of a sou'-westerly breeze, he will probably not "enthuse," at that particular moment, on the beauty of the level landscape spread out before him. The way to appreciate the South Downs properly is to ride over them.

"If your horse is well bred, and in blooming condition,

Well up to the country, and up to your weight,
Oh! now give the reins to your youthful ambition,

Sit down in the saddle, and keep his head straight."

Is not this the very poetry of motion?
and what grand views of sky and sea!

What a screaming and circling of sea-gulls! What draughts of invigorating air, as we gain the summit of Beachy Head, and give the gallant steed a "breather." And what a sense of space and freedom? "and *joie de vivre*," as we gallop onwards again over the smooth grass. Is not the pace exhilarating? Tell me *now* that the Downs are monotonous—if you dare!

And that stretch of marsh land between Eastbourne and Pevensy has, in common with all flat country, a peculiar charm of its own. In late spring, when the coarse grass is liberally sprinkled with golden buttercups, and the ditches yield their countless floral treasures to those who will risk a wetting in the search for them, the "flats" are positively fascinating to country-lovers. Yellow flag, flowering rush, feathery sedge grass, and quantities of water lilies are to be found each in its season, and all the year round the habits of our wild birds can well be studied on this lonely tract of land, which is a favourite haunt with many of the feathered tribe.

My space in this journal being limited, I can only speak of some half-dozen of the villages which are within easy distance of Eastbourne, and which should on no account be missed by a pilgrim in search of the beautiful who happens to be in this neighbourhood.

Alfriston (Alfrics' tun) is a typical South Down village, and it would be difficult to find throughout the length and breadth of England, a quainter or more interesting little place. Its fine cruciform church, which is dedicated to St. Andrew, is known as the Cathedral of the South Downs. An ancient hostelry "The Star," dates from the 16th century, and is said to have been frequented by pilgrims travelling to and from the shrine of St. Richard, at Chichester. There is a perhaps unique specimen of a pre-reformation Clergy house at Alfriston, and "its market cross still stands to mark the spot where Saxon ceorles sold their surplus produce." The artist will find plenty to detain him in this remote village, which has but slightly changed in appearance during the last three hundred years!

Wilmington boasts a venerable church, whose Norman walls are sheltered by an

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GATEWAY, WILMINGTON PRIORY

From Photo by R. J. HENNELL

immense yew-tree, which is probably eight hundred years old. Close to the church is a Priory, which dates from the 11th century; it is now used as a farmhouse, and there are but few remains of the original structure. The two towers, which form externally the most striking feature of the building, are considered to be of the time of Henry VI. But church and Priory and ancient yew are alike modern, as compared with the Wilmington Giant, whose grim presence dominates the peaceful village—a relic of a hard and perhaps hideous past. The “Long Man,” as he is locally called, is rudely cut in the turf of the hillside. In each hand he holds a staff, or, according to Mr. W. Burrell, a rake and a hoe, respectively. The outline having in the course of time become almost obliterated, the figure was re-marked with white bricks in 1873. It has been thought that the giant belongs to the time when human sacrifices were not infrequent. The Druids were wont to inclose men, women, children and animals in wicker cages (which were made in the form of men), and then the miserable victims were burnt, to appease the wrath of a terrible deity. These cages have gene-

rally been described as standing upright, but possibly they were enclosures on the ground, and should this latter theory be correct, then no doubt the “Long Man” of Wilmington was once the scene of unspeakable horrors connected with the cruellest of creeds.

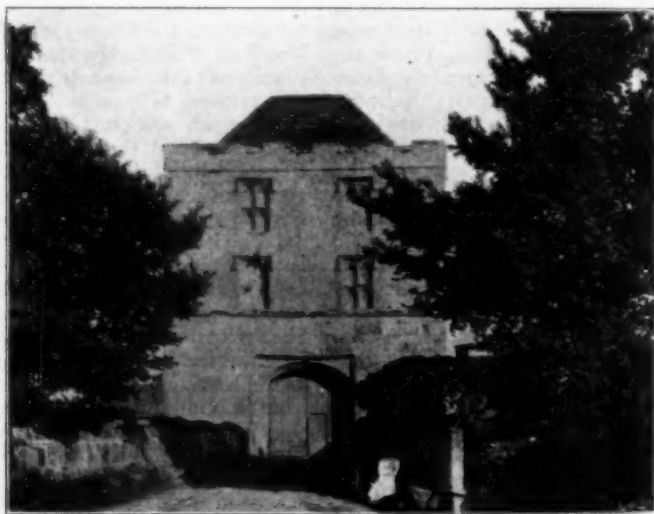
Mayfield, which Coventry Patmore describes as “the sweetest village in Sussex,” should be visited by rail from Eastbourne. The curfew-bell still rings here at 8 p.m. from Michaelmas to Lady-Day. In the church, which is dedicated to St. Dunstan, may be seen some of the cast-iron monumental slabs which were common in Sussex at a time when its chief industry was the smelting of iron. Beyond the church is a Roman Catholic Nunnery and girls’ school, which occupies the site of Mayfield Palace, where the Archbishops of Canterbury are said to have had a country residence from the days of St. Dunstan till Cranmer exchanged it with King Henry VIII. for other estates. No part of the existing building dates beyond the 14th century. The Palace had fallen into a most dilapidated condition when, in 1863, the Duchess of Leeds purchased and restored it. The

work was carried out by Pugin in a manner which is beyond all praise. Wherever possible, the old material has been incorporated with the new—as, for example, in the chapel, where the Decorated arches which support the roof and some of the window tracery are original. A well-preserved and extremely beautiful specimen of a half-timbered house is to be seen in the village street; it bears date 1575, and is now the residence of Mrs. Tylor. The furniture has been tastefully chosen to harmonise with the oak-panelling and the latticed windows, and “Middle House,” as it is called, is an ideal country house, of which anyone might be proud—or envious! Four persons were burnt at Mayfield during the Marian persecutions, 1556, “joyfully yielding their lives for the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.” Hellingly, Chiddingly and Laughton can be visited in the same afternoon by an energetic cyclist. Laughton was formerly the residence of the Pelhams, whose badge, a buckle, may frequently be seen carved on churches and other buildings in this county.

From Hailsham, a country town of no particular interest, a pleasant walk will bring the tourist to Michelham Priory, a charmingly picturesque group of buildings now occupied by a farmer. The gateway is shown in the accompanying photograph; this is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of the place, but some early English carving at the back of the house must not escape notice. People are not, as a rule, allowed to go over the farmhouse, but such a treat is eagerly sought for, and occasionally enjoyed.

Hurstmonceux Castle may be visited from Hailsham station; this place is too well-known to need description here, but I may mention that a small factory of Sussex trug baskets in this village will repay a visit—being as it is a revival of a very ancient industry.

That this article—necessarily suggestive rather than exhaustive—may be the means of giving to some kindred spirit the same amount of pleasure in the rambles round Eastbourne that they have afforded to her is the writer's sincere wish.



GATEWAY, MITCHELHAM PRIORY

From Photo by R. J. HENNELL

"WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS—"



WRITTEN BY E. T. COLLIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY
SPENCER BLYTH

YOUR purse, 'sir, or I shall fire!"

Mr. Tumbledownditty turned himself round. He was on Clapham Common. It was night, and the weather was misty. Before him stood the figure of a man in a slouched cap, a long Inverness cape, and a menacing attitude. He was holding a pistol levelled at the head of Mr. Tumbledownditty.

"Are you a madman?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. T., painfully recollecting he had cashed his household cheque that afternoon and had the money in his pocket.

"I am mad with want," answered the threatening stranger. "If I don't rob you I shall commit suicide. One crime is as good as another, so I may as well commit murder, unless," added he considerably, "you mean to give up your purse."

Mr. T. thought suicide was more commendable than murder, as only one person was concerned in the issue.

"Now, then," urged the stranger, "hurry up with that purse!"

"But, my dear friend," began Mr. T., in a tone of remonstrance—

"A moment ago you took me for a madman," surlily interrupted the robber.

"Well—er—you—er—know," stammered Tumbledownditty.

"Stick to the mad theory, please, for, when I've blown your brains out, I shall have a witness in my conscience that I did it while suffering from temporary aberration of intellect."

Mr. Tumbledownditty ceased to argue—he pulled out his purse and reluctantly surrendered it.

"Thanks," exclaimed the stranger, eagerly grabbing his booty. "Pretty full," he murmured, fingering its bulky sides approvingly. "And now, sir," he con-

tinued, still levelling his pistol, "I must trouble you to move on. Take my tip, do as I tell you, and—move on! Are you ready? Yes? Well, right turn—right-about-face—eyes straight. Now, sir—eyes straight—march—forward! Eyes straight—pistol in the rear—march—forward!" And Mr. Tumbledownditty marched forward, his eyes straight and his hair erect, until he felt certain he was beyond the range of that much-dreaded firearm.

* * * *

Late on a certain night, in a lonely room, a man sat at a table rifling a stolen purse. Twenty-five glittering sovereigns were spread out before him; but he still pressed and squeezed the purse as if he half suspected a bank-note might be concealed in its lining. At length, seeming



"HE STARTED A TERRIFIC HORNSPIPE"

satisfied it was quite empty, and realising such an article would be evidence against him if by chance he was arrested, he turned to the fire and held it up for a throw into the flames. As he did so, a slip of paper fell out, flitted through the air, and dropped inside the fender.

"What's this?" cried the man, picking up the slip, which turned out to be a cutting from a newspaper. "Rather smeared, isn't it?" he queried, as he wheeled round to the candle and endeavoured to decipher the print. After some delay, and a few muttered curses, he began to read slowly, word for word, in an undertone, growing quite excited as he proceeded, until, all at once, he sprang to his feet and gave a wild exultant shout. The next instant he shook off his boots and started a terrific hornpipe, nor ended before exhaustion set in, and he dropped heavily into his chair. And the cause of this erratic display was the slip of paper which had flitted on to the hearth. Again, taking this in his hand, the man slowly read as follows:—

"If a person going by the name of Richard Carson, and grandson to the late Benjamin Carson, of Birmingham, will call upon John Bumpus, of 40, George Street, E.C., Solicitor, he will learn something to his advantage."

The stranger, who once more had danced violently and then fallen limply into his chair, and was none other than Mr. Tumbledownditty's assailant on Clapham Common, now took up the slip for the third time and scanned it critically. Then he burst into an uproarious laugh. "Learn something to his advantage," he gurgled, holding the print at arm's length. "Had I read this a few days from now—a few days after my little flutter on Clapham Common—I should have thought it smelt rather fishy. As it is——"

* * * *

It was quite by accident that Mr. Bumpus put in an

appearance at George Street on Saturday morning. As with many others, he treated it as an off-day, and loved it accordingly. He had hustled through his correspondence, and was on the point of leaving, when his clerk entered and said that a stranger, who refused his name, wished urgently to see him.

"Thomas!" exclaimed Bumpus, reproachfully, "you know my train will not wait while I see this man."

"I know, sir," said the clerk, "and I tried to put him off; but he was so persistent that—"

"Oh, well, let him come in," grumbled the solicitor, reseating himself, and preparing to snub the visitor into shortening the conference.

When the new client—as Mr. Bumpus hoped he might turn out to be—entered, the shrewd lawyer beheld a handsome man of good height and easy manners, who threw himself comfortably into a chair and beamed benevolently on the solicitor.

"I reserved my name, as I thought the mere mention of it would sufficiently explain my business," remarked the stranger, and then he paused.

This vague introductory was enough to send Mr. Bumpus in full retreat behind his spectacles. Thus entrenched, he regarded the new-comer with increasing curiosity.

"There is much virtue in a certificate of birth, is there not?" inquired the stranger, unfolding a paper he had taken from his pocket.

The solicitor conceived there was nothing more convincing, and he said so.

"Then I hand this document to you instead of presenting my card."

Whenever Mr. Bumpus was really astonished he always shot up his eyebrows; and in this instance his emotion was so profound that his eyebrows nearly fled into the roots of his hair.

"Are you Richard Carson?" he asked, at length, his eyebrows having, after repeated efforts, resumed their normal position.

"I am, and can prove it up to—er—my eyebrows."

"Well," said Bumpus, recapturing his own before they had had time to vanish, "you are a lucky man, for a large portion

of your grandfather's estate, to which you are now entitled, was not discovered at the time of his death; and the accumulations amount to—er—well—what do you think?"

"Oh," answered Carson, as cool as a cucumber, "I should say about as much again as half."

"A safe guess," smiled the solicitor. "They amount to fifty thousand pounds."

"And if my grandfather's lawyers had managed to find out this property at the right time, I should not be obtaining this pretty fortune?"

"Quite right—and what have you to say to it?"

"Well, for once, I can bless the lawyers."

Bumpus made a wry face, and murmured a little jest about ingratitude. Then both parties grew confidential, chatty, and cordial. The lawyer invaded a tin box, and took therefrom a vast bundle of papers, dating back endlessly. Next, he broke into his safe and purloined deeds and other muniments of title, which he displayed and expatiated upon with much professional satisfaction.

"And now we must lunch together," exclaimed Bumpus. "Excuse my washing my hands," he added apologetically, as he discarded his coat and hustled up to his mahogany washstand. "How is it I did not hear from you before?" he cried, as his face disappeared into a lovely lather formed by his hands. "I have been"—vigorously rinsing and interjecting a word between each dive into the basin—"advertising—for you—for—years—and—er—;" but here Mr. Bumpus was wrapped in silence in the folds of his towel.

"Oh," answered Carson, gulping down the truth and making a comical grimace, which Mr. Bumpus, emerging suddenly from his towel, nearly detected, "I don't often read columns of advertisements; but an old newspaper I had by me seemed, one night, to have a sort of fascination for me in this respect, and turning it over page by page, and reading almost every word, I came across your advertisement."

"How very singular," mused Bumpus, not realising that this statement was an invention suitable to the genius of a lawyer.

Then the solicitor carefully brushed his hair, not omitting his eyebrows, and flitted from the room to dictate a long letter to his clerk. Coming back, he found his client in a reverie.

"Shall we be going?" said the lawyer, putting on his hat.

"Right turn—right-about-face—eyes straight—march—forward—eyes straight!"

Mr. Bumpus seemed loth to obey these remarkable directions, and began speculating whether good fortune had not turned his client's brain.

"Upon my soul," cried Carson, laughing and blushing, "my mind was reverting to a curious circumstance that happened when I was a volunteer. I always forget myself when I think of it. As we go along I will tell you the story."

And Mr. Carson did!

* * * *

Mr. Tumbledownditty still recollected his extraordinary adventure on Clapham Common. On the night it happened he went home with his hat crushed, his coat torn, and several buttons wrenched off. Further, he bore visible signs of having tumbled down bodily into the mud. He described and reiterated to his alarmed family the desperate and single-handed struggle he had gone through with a pair of armed and determined robbers. Pointing to his hat, he assured the wife of his bosom that the butt-end of a revolver had driven in the crown; and, as his little darlings walked round and examined his clothes, he explained how, attacked in front and behind, his coat was dragged nearly off his back, and then, fiercely wrestling with his foes, he rolled into the mire, but finally beat off and vanquished his assailants.

Weeks passed, and Mr. Tumbledownditty was in the full swing of prosperity. He was a merchant in the City, and thrived with a vigour and persistency which defied competition. He had customers all over the world, and when one or the other from the United States came to England, he never failed to pay a visit to our hero. About this time a Yankee of consideration was sojourning in London, a wealthy and worthy man, who did not esteem it beneath his

dignity to love good wine and good stories. He was an old friend of Mr. Tumbledownditty, and the latter determined to regale him with the best of fare and the freshest of stories.

"Yes, indeed," cried Mr. Tumbledownditty, with immense animation, "it was miraculous how I escaped with a whole skin, and why one of those revolvers did not go off is a mystery. I expected death every moment, but I refused to surrender. They got nothing out of me, nothing at all—except the buttons of my coat. Why, I'll show you the very hat and coat I was wearing at the time!" And Mr. T., who was recounting his perilous adventure on Clapham Common, brought in and proudly exhibited his crushed chimney-pot and mutilated frock.

"Ah, Tumbledownditty," said his friend, "had I been in your place, I should have given the ruffians everything I had, and then, with a right-about-face, I'd have walked comfortably off."

"An Englishman, you know, is naturally pugnacious, and —"

"Yes, but against two unscrupulous blackguards and a brace of revolvers —"

Mr. T. blushed, and said something softly about the honour of England.

"It was magnificent, my dear T., but it was not—well, it was rash."

A thundering knock was at this instant heard at the street door, and soon afterwards a servant entered bearing a letter which she handed to her master. "The messenger said he wanted no answer," remarked the maid. Mr. T., with his guest's permission, opened the envelope, and perused the following epistle:—

"To Thomas Tumbledownditty, Esq.

"Sir,—I beg to return you here—
"with the £25 which you were kind
"enough to hand to me on Clapham
"Common, during a misty night in
"November last. I also enclose a
"further £25 as bonus for your very
"generous loan. Your charity and
"good nature will ever be gratefully
"remembered by

"Yours faithfully,
"R.C."

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Mr. Tumbledownditty did not explain to his worthy and wealthy friend from the States the sudden and peculiar changes which immediately overwhelmed and clouded his face. He was somewhat pensive and restrained for the rest of the evening. As well must it be confessed that he never disclosed to any one the source whence he derived a particular sum of £50, which was in no way connected with the affairs of his business.

"Let us congratulate you upon the success of your case," cried honest Mr. Bumpus, as he heartily shook Richard Carson by the hand.

"Thanks—many thanks. I shall always remember my good fortune is due to the confounded carelessness of my grandfather's lawyers."

"Well, well," remarked Bumpus, chuckling and rubbing his hands, "I don't think a present-day lawyer would have given you the chance to remember him so kindly."

Mr. Carson smiled grimly and patted his solicitor on the shoulder.

"And what are you going to do now?" inquired Bumpus, "if it is not a rude question."

"Travel abroad for a few years, spend my income moderately, and accumulate experience."

"And experience makes money," sagely intimated the lawyer.

"In your business, decidedly."

"Then let my experience warn you never to omit in future to read advertisements in newspapers."

"Ah," remarked Carson with a start, "right turn—right-about-face—march—forward—eyes straight!"

Mr. Tumbledownditty was five years older, and times had changed from a flourishing to a depressed condition. Trade was stagnant and money was scarce. Commercial courage was flagging, and the City full of evil omens.

Miss Tumbledownditty was the only daughter of our hero. She was handsome and accomplished, and the pet and comfort of her father, who, now a widower, was a little alone in the world,

his sons having gone abroad—to Africa, Malta, and Australia—to try their fortunes in new lands and cities.

"Papa," said his daughter to him, one day, "are you really in such difficulties in the City?"

"Yes, my darling, and bankruptcy will be my death."

"Oh, papa, papa, don't talk like that! It has not been your fault. How could you tell that the great house of Bel-daring would close their doors to their creditors? They have ruined you—you did not even speculate."

"Quite true, and that is where the cruelty comes in."

"Well, let us be brave and face it out. I'll never marry while you remain poor."

"Then, my dear child, you'll remain single till I die; for once a man of my years falls, it is seldom open to him to rise again."

"I feel sure there is still a chance. You may not be obliged to be bankrupt. Some piece of good fortune may step in to prevent it."

As Mr. Tumbledownditty wended his way up Fenchurch Street, he pondered deeply his daughter's words. He wondered what accident really could happen to avert the intervention in his affairs of the Official Receiver.

That morning a Mr. Drybones called on him—a financier and company promoter, an adventurer, indeed, in all the exploits of speculation. He had exhibited unusual regard for Mr. T. of late, and had more than once hinted there was a way out of his difficulties.

"Yes, you might escape from the financial disaster, Tumbledownditty; but, of course, it rests with yourself."

"How can that be? Would I not do anything in my power to avoid the shame? It is the humiliation, far more than loss of income, that makes my heart ache."

"Well, you see," said Drybones, who was elderly and ugly, but exceedingly vain, "I am a very wealthy man, and could settle one hundred thousand pounds on the woman who would be my wife. Now, I've been thinking that I should like to marry a woman who would be a credit to a fine mansion in the West End, who would attract

society, and—er—I—well—really—I've for some time past been considering whether your daughter——"

"My daughter is not for sale!" shouted Tumbledownditty.

"I would pay all your debts—twenty shillings in the pound—mind you—and I'd settle the sum I've named on her—in her own right—mind you—and I'd find you capital to set up again—mind you—and——"

"My daughter is not for sale, I tell you!"

Mr. D. and Mr. T. had a terrible fall

"What do you mean?" cried the discounter, growing pale.

"He will be in the Bankruptcy Court before the month is out."

"Will be where?" cried the other, in amazement.

"Where I've said," snarled Drybones.

"Then why do you want to buy his acceptances?"

"Because I want to ruin him—that's all. I may as well be frank."

"Then I'm not disposed to further that want."



"MY DAUGHTER IS NOT FOR SALE!"

out, and Mr. D. made up his mind to ruin Mr. T.

* * * *

"I will buy all those bills which are accepted by Tumbledownditty at fifteen shillings in the pound," sniggered Drybones to a bill discounter.

"Why should I part with them? Is not Tumbledownditty solvent?"

"Yes, for a shilling in the pound," grinned Drybones.

"You're not, eh? Then lose every penny! I'm still a creditor of his for a good sum; but I wanted your bills to enable me to control the proceedings, after I have made him bankrupt. Good morning."

"Stop a minute," cried the bill discounter. "Of course, if—er—if—of course—you are determined—why—er——"

The acceptances were sold, and Drybones commenced to squeeze Tumble-

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downditty. "I've got these bills of yours, and I can ruin you!" he roared, as he flourished the documents in the unhappy debtor's face. "Give me your daughter, or I'll—" and he turned yellow and looked awful.

"Never! Do your worst!" shouted the insulted and enraged father. "Get out of my office, or I'll kick you out!"

* * * *

"My dear," said Tumbledownditty to his daughter, "your aunt wishes you to pay her a visit. She is in Wales now—stopping at a boarding establishment. The old lady has always been fond of you, and—"

"But, papa, I want to remain here with you."

"Tut, tut, my love, you must not neglect your aunt for me. She is very old, and only has a small annuity, and so nobody can say we are kind to her because of any expectations we may foster."

"Of course, papa, nobody could say so; and besides, when you were rich, you always sent her plenty of good things."

"Exactly, my dear, and that is also a reason why you should go. You can let her understand, gently and by degrees, the real state of my affairs, and that in the future—" Mr. Tumbledownditty paused, having showed signs of huskiness.

In the end, Miss Tumbledownditty allowed herself to be persuaded to follow the wish of her father. She had considered her first duty was to remain with and soothe him in his troubles, but he overrode her scruples, and she left London for Wales accordingly.

"Ah, my dear," said Aunt Rachel, after she and Agnes, this being her niece's name, had been together for a week, "your papa was always very kind to me, and I don't think Providence will forsake him. Something, my dear, you may be sure, will turn up to succour him. He has had his trials—the loss of your mother and his youngest children, although the last, perhaps, was a blessing in disguise. The pony-chaise is ready, Agnes, so let us be going for our drive."

* * * *

A rather handsome man, of vigorous frame, and dressed in a tourist's suit, was travelling on foot at a brisk pace across country, not many miles from the boarding-house occupied by Aunt Rachel. He arrived at a point in his journey where occurred two pronglike divergences of the road he was following, and there was no sign-post to solve the doubts which now arose. His perplexity was assuming an acute aspect, for he was beginning to swear, when a pony-chaise with two ladies drove up. The rather handsome man lifted his cap and politely inquired for enlightenment, which, indeed, was easily conveyed, as the stranger was in search of the very boarding-house just mentioned. Then, by a strange coincidence, the parties promptly became acquaintances, and the pony-chaise, for the rest of the drive, dropped into a pace that accorded with the speed of Mr. Frank Porter's very energetic walking.

"Very strange," said Mr. Porter, looking hard at Agnes Tumbledownditty, "but there is something in your expression which reminds me of a face I have seen somewhere"—a not very extraordinary remark, but it went far to place the parties on good terms.

That evening Mr. Porter was very attentive to Agnes. The next day his attentions were resumed. The third and fourth days beheld them in a surprising aspect, they had developed into symptoms of worship. The fifth and sixth days found both lady and gentleman expecting something to happen. The seventh day he proposed.

"Ah, Frank," sighed Agnes, "I can never marry you. Papa is a poor man, and I have vowed to remain his comforter and housekeeper as long as he lives."

"But I can wait, only promise you will, and—"

"Papa was fifty-four last birthday, and he has a good constitution."

Frank looked decidedly glum. It might mean waiting until he himself was fifty-four.

"I would lend your father money. As I have told you, I am comparatively rich," and Porter looked passionately at the handsome, honest girl beside him.

"No, Frank, that would be no use.



"I WOULD LEND YOUR FATHER MONEY"

He is very heavily involved; he could not—nay, he would not—borrow money he could not possibly repay. He has explained all to me, and has determined to act like an honourable gentleman. I must remain true to him, and we two, the poor creatures of accident, must make up our minds to part."

"Well, Agnes," urged Frank, his voice almost breaking, "promise me that if your father can tide over his difficulties, and get again into comfortable circumstances, you will marry me."

"Yes, I promise you that."

And they shook hands on it, and more—they kissed.

Mr. Tumbledownditty was now being ruthlessly dogged and worried by mis-

fortune. Things had reached a crisis, and a bankruptcy petition was hovering above his head. Drybones was the author of its being, and was maliciously bent upon driving Mr. T. into the sorest straits of insolvency. The unhappy debtor bowed his head resignedly, and prepared himself to yield to the inevitable.

There was a great and angry crowd at the meeting of creditors. The debtor had failed for forty thousand pounds, and the assets were exceedingly small; and the prospect of Tumbledownditty ever again being set on his business legs seemed exceedingly remote. Hardly a creditor was "secured," and rumours were afloat that the debtor had fallen under the fascination of speculation. But this was erroneous. His circumstances, through no personal default, had gone rapidly to the bad—the collapse of a famous financial house being the primary cause.

Drybones was the principal creditor, but he was very coldly regarded by his *confrères*. It had leaked out he was chief creditor by means of purchasing debts, and the members of the meeting suspected there was a sinister motive. The paraphernalia of the bankruptcy régime was duly observed. There was an impressive statement of affairs by the debtor, a long and eloquent recital of direful mischances and miscarriages in hard cash, which was presented to and believed and disbelieved by the assembly. Then various creditors rose and indulged in little acrimonious speeches; and, lastly, Drybones got up to deal the finishing coup. His game was to cross-examine the forlorn Tumbledownditty; but he missed his mark. The story of misfortune he thus elicited only served to excite the sympathy and respect of the creditors.

"I claim that the debtor be adjudged bankrupt," snarled Drybones.

Immediately a curious scene ensued. A fine-looking man rose in the body of the meeting. Every eye was turned towards him. He spoke for a few minutes, explaining he held a bill for a small amount. He then raised his voice and requested to be informed whether the creditors would accept a composition.

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"Yes, eighteen-and-six in the pound," derisively answered Drybones.

"Will the creditors accept a composition of five shillings in the pound?" firmly demanded the stranger.

"We will," shouted the majority, "it is properly guaranteed."

"Then I will guarantee it," answered the stranger.

"Who are you?" yelled Drybones.

"Order! Order!" loudly exclaimed the majority.

"Never mind who I am," quietly remarked the fine-looking man, stepping up to the Official Receiver, who was presiding. "The debts," said he, speaking more to the chairman than to the meeting, "are forty thousand pounds. A composition of five shillings in the pound means ten thousand pounds. Here are Bank of England notes for this amount, the best guarantee you can have. Now, gentlemen," said the stranger, facing the meeting with an air of prompt decision, "just you pass the necessary resolutions forthwith, or I shall pick up these notes and depart from this room, and neither you nor anybody here present will ever see my face or my money again."

The resolution was carried with acclamation. Tumbledownditty was saved from bankruptcy, and Drybones, who was sold to the tune of four thousand pounds by the bills he had purchased for his dastardly purpose, ground his teeth in impotent rage, and shook his fist furtively at the stranger.

* * *

"My dear friend—for surely I may call you so—you will, at least, tell me who you are, and why you have been so good?" urged Mr. Tumbledownditty, the tears in his eyes, and his hand outstretched.

"Come and have a glass of wine," answered the stranger, taking Mr. T. by the arm, and leading him kindly away.

They went to a snug wine-bar, and a bottle of superb champagne was uncorked, cheese, biscuits, and cigars being also provided. They drank, and pledged each other, the elderly merchant feeling a great regard for the candid face before him.

"You remember a man stopping you, and presenting a pistol at your head on Clapham Common some years ago?"

"I do, indeed."

"I was the robber."

"You don't say so!"

"I do, though." And then Mr. Frank Porter, *alias* Richard Carson, explained how he had come into his fortune of fifty thousand pounds through the encounter, and was now a very wealthy man.

"I am delighted, I'm sure. But I was not the true origin of that little piece of paper that flitted from my purse to the floor."

"Who was, then?"

"Well, really, it was my daughter. She cut it out of the newspaper. The fact was," said Tumbledownditty, musingly stroking his chin, "we knew some Carsons in Lancashire, and Bumpus happened then to be our solicitor. My daughter, Agnes, gave me the slip, and asked me to call on Bumpus, and tell him all I knew of the Carsons in Lancashire. She thought it might furnish a clue. I regret to confess I put the slip in my purse, and forgot all about it."

When Tumbledownditty had finished this statement, he and Carson got their heads somehow very closely together, and a long and subdued conversation took place, in which the name of Agnes was repeatedly mentioned. Then the bottle of champagne was finished, and the two men looked supremely happy.

"I say," archly remarked Carson, "that pistol I held at your head was not loaded."

"Oh, you sad rogue! I wish to goodness it had been." And Mr. Tumbledownditty blushed deeply.

"Well, never mind," returned Carson. "The first time I met you, it was to threaten you with an unloaded pistol. I now meet you again to threaten you with a well-loaded purse. Health, my dear friend—good health!"

* * *

"So you are not Frank Porter, but Richard Carson?" cried Agnes, blushing a lovely confusion.

"I am Dick," said the quondam Frank, bestowing a delightful embrace on his *fiancée*.

Yes, she was really a *fiancée*; the deed had been signed, sealed, and delivered, and in due time the charming Agnes was to yield up the name of Tumbledownditty.

"You have saved papa," murmured Agnes.

"You had first saved me," urged Dick.

"You mean a slip of newspaper did, eh?"

"And you mean Bank of England paper did, eh?"

And then they laughed, and almost cried, as proper lovers always should.

"And you never would have shot papa?"

"I never could have shot papa."

And then they laughed a little mischievously, but hid their merriment, or attributed it to something foreign or outlandish, as Mr. Tumbledownditty appeared to bestow his approval and blessing upon their betrothal.

Agnes and Dick were married with much pomp and ceremony; and as the bridegroom was esteemed a wealthy man, a Canon of the Establishment was imported for the occasion. The noise it created gave a shock of surprise to the locality wherein our hero dwelt, and the reverberations thereof were extended abroad by the *Times* and other papers of sounding degrees. The happy pair left England for some months on

a tour round the world, and on their return they set up a home which, for comfort and culture, was the envy of everybody. As soon as a baby, a boy, appeared upon the scene, Agnes wanted him "Dick," but Dick wanted him "Frank." How the christening got on is not at present reported.

It is asserted that Mr. Drybones lost all relish for buying bills, and never afterwards attended a meeting of creditors, except by proxy. He entered a debit of four thousand pounds in his ledger against Mr. Tumbledownditty, and he continued to regard this as a serious asset to the very day of his death.

"When are you going to pay me that four thousand pounds?" he would ask our hero, whenever he met him in the City.

"My dear Drybones," the hero would answer, "you must hold a pistol at my head before I can consent to rob myself." And Mr. T. would pass smilingly on, leaving the old bill-buyer grinding his yellow teeth, and muttering sentences garnished with unenviable adjectives.

There is a firm in the City which is very respectable, very successful, and which operates in dynamite in the quietest possible manner. They do a large business; they aim at tall orders; they advertise in tiptop style; and they trade under the partnership name of Tumbledownditty, Carson & Co.



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Miss Irene Vanbrugh:

HER ART AND HERSELF

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

QUATWARDLY, No. 90, Earl's Court Road shines in no way superior to its neighbours. It stands, a solemn, comfortable house, an exact replica of its companions of the terrace, also solemn, comfortable houses; but there is no one house in town whose inmates provide more pleasure for the people of London.

From it, on very many nights during the year, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) go to their various theatres, and thousands are the happier for their efforts.

Within a little room, cool, and lined with books and photographs, Miss Irene Vanbrugh talked to me about herself, about her art, and about "The Gay Lord Quex."

Those who have only seen Miss Irene Vanbrugh on the stage, clothed for the time in the fancies of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or Mr. Barrie, can easily realise her tremendous dramatic power; but so entirely is she wedded to the part of the moment, so entirely is her own self sunk in the character that the author has drawn, that from a simple acquaintance across the footlights it is impossible to properly appreciate the delightful magnetism of her own personality.

Thousands have come to know Sophie Fulgarney, Kitty Clive, and a score of other women, whose heroism or whose folly she has presented to the public; but Irene Vanbrugh is a person apart from all these. She is a great actress, not a leading lady, on the foundation of whose appearance, mannerisms and personality dramatic authors have been content to construct part after part. You cannot readily take up the script of a play and say, "What a splendid Irene Vanbrugh part!" because there is no particular class of part associated with

Irene Vanbrugh, and I hope there never will be. Up to now, she has given us a delightful gallery of portraits, but they have all been portraits belonging to different schools of painting. In the long future, assisted by the playwrights of to-day, and one or two more, whom, it is fervently to be hoped, will presently appear, she is sure to give us a greater and even more delightful variety of portraits—here a Reynolds, so to speak, here a Carolus Duran, and here, perhaps, a Jan Van Beers.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh is tall and slim, and the extreme erectness of her carriage impresses one at once. No elaborate "coiffing" spoils the natural beauty of her hair, which sweeps back from a high forehead. About her there is no striving for effect at all, yet the whole picture is charmingly effective. Of her eyes I could write a great deal; they are large and brown, and they soften the extreme intellectuality of the face. So slight is she, that you might suppose her very delicate; but there is an elasticity and spring about her movements which show how great is the reserve force lurking in that fragile frame. And she needs it, for there are few actresses who could night after night sustain the tremendous tension of the wonderful third act in "The Gay Lord Quex," without suffering before long from mental and physical collapse.

The temptation to reserve herself for that tremendous third act—to begin easily, "skate through the earlier portions of the play," and not make her effort till the great opportunity that Mr. Pinero has given her in the bedroom scene—must be a big one; but Miss Vanbrugh most worthily resists it. "I confess," she told me, "that on nights when I am not feeling quite at my best I am sorely tempted to sacrifice the first two acts for the sake of the third; but I am determined not to yield,

and I think I shall be able to keep to my resolve."

How many of the great actresses of the world, not even omitting the great Sarah, could truthfully affirm the same?

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has played many parts, and has played them in three different continents, but she is still very young, and she has made an overwhelming success at an age when most actresses are still laboriously climbing the ladder of fame.

She and her sister Violet began their stage career proper under the tuition of the late Miss Sarah Thorne, at Margate and Chatham. Miss Vanbrugh sets no reserve to her praise of Miss Sarah Thorne's school of acting. "It will be very hard to find a successor to her," she said. "Under her charge a girl very soon learnt whether she had any real ability or not, and if she had, Miss Thorne gave her the best possible opportunity of developing it. We played every kind of play there; comedy, farce, and drama of the deepest dye; while at Christmas there came the pantomime, so that the Juliet of a week ago might be the Prince Paragon of the Yule-tide extravaganza, and when the curtain had been for the last time rung down on the harlequinade, might don the make-up of Lady Macbeth, or Lady Isobel in 'East Lynne.' Were Miss Thorne still alive, I should unhesitatingly advise any aspirant to stage honours to place herself in her school. It will be very difficult to fill her place," concluded Miss Vanbrugh, sadly.

The late Lewis Carroll was a great admirer of Miss Vanbrugh's acting, and used to come to Margate from Eastbourne, where he spent the greater part of every summer. "He was a very candid dramatic critic," she told me, "and always said what he thought, whether it was uncomplimentary or no.

Lewis Carroll would have been pleased, had he lived, to have witnessed Miss Vanbrugh's greatest triumph, but whether he would have approved of the "Gay Lord Quex" is open to doubt.

From her apprenticeship with Sarah Thorne, Miss Vanbrugh went to Mr. Toole, and played with him in "Walker, London." Then, still with Mr. Toole, she paid a long visit to Australia, play-

ing in every play in Mr. Toole's *répertoire*.

"I think that was even better training than Miss Thorne's school," she said; "not only was I constantly playing a new part, but I was constantly playing to a different type of audience. We visited all sorts of Australian cities, large and small, and one was pretty certain before long to find out the weak points in one's method."

Miss Vanbrugh liked the Australian play-goers; she found them appreciative and enthusiastic. "But they are not over-discerning," she said; "once they make a favourite they will stick through thick and thin to their belief in that favourite. They are, more than any audiences, prone to like a personality, and to want that personality in every part."

Miss Vanbrugh severed her connection with Mr. Toole to play in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Tempter," at the Haymarket. It was a good play, but somehow or other offended the public, and did not enjoy a long run. Then came another of Jones' plays, "The Masqueraders," and after that, Oscar Wilde's delightful comedy, "The Importance of being Earnest," at the St. James' Theatre.

When Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who had married Miss Violet Vanbrugh, took the little Royalty Theatre, and joined the ranks of the actor-managers, Miss Irene Vanbrugh naturally enlisted under his banner, and helped in no uncertain manner to make the success of the "Chili Widow." It was at the Royalty too, that she gave her delightful performance of Kitty Clive, in Mr. Frankfort Moore's delightful little comedy of that name.

In the phenomenally successful play "The Liars," at the Criterion, Miss Vanbrugh had once more to play a part written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Of the play, which she regards as Mr. Jones' masterpiece, and of Charles Wyndham's acting in it she cannot speak too highly. She left "The Liars," to create a part in Mr. Pinero's old-fashioned comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," in which play she had to wear an ample crinoline. I asked her if she and her companions found the management of their ungainly costumes very troublesome.

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"Of course we had a number of dress rehearsals," she said, "and for the first night or two we were a little nervous, lest the ludicrous (to modern eyes) design of our dresses might destroy the effect of the play, but as soon as we had got used to them ourselves the audience seemed to get used to them too. It was a bold experiment, and had not the play been so good, the dresses might very likely have killed it.

That he should have selected Miss Irene Vanbrugh for this most important part shows how extraordinarily keen is Mr. Pinero's perception of a player's abilities. Miss Vanbrugh had in all her career played no part at all similar to Sophie Fulgarney. She had never acted with Mr. John Hare. Would an ordinary manager or play-writer have divined that she was the one actress for the part? It is very unlikely. But Mr. Pinero



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS "SOPHY FULGARNEY" IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS & WALSH

As it turned out, though, the run of the play was not a very long one, and it was a decided artistic success."

Miss Vanbrugh stayed on at the Court Theatre to play in "His Excellency The Governor," and then, after a brief rest, came the chance of her lifetime, the part of the little Cockney manicurist, Sophie Fulgarney, in "The Gay Lord Quex."

divined it, with a result most satisfactory to himself, to Miss Vanbrugh, to Mr. John Hare, and to the general public.

This is Miss Irene Vanbrugh's stage career up to the present. When she has finished with "The Gay Lord Quex," and that will not be for a very long time—for an American tour looms ahead—Miss Vanbrugh's plans are uncertain; however, she wishes nothing

better than another part written for her by Mr. Pinero, "better even than Sophie Fulgarney," if that be possible.

Though Miss Vanbrugh has toured in Australia and in America, where her tour with her brother-in-law, Mr. Bourchier, came to an unfortunately early end, owing to her sister Violet's illness, she has no stories of extraordinary adventures to tell. "Everyone has been very kind to me everywhere, and I'm afraid that is all that I have to say. No, I've had no hair-breadth escapes, and I have never been annoyed by lunatics," that is her story.

"Of course, I love my work, and am never happier than when playing," she said. "I have had to work pretty hard, and have had my share of disappointments, but I have enjoyed it all the time; I could bear no other kind of life."

Yet, though Miss Vanbrugh is herself so enthusiastic about her art, she by no means advises all girls who fancy themselves as actresses to embrace the dramatic profession. "My own lines have been cast in pleasant enough places," she said, "but if there is a struggle, the stage life is the most cruel of all lives. If a girl has no real talent for the work, let her, in preference, try anything else. The slavery and misery attendant on making a bare living by the exercise of very moderate abilities out of the stage, is beyond description."

Supposing that a girl has some private income and a great longing to act, Miss Vanbrugh is disposed to regard her chance with more favour. She agreed with me that the stage, like literature, though an extremely bad crutch, was an excellent stick.

I asked her how she thought a girl ought to begin. "Now that Sarah Thorne is dead, I know of no proper training-school," she said; "but a *débütante* must have every sort of experience. Let her play in every class of play that she can get a part in, and she'll soon find something that, above all other things, suits her. Of course, there are no more proper stock companies," lamented Miss Vanbrugh; "and I think most decidedly that they should be got together again."

"But where," I asked. "In the minor

theatres of No. 2 towns, where an intelligent audience is absolutely unknown?"

"Oh no; I think that some of the suburban theatres ought to run a regular stock season. Then, if any actor or actress made a hit, he or she should easily and quickly be seen by a London manager. There would then be no hiding of shining lights under the bushel of a second-rate touring company."

Miss Vanbrugh is most emphatically of opinion that every member of the dramatic profession gets, at one time or another, a proper chance to show his or her worth. "You will find," she said, "that the people who complain about their unjustly hidden talent are those who have had the chances to show their worth, but have abused them. For instance; once when I was playing at the St. James' Theatre, the understudying of my part was given to three girls. One night, I was unable to play. All three of the girls were sent for; but two of them, deeming it unlikely that I should ever be off, and disinclined for labour, had made no attempt to even learn the part. The third girl played it, did well, and is now playing parts regularly. Those other two girls had deliberately wasted a chance that might not come their way again for months. In no profession more than the stage must the beginner be on the alert to seize every opportunity. It is a profession that, like literature again, is terribly overstocked with dullards, who could never aspire to playing anything but the most commonplace of rôles; but to really clever men and women the stage holds out open arms of welcome. There is plenty of room for them."

Miss Irene Vanbrugh reads a good deal, and keeps herself abreast of the tide of popular fiction. She has no very favourite author or authoress, but confesses to a weakness for Anthony Hope's work. His play, too, "Lady Ursula," she thinks a masterpiece. However, she does not think that novelists should be allowed to dramatise their own books. "Supposing a novel makes a great success," she said, "and it is considered that a good play might be made out of it; well, the last person in the world who ought to be allowed

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to effect the book's transformation into dramatic shape is the author of it. There are sure to be some passages in his book which, in his mind, are especially worthy. However unsuitable to dramatic requirements those passages may be, they will be somehow or other worked into the play. No, the dramatisation of a novel should be entrusted to a practical playwright, who should have *carte blanche*."

wedded to brilliant dialogue. She thinks that that was the secret of Mr. Wilde's success as a playwright; he never forgot the necessary melodramatic touches.

Miss Vanbrugh does not cycle, or indulge in any field sports, but she makes a point of getting all the fresh air she can. "A good blow on a 'bus in the morning is the best tonic possible for a tired player," she told me. "I attribute my own good health to the amount of



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

From Photo by W. & D. DOWNEY

"But Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister'?" I protested.

"Oh, of course there must be one exception; and Mr. Barrie is a practical playwright as well."

Miss Vanbrugh declines to express any opinion on the future of the British stage. Her own idea of a perfect play is one in which, like the "Gay Lord Quex," or, to go back a little, "Lady Windermere's Fan," dramatic action is

fresh air that I manage to get into my lungs during the day."

Altogether, she is as charming a representative of the British stage as one could wish to meet. Professionally, I am inclined to think she is our greatest actress. I grudge Mr. Pinero the success of "Lord Quex," because it will keep us waiting for so long before we can see Miss Vanbrugh in another part.



WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS



ABOUT a year ago most of the Parisian newspapers contained an obituary notice of Paul Vavin, the art critic.

In the places where people talked about art—indeed, in all the coteries which prided themselves on being a little more cultured than their neighbours—his name and work were known. He had more or less, one might say, invented a new attitude towards pictorial art.

His writings were quite ephemeral, and even now are forgotten; but he had a success of novelty which extended over some months; and a year ago, when he died at Envermeu, his decease excited considerable comment. A very striking personality had possibly something to do with this; for by his personality, even more than by his writings, Vavin had made his impression in Paris. The photographs that were published in several illustrated papers at the time of his death gave no true idea of his appearance. He was one of those people who, to use the slang of the dark room, "do not take well," and his portraits were always egregious failures. His figure was well known upon the Boulevards. Despite a distinct stoop, he still looked very

tall, his great emaciation doubtless adding to the impression. His face was long and thin, and of an extreme pallor, and there was something repulsive in the hard line of his almost lipless mouth and the undue prominence of his lower jaw. His masses of curly black hair—hair in which there was something irresistibly suggestive of negro blood—only served to accentuate the unhealthy paleness of his complexion. His eyes gave more index to his character and habits of life than did any other feature.

They were large and dark, reminding one of pieces of black glass, and, generally, they were dull and lifeless to a degree that was unnatural. At rare moments they blazed into a light that pointed to but one estimate of his mental condition. In fact, a few weeks before he died his friends and intimates perceived that his continued debaucheries were at last having an abnormal effect upon his temperament. His writing became more fantastic in its views; and the ugly, the grotesque, and the wicked in art began to throw him into that terrible dream glamour which fascinates and possesses so many of the younger generation in France.

Vavin was no more evil in his life

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"A VERY STRIKING PERSONALITY

than most of his contemporaries, and no more distinguished in his work. He was a type of the character that results from a morbid and vicious life: and it is only the facts attending his death, which he desired should be made public, that invest him with more interest than twenty other young Parisian decadents one could name.

That he was sincerely, truly penitent, Father Gougi (through whose instrumentality the facts have been made public) vouches for; and though the ordinary man cannot but regard such a sudden, death-bed repentance with some suspicion, the wish that the incidents of Envermeau should be told to his friends seems to point to some spirit of contrition. The horror of such a life as Vavin led was well matched by the horror of what he saw

before he quitted it; for, living an abnormal life, his punishment also was abnormal.

Whether he really saw what he professed to see, or whether his shattered nerves merely presented to his brain a terror which had no existence, it is not within the province of this account to decide. In either case the warning is as strenuous. It is sufficient to say that the story has had the effect of pulling up at least one young French writer, who was rapidly travelling on the way which would have led him to a frightful insanity and a lingering death.

Paul Vavin, at the time the following events occurred, was in the full enjoyment of an easily-earned celebrity. He wrote on art matters for several newspapers; and in his criticisms he found, or professed to find, some fantastic and grotesque meaning in nearly all the work which he reviewed.

This, of itself, would not have been sufficient to command success if it had not been that there was undeniably something in his writings which succeeded in giving the people who read them an uneasy feeling that he might possibly be right. When he found an ugly meaning in a beautiful thing, he was clever enough to invest this theory with some probability; and he accordingly found some fame, and a great deal of money, in providing Parisians with a new sensation. He taught them, in fact, to imagine corruptness. The money he earned at his trade he spent in every vicious indulgence.

One morning in the summer of '97 he went to the offices of a newspaper for which he did a great deal of work, to decide with the editor the subject of his next article. It was about the time that the poster, as an artistic factor in modern life, had become generally recognised. M. Lautrec in France, and the Beggarstiffs in England, had conclusively proved to the public that the poster was to be regarded as a serious endeavour, and all Paris was interested in the subject of "Affiches." Just at the moment two artists—who worked together in much the same way as Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson—had achieved an extraordinary and triumphant success. Beaugerac and Stein—

for those were the names of the two artists—had made an enormous sensation. Discarding the many-coloured posters of most of their co-workers, they drew only in sombre tints, and with the utmost economy of means. Their posters did not attempt to be pictures, or anything like pictures, and at once the public saw that they were good posters. Stein and Beaugerac neither painted nor drew: they "arranged masses"—that was all.

Strangely enough no journal had as yet been able to obtain an interview with these two men, who consistently declined publicity. It was known that they lived and worked somewhere near the great forest of Arques in Normandy, but that was all. Their views on artistic matters could only be guessed at by their work. Vavin himself had written one or two highly eulogistic notices of their productions, in which he had succeeded in finding out nothing of their personal opinions, and they had declined several requests for interviews. On this particular morning, however, the editor of *Le Vrai Salon* informed him that he had received a letter from Stein which at last acceded to his proposals for an interview, and which asked that M. Vavin, in preference to any other critic, should be sent to visit them.

"Will you undertake this?" he said to him. "The opportunity is one which will not occur again, and will give you the chance of turning out an article which will be very widely read and commented upon. I need hardly say that I am excessively pleased at our success."

"Certainly I will go," said Vavin; "nothing will please me better. But, *nom d'une pipe!* where in France is Envermeau?"

"Envermeau," said the editor, "is a village in Normandy, on the edge of the forest of Arques. It is eight or nine miles inland from Dieppe, and to get there, as far as I can find out, your best way will be to go straight to Dieppe, and then drive to the village. The name of the house is 'Le Maison Noir.'"

"I go," said Vavin, "to-morrow. To-day I drink. Come now to Père Santerey's and taste absinthe, my friend. All Paris is abroad, and if the nasty

yellow sun were put out and the gas lamps lit, I should be even happy. But come—*buvoons!*—*déjeuner* will be the better for it."

They went out together into the glorious sunshine, and sat for an hour under the awning of the Café Llamy, just opposite the great gate of the Louvre. The watering carts had laid all the dust on the white roads, and, despite the sun, the air was delightfully fresh and cool and alive with musical sounds. The little boys with their long-drawn shouts of "*La Presse! La Presse!*" the merry beat of drums as a company of little blue soldiers went marching by, the tinkling of the ice in the flagons of amber and honey-coloured beer, all went to make up a *mise-en-scène* that had a most gay and joyous influence. M. Varnier, the editor, was a man peculiarly alive to the promptings of colour and sound, and he leant back in his little chair smoking his *caporal* and drinking his beer, intensely enjoying this moment of physical ease.

Vavin looked ghastly in the bright daylight. He resembled some figure at a *bal masqué*, which should only be seen in artificial radiance. As he talked extravagantly to the editor, waving his long bony hands to emphasise his remarks, he attracted a good deal of attention, and his cup of happiness was full when he heard a man, who had come out of the big *Magazin du Louvre* opposite, say to his wife "Look! there's Paul Vavin."

After a time, Varnier went away to *déjeuner*, leaving Vavin, who could not eat, alone. He sat there for another hour, drinking without cessation, and then, his potations having induced in him for an hour or two something almost like the energy of an ordinary man, set out for the Boulevard, where he should see his friends and exchange some of the gossip of the day.

The first person he met was Dotricourt, the perfect boulevardier. Dotricourt was said, in Paris, to be the absolute type of the *flâneur*. He had brought lounging to a fine art, and, fortunately possessed of a moderate income, he loafed happily through life. His knowledge of every one who had done anything was extensive and valuable.

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He could tell you something of almost anyone about whom you might be seeking information, and to the journalists of Paris he was a constant and never-failing resource. A creature of good nature and bad company, he was absolutely free from prejudice, and all the time he could spare from the study of life he spent in neglecting its obligations. Withal, although he had never been

standing by a kiosk on the pavement, talking to the girl who was selling newspapers.

When they were seated at the café, Vavin told Dotricourt of his mission the next day, and asked him if he knew anything of Beaugerac or Stein, who they were, and what manner of life they lived. The *flâneur* looked curiously at the other before he made any reply.



"IS IT NECESSARY THAT YOU SHOULD GO?"

heard to say a good thing of anyone, he had never been known to do anyone any harm. He himself, when taxed with his omissions or the futility of a method of life which, while it annoyed others, certainly pleased himself, would bow and say, *Je suis, Dotricourt—flâneur!* and consider that the discussion was at an end. Vavin saw his fat little figure

"Is it necessary that you should go?" he said.

"Yes, I must go; the opportunity is too good to be missed. I shall entirely hold the field. It is naturally a nuisance. But why do you ask that?"

"Well, I wouldn't go; that is all," said Dotricourt.

"You are talking in riddles, and the

Boulevard is no place for sphinxes. Tell me what you mean."

"If I did you would only laugh. I have the greatest reluctance to tell you, owing to the way the information came into my hands. I must beg of you not to press me."

"But, my friend, this is unfair. You solemnly warn me against my proposed journey and then leave me in doubt and suspense as to what you mean. I really must insist on knowing."

"Soit," said Dotricourt, "I will tell you"; and with a quick glance round he leant forward and whispered in the other's ear. Vavin started, and quickly made the sign of the cross. Then he emptied his glass and began to laugh. "Poof!" said he, throwing out his right hand. "Look at the sun; listen to the people of Paris. Can you and I believe the things in the Paris of to-day? Bah! leave such imaginations to the priests who invented the devil, and Huysman who invented his worship. We are not on the level of those little journals written for *cocottes* who love to fill their empty little heads with horror. We are men. Louis, two coffees, and bring me the brandy in the bottle."

He leant back laughing loudly, an unpleasant sight, with his long pale face and wicked mouth. Dotricourt shrugged his shoulders. "As you will, Paul," he said, "for my part, though, I do not think about things which appear incredible; I am wise enough to allow that they may possibly exist. But, as you say, we are men; Paris is here, let us enjoy it, you and I. You do not start till to-morrow, you say?—good. To-night we will be merry with some friends of mine in the Quartier, who after three years of penury have sold a picture well and are giving a feast to all the world. There will be Filles d'Angleterre and Groggs américaines. Shall it be so?"

"Parfaitement," said Vavin, giving the true Boulevard twang to that useful and long-suffering word, and about nine o'clock they went to the feast, which by midnight degenerated into the usual orgie of the Quartier Latin. It was the last time Vavin degraded himself in this world.

About midday next morning, ill and tremulous, he took the train for Dieppe.

It was a perfect day for a journey, serene and sunny, a day in which the blood raced in one's veins from the pure joy of living in a beautiful world. The sky was like a great hollow turquoise, and all along the line the sweet cider orchards of Normandy were a mass of pink and cream colour. Vavin noticed none of these things. He was reading some abominable little gutter rag, and as far as his throbbing nerves and aching head would allow him, he enjoyed its scurrility. He rolled and smoked innumerable cigarettes of black tobacco, inhaling the smoke deep into his craving lungs, and from time to time drank some cognac from a flask. There was something peculiarly revolting in the fellow, and he seemed a blot on the beautiful day God was giving to France.

As they left Rouen, and the giant spire of the cathedral flashed away behind, stark in the warm sky, his head sank on his breast, his lower jaw dropped, and he fell into an uneasy sleep. He was awakened at Dieppe by the stopping of the train and the invigorating sea air upon his face.

He determined that he would wait an hour or two, before he drove to Envermeu, and see what celebrities were on the Plage or in the Casino. Dieppe was alive with gaiety and colour, and the Casino Terrace was crowded with well-dressed people of different nationalities. Down below, the green sea with its pearl and yellow lights leapt under the slanting sun-rays. Everything was gay and delightful, for every effort of Nature and Art combined to make it so. There was a good band playing on the Terrace, and as Vavin sat there idly, feeling the better for his sleep, his sluggish blood began to stir within him and something of the light-heartedness that was in the very air entered into him also. The light was very long and the sweet melancholy of a summer's evening was stealing over land and sea when he got into a carriage and slowly mounted the steep hill past the Octroi station, which was surrounded with market-carts full of the produce of the country side. He cursed his luck as the carriage came out into the long white high road. He would much rather have been in Dieppe and spent a bright evening in the Casino, where there was a

dance, or sitting in the Café des Tribunaux with some congenial friend. The peace of the woods and fields found no echo in his heart, and the delicate sound of the breeze, as it rustled among the quivering leaves of the roadside poplar trees, fell on his ears with no meaning.

He had not always been so. In his early youth he had listened to the voices of wood and hill and torrent and found some responsive echo in his own heart. He had known something of the poetry of life when he was a boy. But Paris, with its life full of evil sensation, and a strenuous greediness after every material pleasure, had killed his delicate emotions, and as he rode towards his death Nature's last message came to him unheeded. As, in a dull and petulant mood, he sat in the carriage, he was a striking example of the mere "folly" of debauchery. When he arrived at last at the little village of Envermeu he stopped at the cabaret the "Pannier d'or," and inquired about the road to the Maison Noir. The house, the landlord told him, was on the very outskirts of the wood, and there was no road to it that a carriage could traverse.

It was, however, added the patron, an easy way, and Jean the stable-boy could carry his bag if he intended to stop there for the night. Vavin had been proffered the hospitality of a bed by the artists in the letter they had written to Varnier, and accepting the offer of a porter he stepped into the inn and ordered a cognac. He sat there for a few minutes smoking a cigarette, and he noticed that the inmates of the house seemed to be in some trouble.

The landlord's face was white and drawn, with the look of one who had not slept, and the eyes of his wife, a buxom Norman girl, were red with weeping. The few peasants who were in the place, drinking a rummer of beer after their work in the fields was done, talked in subdued tones, and now and again ventured a word of sympathy to the host and his wife. An air of gloom and also of expectation seemed to hang over the place, and every chance footstep on the road outside attracted instant attention. At last a firm tread was heard upon the flags, mingled with the

clank of metal against stone, and the village *gendarme* entered,

"Ah, Pierre!" said the woman with a catching of the breath. "You have heard something, have you not? You have found her? Tell me you have!"

"No, Marie," said the man, "not yet, I do not know anything yet; but courage! They are all out on the country side. They will find her by night; no harm can come to her. The little one is asleep in the wood, that is all, and our Good Lady will watch over her tenderly, you may be sure. She is certain to do it—our Lady. Père Gougi is even now upon his knees in church, and you know he has great influence with the Blessed Dame. So courage, Marie and Michel! I will find your little Cerisette before moonrise. Even now they may have found her—all the boys are beating through the wood. How we shall all laugh to-night, shall we not? It will be a good excuse for a carouse. *Au revoir!*" And twirling his heavy moustache and throwing back his head with a confident gesture, the worthy fellow clanked out into the street. His firm and cheery voice, and the official air which his uniform gave to his utterances, had a reassuring effect upon every one.

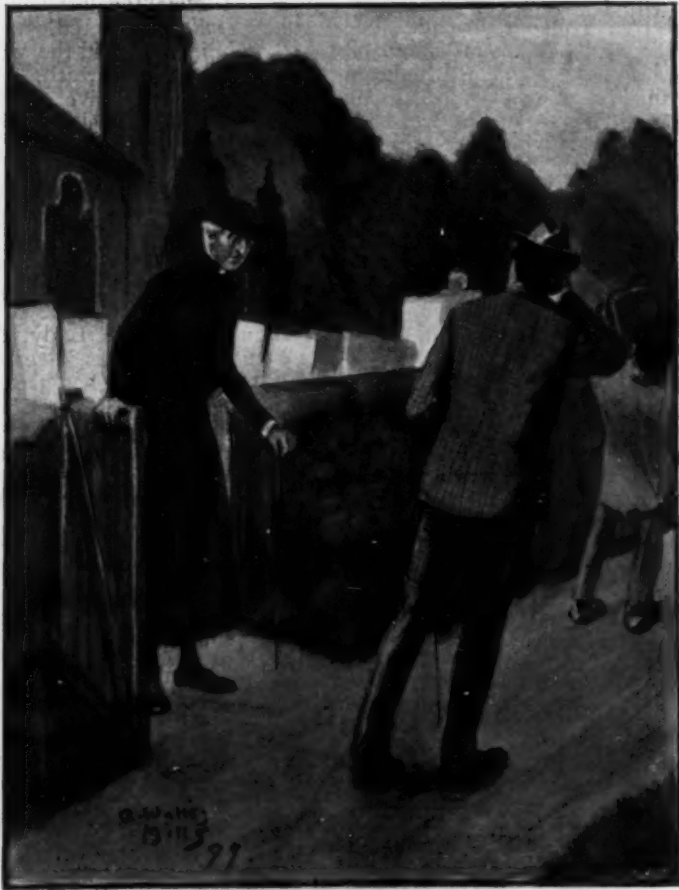
"*Eh bien, ça ira,*" said one rustic to another, "Pierre will find little Cerisette, he has a wonderful mind. What he does not know I would not give a dried apple for. He is *bon garçon* is Pierre."

The sorrowful mother herself seemed a little comforted, and Michel turned to Vavin and said:

"Ah, yes, m'sieu, we shall find her soon if Father Gougi prays for her; it will be all quite right soon, only, m'sieu, you may conceive that we are a trifle disturbed. Our little girl is only three years old, and it's a bad thinking to know the poor little mite has lost herself with evening falling."

Vavin was rather touched, a sensation that surprised him as it came.

"Oh, you will find little Cerisette to-night," he said kindly, "and look you, to-morrow I will come and make her acquaintance with a handful of bonbons, and then she will not be frightened by my ugly face. And now give me a stable-lad to lead me to the Maison



"BOWED POLITELY TO THE STRANGER"

Noir, for it grows late, and before dark I must be there. Good night and good fortune; the angels will watch over Cerisette."

He went out into the street with something like tenderness in his heart; and the simple love of the peasant and his wife, and their belief that the Mother of God would keep watch and ward over the little wandering child brought a mist before the eyes of the boulevardier. One is glad now to think that he was a little touched. He walked down the village street with the stable-lad trudging by his side, and, as they passed the church, the

curé came out, a kindly and venerable old man, and bowed politely to the stranger. The way went past the village mill, over a little bridge leading to the cornfields which skirted the wood, which was beginning to show black against the rosy western sky.

"Is it far?" Vavin asked the guide. "But some fifteen minutes from here," said the boy. "Monsieur will not be in the least fatigued. The chalet is on the edge of the wood."

"And what are they like, the artist gentlemen who live there?"

"I have never seen them," said the boy, "but they do not come to mass,

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and they do say in the village that there is something strange about them. There is a big one and a little one, and M. Michel says that the big one is like Satan himself. But I do not believe him. M. Michel is stay-at-home and does not know about things. I have been to Rouen and he never has, and I have been up the tower of the cathedral and seen the figure of Jeanne d'Arc in the market-place. I am very experienced, m'sieu. I think it is foolish to believe all that one hears. I never do it, I would rather see for myself."

As he spoke they came upon a small common, dotted with furze and leading to the edge of the wood. In the fading light Vavin could see a tall house, surrounded by walls, some four hundred yards away.

"Is that the place?" he enquired.

"That is it, monsieur."

"Then I will trouble you no longer. Give me the bag. Here is a five-franc piece for you; remember what you have told me. Take nothing on the evidence of other people. Trust nobody but yourself. It is the only way. Good-night."

The lad took the coin with profuse thanks, and, with a genial "*Dormez bien*," went back away through the fields. Vavin could hear him singing as he went. Then, while he drew near the house, the world grew silent as the night crept upon it. In the wood an owl hooted and a fox gave tongue, but the sounds seemed to be outside the stillness and unable to break it. The last dying fires of the day gleamed in the west, and in the front rose the tall, lonely house, sharply outlined in a silhouette.

He was within some sixty paces of the place when the profound stillness was broken by the musical notes of a bell. The bell gave three or four beats—like the *Angelus*—and simultaneously, from a curious squat chimney on the roof, came a single, sudden puff of purple smoke, which hung for a moment, like a little cloud, over the house, and then slowly dispersed. Everything became silent again. It was just as if some one had thrown a handful of powder—some incense one might have fancied it to be—on a furnace at the bottom of the chimney.

The sudden, extraordinary occurrence arrested Vavin's steps, and he stood still in a great surprise. There was something disturbing in the whole thing. The melancholy hour, the lonely house, and the dark, mysterious forest beyond, all seemed to be in keeping with the sudden tolling and the puff of smoke. It was all unreal and fantastic, and for a moment he felt inclined to turn back and seek the safe companionship of the inn.

"It is like a drawing by Karl Boinbaum," he muttered; and then, ashamed of his uneasiness, he walked resolutely up to the house, skirting the wall till he came to a door. There was a bell-handle let into the wall, and, pulling it vigorously, he waited. The peal reverberated loudly some distance away. He listened for nearly two minutes, waiting for the sound of footsteps; but there was an absolute silence. No dog barked, no doors shut, there was no sign that any life was near the place. He resolved to give another pull, and at the precise moment when his hand touched the handle and he was about to grasp it, the door opened noiselessly, and a voice said:

"Will Mr. Vavin be pleased to come inside?"

It was very startling. There had been no indication whatever that any one was there; and the fact that the door had opened at the exact moment when his fingers touched the handle of the bell seemed theatrical and unreal. It was like some mechanical trick. He did not like it.

The person who had so startled him was a tall and very stout man, dressed as a servant. There was nothing unusual about him, except the singular smoothness of his large, clean-shaven face, which was unmarked by a single wrinkle.

"My masters expect you," he said, taking Vavin's portmanteau and leading him across the garden which stood round the house.

The place did not look nearly so gloomy on the other side of the high wall. The garden was laid out in parterres of bright flowers, and the white gravel paths were trim and neatly kept. At this hour, just as the dew was falling,

the earth gave out a pleasant, moist smell; and the perfume from this old garden of mint and marigold and mignonette lay in strata of fragrance on the still evening air. The house itself was less attractive—a tall, white erection, with little to break the monotony of line and colour but the green venetian shutters on either side the windows. At the left side of the building was a large chapel-like edifice, jutting out to meet the wall, and, from the position of its windows and skylights, Vavin could see that this was the studio. It was here, also, he noticed that the squat chimney from whence the smoke had come was placed, and he caught a hasty glimpse of a copper bell hanging from a joist which projected from the gable. He had just time to notice these things when they arrived at the door, which was standing open, leading into a lofty hall somewhat sombre in its furniture and dark decorations.

"M. Stein and M. Beaugerac will be with you in a few minutes," said the man. "They are at present engaged in the studio. Monsieur will, no doubt, not object to wait in the study."

The room in which Vavin found himself was furnished with a good deal of luxury and an obvious attention to the little details of comfort. It reassured him at once. Some delightfully-bound books lined the fireplace wall, the mantelshelf bore pipes, cigarette cases, and all the little *personalia* of a bachelor establishment, and the chairs were soft and roomy. There were a good many drawings scattered about the walls—drawings of that esoteric morbidity that Vavin loved; and the walls were further decorated with a good many African curiosities. There were long, cruel-looking knives, horns of roughly-beaten copper and bronze, and a little drum of serpent skins.

He noticed also, displayed upon a shelf, a thing which he recognised at once, though he had never seen one before. It startled him, for he knew that there were, probably, only two more in Europe. He took it up, examining its shining steel and leather, with a little shudder at the horrible instrument of which so much had been

said and written. He could not understand its presence here, for even in the darkest places of the West African coast the instrument was rare. It interested him to see it, and the fascination it exercised was in itself a pleasing sensation. It would be a great tale to tell when he went back to the Boulevard, he reflected—how he had seen and handled that devil-knife. He would be able to describe the real appearance of it, and to confute many morbid minds who were in the habit of dwelling on the thing.

He had just put the frightful object down when he heard voices and footsteps in the hall. He listened curiously, unable to account for the strangeness with which one of the voices fell upon his ear. The two men outside, whom he concluded were his hosts, were giving some directions to the servant, and the voice of one of them, though it spoke in a cultured manner, and in excellent French, had a curious and indefinitely unfamiliar ring. The mystery was soon explained, for in a minute or two the door opened and Beaugerac came into the room, followed by Stein. Beaugerac was a youngish-looking man with an impassive face and close-cropped black hair; but his companion attracted Vavin's instant attention. With a start of inexpressible surprise he saw that Stein was no less than a negro, of full black blood. More than six feet high, and enormously broad, he was a splendid specimen of a man, and his almost coal-black face and thick, yellowish lips proclaimed him of a family which had known no alien admixture of race. Stein was very well dressed indeed, and his manners and conversation were those of a well-bred gentleman. He spoke French without a single trace of foreign accent, and he talked with the ease and point of a citizen of the world. To Vavin it was extraordinary to find this great negro—who one might have imagined with a headring, and a spear in his hand—a person of the most assured and cultured cleverness, and a man who would obviously dominate any society in which he might be found.

He greeted Vavin very courteously, and after a well-served dinner they went into the studio to see some of the posters

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the artists were engaged on. The studio was very large and lofty. A poster-artist cannot work in a small space, because it is necessary that he should be able to get some distance away from his work to judge the effect that it will have upon the hoardings. It was bare

for they did not quite reach the roof, a dull glow, as from a fire or from shaded lamps, threw monstrous purple shadows among the joists and beams. The place was full of shadows and curious light effects, and in the uncertain illumination it was difficult to see it in its entirety.



"BEAUGERAC ENTERED, FOLLOWED BY STEIN"

of furniture and lighted only by a few oil lamps. The walls were painted a dull maroon, the sad colour presenting nothing to take the eye away from the *affiches* which hung upon it.

One end of the place was entirely cut off from the rest of the room by some heavy black curtains, and above them,

The two artists unrolled poster after poster for Vavin to see and judge upon. Their work was extraordinary in its appropriateness and strength.

Everything was done in flat tones, and the central idea in each production was the importance of the silhouette as a means of expression. Their Dusé

poster, for instance, was done entirely in black, brown, and purple, with more than half the lines omitted, and yet the arrangement was so good that the merest hint of an intention was sufficient to produce all the effect of a finished and considered production. There could be no doubt about it; Beaugerac and Stein were head and shoulders above their contemporaries. They were the greatest living exponents of their particular branch of art. Their work, Vavin saw, could not be called decadent. It was too strong in conception and execution for that. There, was, however, he could not help feeling, something sinister about it. These vast pictured creatures, seen so closely, wore a cold-blooded and cruel aspect, and, examined at close quarters, their features, which on the hoardings were so effective, had an air of stupid and sombre malignancy that struck coldly upon his nerves. The impression was heightened by the shadowy studio and the active figure of the great negro as he went hither and thither with the long canvas rolls in his arms. Vavin wanted to be back again in the comfortable sitting-room, there was a chill in this place. Some influence he could not account for was filling his brain and laying cold fingers upon his heart. Beaugerac said very little, and the silence and his occasional sudden jarring laughter was also a disturbing element. Stein was, he thought, too suave and smooth in his manners to be pleasant. The critic felt lonely and ill at ease, and the words Dotricourt had whispered in his ear came vividly to him again and again.

A few days before, Vavin had seen that Mann, Rogers and Greaves, the great English firm of cocoa makers, who had shops in all the big French towns, had advertised that they were about to publish a poster by his hosts. Accordingly, as the memory came to him, he asked them if he might see it. When he made the request, Stein was over on the other side of the studio and Beaugerac was standing near him, but Vavin's words made them wheel round suddenly, and Beaugerac said something in a quick undertone.

"I am really very sorry," said Stein at length, "but most unfortunately the

cocoa poster is packed up in waterproof ready to be sent off to-morrow. What a pity you didn't come a day sooner! Then you could have seen it. These things always happen like that, don't they? I can show you some of the sketches though. Suppose you go back to the study. I will bring them to you. Beaugerac, show M. Vavin back, and I will join him in a few minutes."

Vavin went back to the study, and was left alone. It struck him, as he sat waiting, that there had been something insincere in Stein's remark about the cocoa poster, and he wondered why it had not been shown to him. There seemed to be no very adequate reason he thought. The room was very hot, so he got up and opened the window. As he went back to his seat he noticed, with a start of surprise, that the thing which had been lying there on the bracket had disappeared. The circumstance was strange and he could only conjecture that the instrument had been left there by accident in the first instance. He had hardly settled in his seat, and was feeling in his pocket for some matches, when he heard for the second time the sudden tolling of the bell. It roused his curiosity, already very active, to an almost unendurable pitch. His conversation with the artists had merely enlightened him as to their views on art, and he had been unable, try as he would, to learn anything of their past history. He had asked Stein in what *ateliers* he had studied, and had been met with the suave "Oh, all over the world, my friend. I have never stayed long in one place. I am cosmopolitan." Both his hosts had seemed determined to reveal nothing of their careers. This unusual reticence, together with the attendant circumstances—the sombre studio, the African devil-knife, the unexpected sight of the negro—told him with more and more potency that something was wrong about the place and its owners. The musical notes of the bell, which ceased as suddenly as they begun, put the finishing touches to his uneasiness and curiosity. He rose up again quickly, and going noiselessly through the hall, went out into the warm starlit night, determined to find out what this sudden tocsin foreboded.

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He went quietly towards the studio, treading upon the borders of the flowerbeds to avoid making any noise upon the gravel. The studio was quite dark, save for one faintly-illuminated window at the end. This window he knew, from its position in the wall, must be behind the black curtain which hid one end of the room. As he approached it he noticed a faint aromatic odour in the air, like the smell of incense.

The window-ledge was some seven feet from the ground, and a small projecting buttress at its foot assisted him to raise his head above the level for a few seconds. As he did so, the light flickered up, and he was able to see with some distinctness what was going on inside. On the wall at the end a great poster was hanging; the design, as well as he could make out, consisted of a large head. In front of the poster stood a table of some dark material, though he could not see what it was. Beaugerac he could not see, but Stein was standing by a brazier full of burning cinders, which was fixed in the wall under a large iron pipe communicating with the chimney. The red light fell on his face and hands, and he appeared to be doing something to the fire. He watched for as long as he could maintain himself in the difficult position, and then with no more information than when he started, quietly returned to the study.

All that he knew was that Stein and his partner had something that they wished to conceal, and that in all probability they had lied to him about the poster.

He had not been long seated when they came in, carrying some drawings.

"We had an awful difficulty in finding the sketches," said Stein; "they had got mislaid. We hadn't any light but the little fire which we use for mixing pigments, and I nearly broke my shin over a table, and nearly hung myself with an old bell-rope, which they used when this place was a school. Very sorry to keep you waiting, but I hurt myself rather badly. All the negro races are very sensitive in the leg bones, and a blow which to you would be nothing is agony to me."

His easy manner and the simple ex-

planation, in some sort, reassured Vavin, and he looked at the sketches with great interest. The design for the poster was simple, consisting of the bust of a negro, which filled nearly all the space, the lower part of the body being out of the picture. The lettering was in bold, crimson characters. The figure was sketched in two browns, with as few lines as possible. Even in the small sketch one could see the enormous power of the thing, and it was easy to imagine the effect the great twenty-foot poster would have in the streets. The face of the figure was so cunning and malignant, such immeasurable wickedness lay in it, that his attention was caught and held as if in a vice.

"You see," Beaugerac said, "our idea, in the first instance, has been to have a single unbroken mass which the eye can readily understand. Then, the idea of a poster being to attract attention, we have made the face as repulsive as possible."

"He is a wicked boy, is he not?" said Stein, leering at the foul thing, and as he did so, himself looking not unlike his own creation. "He would play some fine blood-games if he were alive. What? He would kill his mother, and make a set of dice out of her knuckle-bones, for ten centimes! There is something interesting in his face, yes?—he is cunning, I think?"

Vavin shuddered. Foul as his own imaginings sometimes were, he felt cold to see this great soft-voiced negro nodding and mouthing at his own creation.

"Satan himself has not such a face," he said. And then a strange thing happened, for even as he spoke three or four sudden beats of the bell rang out upon the air. Beaugerac jumped up with an oath, and then suddenly sat down again, and Vavin could see round the corner of the table that the fat hand of the negro was gripping him tightly by the knee.

"O dear, dear me," said Stein quickly, "that stupid cat has got locked up in the studio again. What a nuisance! I'll go and let it out, or it will be upsetting something and hurting itself. I won't be a minute."

Despite his assertion, he was away half-an-hour, while Vavin kept up a fitful conversation with Beaugerac, who was distraught and dull.

When Stein came back he explained that he had found the cat, which had upset a pot of white paint, and that he had had a great deal of trouble in removing the stains from his hands.

About eleven Vavin went to bed, in a highly-strung and nervous condition. His room was at the head of the stairs, and had a window which looked out into the courtyard of the studio. While he was undressing he could not forget the face upon the poster. It filled all his brain and dominated him, and, as he lay awake in the silence, fear came and whispered strange things into his ear.

About two he awoke from a fitful slumber, and, finding himself hot and covered with perspiration, he got out of bed and went to the window, intending to open it wider.

As he came to it he heard a slight movement in the court below, and peering down he could just discover a large grey mass moving across it. The object came right up to the wall and seemed to enter the house at the door just below him. Simultaneously a faint light appeared in the doorway of the studio opposite. The light grew brighter as some one holding it came nearer to the door, until he saw Stein and Beau-



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gerac standing in conversation on the step. The monstrous shadows thrown by the candle did not at first allow him to see their faces, but with a quick pulsing of his heart he noticed at once that in his hand Stein carried the instrument he had seen in the study.

A sudden flicker of the candle which Beaugerac held showed him that they were gazing expectantly at the wall just below him. Beaugerac was smiling.

Fearful that he would be seen, he shrank noiselessly away from the window, and as he did so, he distinctly heard in the passage outside his room the sudden cry of a child awakened from sleep.

He opened the door and crept out.

At the other end of the passage a door stood open and a light shone out towards him. He could hear something moving about in the room, and there was the sound of heavy breathing.

Hearing footsteps approaching the door, he sank into the deep embrasure of a window. The footsteps came slowly along the passage towards him, and then this is what he saw. The black figure of a man, larger than human figure ever was, was walking past him, holding a candle in one vast hand. In his right arm he held a little white-robed girl of two or three years of age, and his face was, line for line, the face of the great poster.

The little child lay quite still, with staring, open eyes, and the thing was bending its head and looking into her face, lolling out its tongue and rolling its great eyes.

It had just got to the head of the stairs when Vavin was seized with a frightful and uncontrollable wave of passion and hatred for the cruel, bestial thing.

With a horrid scream he leapt upon it, snarling like a dog, and then he was conscious of the shouting of a great company of people, a sensation as of rapidly falling through black water, and nothing more.

He died the next day in agonies or terror, yet not before he had had a long conference with the priest, who gave him absolution.

Before his final paroxysm Père Gougi told him that when the villagers had burst into the house they found little Cerisette white and still at the bottom of the stairway. Stein and Beaugerac had disappeared and were never seen again in Normandy.

It was afterwards discovered that a long package had arrived in the Rue des Martyrs—the Paris office of Messrs. Mann, Rogers and Greaves—with a letter accompanying it from Stein, saying that he sent the completed poster. When it was opened the great sheet of canvas bore nothing but some scarlet lettering.



The Cathedral Route to the North

WRITTEN BY SCOTT DAMANT.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAYNE JENNINGS.

EVERY year, when the glare of August is over, when "through the wheaten stubble is heard the sportsman's gun," and the golden-brown of the hedges proclaims that it is September, there is a great exodus from England to Scotland. Sportsmen, of course, form a large proportion of the northward-bound crowd, but there are many who are simply bent on sight-seeing, whose desire is not so much to get to the moors without break or hindrance, as to extract the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from their holiday. In this latter category are our American cousins. They have tasted of the feverish joys of a London Season, paid a visit during August to Eastbourne, or Bournemouth, or Cromer, taken a trip to Stratford-on-Avon, there to worship at the shrine of the Immortal Bard, and now that "the harvest moon's begun," they are intent upon journeying to the modern Athens and admiring the lochs and mountains of Bonnie Scotland.

For a good many years past there have been three well-recognised routes to the North. The East Coast Route, the West Coast Route, and, midway between the two, the Midland Route. Latterly, however, yet another mode of journeying north has sprung into popularity, and this is the Great Eastern or "Cathedral Route." Passengers in a hurry to effect their journey from start to finish in as short a time as possible do not select the Cathedral Route, because, although fares by all routes

are the same, the mileage covered by the Cathedral Route is considerably in excess of that of any of its competitors. Thus the distance from King's Cross to Edinburgh by the East Coast Route is 393 miles, from Euston by the West Coast Route 400 miles, from St. Pancras by the Midland Route 406 miles, and from Liverpool Street by the Cathedral Route 417 miles; moreover, the traveller by the last-named route must perforce break his journey at York, which is the most northerly point to which the Great Eastern train will carry him.

From the foregoing it is evident that the Cathedral Route must offer some very special attractions, or none would travel by it. That it does offer such attractions it is the writer's present purpose to show. After all, the task should be an easy one, for a route that takes the ancient University town of Cambridge and the Cathedral cities of Ely, Lincoln, and York, in the direct line, with slight divergences to Norwich and Peterborough also, must of a necessity appeal to all who love old England and reverence her past.

The traveller by the Cathedral Route has at least this initial advantage over those who patronise any of the other routes; he starts his journey from the most centrally situated of all the termini of the great English railways, for Liverpool Street, alone amongst them, is actually within the City of London itself. It is a wonderful place, Liverpool Street Station. Probably the largest of its kind, it is certainly used by more persons than any other railway station

in the world; for, on an average, about one hundred and thirty-six thousand passengers use it every day.

Unless the traveller arrive early he has but little time to contemplate this monument of modern enterprise, for he will find his train will start with commendable punctuality, and he will soon be well on his way to Cambridge, the first halting-place on the journey. It "was not ever thus." In the early fifties our old friend *Punch* announced: "On Wednesday last, a respectably-dressed young man was seen to go to the Shoreditch terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway and deliberately take a ticket for Cambridge. He has not since been heard of. No motive has been assigned for this rash act." Since then the Eastern Counties Railway has become the Great Eastern, and with change of name has come change of methods. Now, the Great Eastern is the quickest route to Cambridge, the journey by the fastest train taking one hour and thirteen minutes only.

There are few towns, if any, in all England more replete with historical interest than Cambridge. The sister University city on the Isis is, no doubt, more imposing at first sight, because so many of the Cambridge Colleges are hidden away up by-streets and cobble-paved alleys, but, when found, they amply reward the searcher for his pains.

Of course, Trinity College is the "show" College of Cambridge, and thither all tourists hurry when, for the first time, they visit the University town. Its quadrangle is unique. Not only is there none to compare with it elsewhere in the town, Oxford itself has no such magnificent court. In the quadrangle is the Master's Lodge, wherein are situated the state rooms, used by Royal visitors to the University, and the Chapel, plain without, but surpassingly beautiful within, although it pales into comparative insignificance before the Chapel at King's College. The library of Trinity has a world-wide reputation by reason alike of the value of its books and the rich-

ness of its carved bookshelves, the work of Grinling Gibbons. Trinity College has given many sons to the Church, the martyred Cardinal Fisher being perhaps the most noteworthy; but it is essentially a poets' college, for there were educated Dryden, Cowley, Byron, Macaulay, and Tennyson. Lord Bacon, Isaac Newton, and Andrew Marvel were also alumni of this famous seat of learning.

Second only to Trinity comes St. John's College, beloved of Wordsworth, with its famous Bridge of Sighs connecting its fourth and latest court with the three older ones. The view of the "willowy Cam" from this bridge vies with that obtained from the bridge at Trinity and at King's, though scarcely with that of Clare Bridge, which spans the river opposite Clare College. Next to Clare College is situated Trinity Hall, dating from 1350, wherein were



CAMBRIDGE—ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

educated Bishop Gardiner, Admiral Lord Howard of Effingham, the Earl of Chesterfield (who tendered such excellent "advice to his son"), the first Lord Lytton, and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. The most ancient of all the colleges is Peterhouse, which dates from 1284, and is indissolubly associated with the names of Cardinal Beaufort, Archbishop Whitgift, Gray the poet, and Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. But the other colleges, Pembroke, Caius, Corpus Christi, King's, Queen's, St. Catharine's, Jesus, Christ's, Magdalene, Emmanuel, Sidney Sussex, Downing, Cavendish, Selwyn, and Ayerst, all

nowadays it is a veritable City of Sleep. Perhaps that is why so many travelled Englishmen, who are well acquainted with most of the great Continental churches, have never visited Ely. Theirs is the loss; for "Ely's stately fane," as Macaulay calls it, presents the purest specimen of Gothic architecture in this country—some competent authorities say, in the world. The fact that Ely is within an hour and three-quarter's journey of London may in a measure account for its strange neglect by tourists. We are all apt to go far afield for our sight-seeing. The writer once came across an old couple at Ely



ELY CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR

present points of interest in various degrees. In addition to the colleges forming part of the University proper, there are two institutions which the mere man may only mention, and that with awe and reverence—Girton and Newnham Colleges, for ladies.

The next point of interest on the Cathedral Route is Ely, which is situated fifteen miles north-east of Cambridge. In pre-Reformation days Ely was the scene of considerable ecclesiastical activity, but during the last two or three centuries the hands of the clock seem to have been stopped there, and

who had just returned from their first trip to London. They were full of the wonders of the great metropolis; in particular, they praised the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. "But," said the writer, "you have a far more magnificent building in your Cathedral here." The pair looked at each other in amazement. The old lady found her voice first. "Maybe you're right, sir; but me and my old man ain't never been in the Cathedral." "What, you've lived all your lives at Ely, and have never been in the Cathedral?" "Well,

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sir, the fact is, we ain't had no occasion, because, you see, me and my old man be Methodies."

"The first glimpse of Ely," writes Professor Freeman "overwhelms us, not only by the stateliness and variety of its outline, but by its utter strangeness, its unlikeness to anything else." Mr. Parker, in his "Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture," is equally eulogistic, for, *à propos* of the Galilee Porch, he says: "Nothing can exceed the richness, freedom, and beauty of this work; it is one of the finest porches in the world."

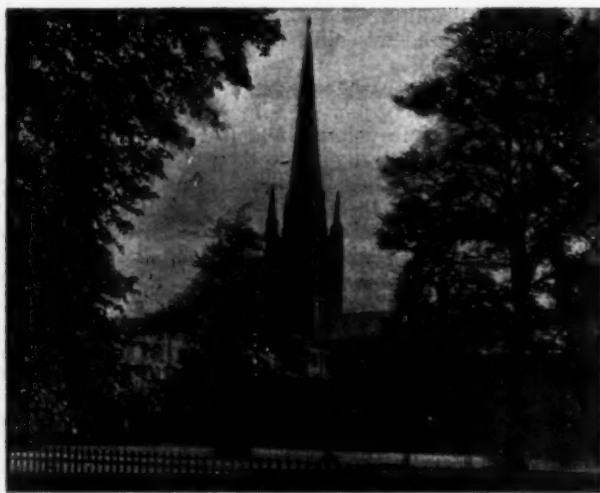
The porch is, indeed, most beautiful; and the Late Norman nave, 208 feet in length, unsurpassed by that of any English Cathedral; but, eclipsing and overshadowing both, and standing out as at once the glory of Ely and one of the architectural wonders of the world, is Alan de Walsingham's Octagon. We owe the existence of the Octagon to a fortunate accident, for where it now stands was once a square Norman tower. This fell down in 1322, when Ely possessed, in the person of her sacrist, one of the greatest architects of Northern Europe. This *venerabilis et artificiosus frater, Alanus de Walsingham*, was, according to an old chronicler, at first "vehemently grieved and earnestly sorrowful" at the falling of the tower; "but, recovering his courage, and greatly confident in the help of God and His most pious Mother, Mary, and also in the merits of the Holy Virgin Etheldreda, he laid his hand to the work; and, first, with great labour and expense, he caused to be removed from within the church the stones and timber which had fallen in the ruin, and also the superabundance of dust which was there, with all possible speed to be cleared away; and having measured out by architectural art, in the place where he was about to construct the new campanile, eight positions in which the eight columns of stone supporting the whole edifice were to be erected, and beneath which the choir, with its stalls, was afterwards to be constructed, he caused them to be dug out and examined, till he had found a solid place where the foundation of the work could be securely begun.

These aforesaid eight places, then, having been solicitously proved, and with stones and sand firmly consolidated, he then at last began the eight columns and subsequent stonework, which work, indeed, was completed up to the higher cornice, through six years to the year of Our Lord 1328."

There is little but its Cathedral to interest in the "City of Sleep," except, perhaps, the old church of St. Mary, which displays a most unusual combination of Decorated, Transitional and Early English styles, and the house once occupied by Oliver Cromwell; but the Cathedral more than atones for the lack of other show-places, for it is the largest in England, and in some respects the most imposing.

From Ely the traveller may make a slight divergence from the Cathedral route proper in order to visit Norwich, which is situated fifty-four miles to the north-east of Ely. Norwich has been known from time immemorial as "The City of Churches and Gardens," and is in every respect the direct antithesis to its somnolent sister in the Fen country, for just as Ely seems to slumber in placid indifference to the world that wags around it, so Norwich is thriving and busy, as befits the commercial as well as the ecclesiastical capital of East Anglia. In spite, however, of its air of business prosperity, antiquities abound at Norwich on all sides. Wander where he may, the visitor will come across wonderful old gateways and quaint specimens of old-world wood carving. Its castle, its churches, especially St. Peter Mancroft, St. John Maddermarket and St. Julian's, with its round tower, its St. Andrew's Hall and its Guildhall, all are worthy of more than mere passing notice, but overtopping everything else in the city, both literally and figuratively looms the Cathedral.

Founded in 1096, by Herbert de Losinga, Norwich Cathedral affords a very striking example of the Norman style, and is crowned with a spire second only to that of Salisbury. He was an indefatigable builder, was Bishop de Losinga. To him East Anglia owes the church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, the largest parish church in



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

England, the church of St. Margaret's, Lynn, and the grand old church at Elmham; but it is the nave at Norwich Cathedral which is the most lasting monument to his skill, for it was he who designed and planned it, although it fell to the lot of his successor, Bishop Lyhart, to actually execute the work. Bishop Lyhart's rebus, in the form of a hart lying down, appears several times in the building, although not so often as the golden well which is the rebus of that Bishop Goldwell who presided over the See of Norwich before his transference to that of St. Asaph, and who, dying an exile at Rome in 1585, was the last of the old English Roman Catholic Hierarchy. In some respects the beauty of the nave at Norwich is even surpassed by that of the lofty choir, with its typical Norman bays, carved stalls, and unusual semi-circular apse beyond.

The scenery round Norwich is peaceful and pretty; it has been beloved of artists since Crome and Cotman founded, and James Stark and George Vincent further popularised, what is still known as "The Norwich school of painters." The Norfolk Broads lie close to Norwich, so that the boating man as well as the artist and the lover of the antique will find much to repay him if he diverge for a day or two from the more direct journey north.

From Ely the Cathedral route proceeds *via* March and Spalding to Lincoln. By the best train, which leaves Liverpool Street, at 11 a.m. and Ely at 12.49 p.m., no stop is made at March, but if time allows, the traveller would do well to catch a slower train, and, once more diverging from the direct line, this time to the west, travel over the short branch line fourteen miles in length, which runs from March to Peterborough.

Peterborough, as a diocese, dates entirely from the Reformation. Prior to 1557 the Monastic Church or Abbey of St. Peter, at "Peter's Rurgh," was under the rule of a mitred abbot of the Order of St. Benedict, but in that year Henry VIII. having confiscated its endowments, elected to form a new diocese out of part of the then unwieldy diocese of Lincoln, and gave back about a third of the property wherewith to endow the Bishopric as at present existing. It is at Peterborough Cathedral where Henry's first wife, Katherine of Arragon, is buried. For a short time the body of an even more unfortunate queen rested there, for Mary Stuart was buried at Peterborough, until her son, James I., had her body removed to Westminster Abbey.

Although not to be compared with the two fen-country Cathedrals at Ely

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and Lincoln, Peterborough Cathedral boasts a west front that has been described by at least one eminent authority as "the grandest and finest in Europe." Widespread, therefore, was the regret when, a few years ago, it was stated that this beautiful façade was in

rebuilding. Fortunately such fears have proved groundless. Every single stone was carefully marked, and, if found intact, replaced in its original position. Where it was found absolutely necessary to introduce new stones, care was taken that they should exactly resemble,



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL (WEST FRONT)

imminent danger of falling down. Immediate steps were taken by the Dean and Chapter to secure the safety of the building, and at very great cost this has now been done. A great deal of the front had to be taken down, and, not unnaturally, fears were expressed lest the original design should be lost in the

in all respects, those they were designed to replace, and now the famous west front presents as dignified and beautiful an appearance as ever it did, and, what is more, it is certified to be quite safe.

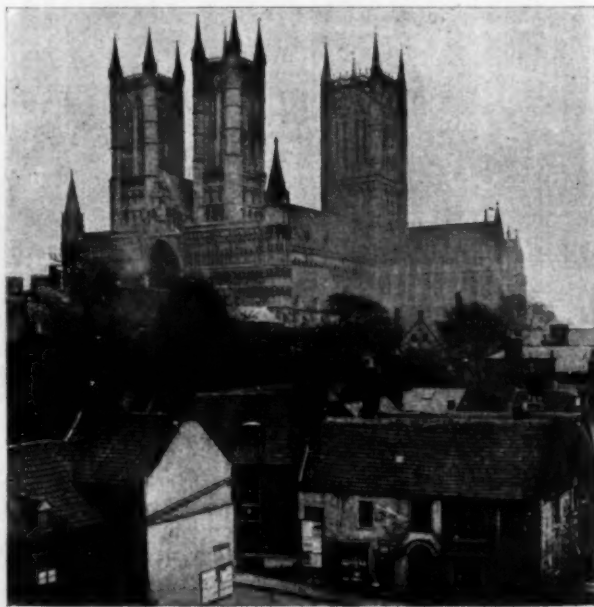
Resuming his journey northwards at March, the traveller finds himself on what is known as the Great Northern

and Great Eastern Joint Line, and, passing through Spalding and Sleaford, arrives at Lincoln. The county of Lincoln is generally described as flat, and sometimes as uninteresting. Neither description is accurate; a portion of the county is certainly flat, although by no means all, and no county could be truthfully called uninteresting that boasts such a building as Lincoln Cathedral. Moreover, Lincoln would be interesting if only on account of the many notable men who have ruled over the see. Its first bishop, and the founder of its Cathedral, Remigius, was canonised, as was another of its bishops, St. Hugh. Dr. Watson, who was appointed bishop by Mary, was, for his adherence to the older religion, thrown into Wisbech gaol by Elizabeth, where, after many years' imprisonment, he died in 1584. In modern days Bishop Kaye was the last English prelate to wear the bag wig; and the present bishop, Dr. King, whose trial for ritualistic practices will be remembered by all, has the reputation of being the Highest Churchman on the bench.

Lincoln Cathedral was commenced

in 1074, and in general scheme is Early English, but there are occasional glimpses of the still earlier Norman style, and some fine examples of Gothic, Lancet and other styles. The whole is wonderfully well blended and harmonious, although the effect is unfortunately lessened owing to the fact that the spires have disappeared that once surmounted its two western towers, and one side of its cloisters has also been destroyed. Still, as it stands, on the summit of the hill upon which the city is built, its effect is most grand and impressive. As old as the Cathedral, and second only in interest to it, is Lincoln Castle; and the Jews' House, one of the only three remaining in England, is likewise worthy of inspection. The other two are also in the eastern counties, at Norwich and Bury St. Edmunds respectively.

From Lincoln the route north is *via* Gainsborough to Doncaster, whence the Great Eastern train runs over the North-Eastern system past Selby to York. The ancient city of York has played so important a part in the history of England, it has been so



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YORK MINSTER

often written about and its many glories so many times described, that it would be superfluous to indulge in any lengthy description here. York was a place of no mean importance before the Romans came, and its first Christian church was built by Constantine the Great. Eboracum was its Roman name, and to this day it is customary for its Archbishop to use the abbreviation "Ebor." as his signature. There is probably no form of architecture so perfectly adapted to religious thought and feeling as the Gothic, and, like the Cathedral at Ely, York Minster displays the Gothic style at its purest and its best. From its curious double doorway in the western front to its perfect east window the distance is five hundred feet; and the view of the interior, flooded with light from the storied clerestory windows, can never be adequately described: it must be seen to be appreciated. Within the chancel is the stone seat whereon old Saxon kings sat; in the Lady Chapel is buried Archbishop Scrope, who was beheaded in 1405; and every corner of the Minster is redolent of the history of this country.

The traveller journeying on to Scot-

land joins the North-Eastern train at York, and, passing Durham and Newcastle—each of which cities possesses a cathedral and a castle—arrives at Edinburgh, which, as all the world knows, glories in two cathedrals and two castles.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Great Eastern way up North has not been inaptly termed "the Cathedral Route." The scenery on the road cannot indeed boast the rugged grandeur of much of the North country, or the richness and variety of the West; its beauty is of the calm and placid order. The towns and villages dotted all over the Eastern Counties present more old-world characteristics than those of any other part of the country. The thoughts of the inhabitants seem mostly centred on the state of the crops and other matters agricultural. The cares and worries of the outer world pass by almost unheeded. There is no hurry, no bustle, but an air of perpetual repose; and it is this characteristic that has probably made the Cathedral Route already so popular with Americans, to whom it comes as a novel experience, a curiosity, and a change.

English Historical Costumes for Ten Centuries;

OR, "FASHION'S MIRROR" FOR MEN

WRITTEN BY HELEN C. GORDON. ILLUSTRATED BY E. JESSICA LEWIS

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Hamlet*.)

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello*.)

The old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IT is quite an open secret that the sterner sex, though in theory considered above such trivialities as fashions, is, in reality, as much at the mercy of the tailor's latest dictum as the average woman is a slave to "la Mode."

From time to time some voice has decreed that the form and fashions of men's garments shall be changed, until the conventional suit of to-day differs widely indeed from that of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. This has a survival, however, in the smock frock still worn by Hodge, and which obtains favour amongst the disciples of Count Tolstoi in this country.

TENTH CENTURY.

The wardrobe of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman, ten centuries ago, comprised a linen shirt, over which was worn a tunic or surcoat, which in summer was also of linen, in winter of wool. The

border was often richly embroidered, and frequently of silk, a fabric used by the wealthy as early as the eighth century. The sleeves were so lengthy that they set in close rolls round the forearm, and fastened at the wrist with a bracelet, which, when detached, permitted them to fall over the hands in lieu of gloves, which had not yet made their appearance. Drawers reaching to the knee were at first met by leathern stockings, covered either diagonally or in close rolls with bands of linen, cloth or leather. Such leggings are still worn by the people of the Apennines, and are to be seen in some parts of Russia and Spain. Rather primitive shoes, fastened down the middle by a leather thong, soon came into common use and were worn with socks, which had ornamental borders. On state occasions a cloak was added to this costume, clasped on either shoulder with a brooch, leaving a round opening through which the head might be passed, or else fastened on the breast.

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A cap, or "hoet," the original of our word "hat," was only worn in battle, or when travelling, and was made of felt, wool, or leather (the latter ornamented with metal), in the same shape as a Phrygian cap. The only protection to the head ordinarily was Nature's own covering, worn long, and in the pictures of the period painted blue, as were the beards of the old men. The younger generation are generally represented as being clean-shaven. It is not quite certain if the Saxons really dyed their hair, or if the artist felt unequal to reproduce the real colour of the golden locks, which so much attracted the notice of Pope Gregory in Rome. Upper garments are always painted red, blue or green; and stockings, either red or blue; so that the descent of the Danes into England must have produced a strong contrast in colour.

ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The invading forces, probably owing to their adoption of a raven as a national emblem, were clad entirely in black; and Childe Dyring is described as attending a wedding in garments of this sombre hue, which evidently was not yet set apart for mourning habiliments.

Instead of the conquerors imposing their dress upon the conquered, the Danes, after their conversion to Christianity, adopted the gay apparel of the Saxons, vying with them in the care of their long flowing locks, in which they took an inordinate pride. Edward the Confessor, however, had his courtiers cropped as close as Roundheads, and beards also disappeared, leaving only the upper lip unshorn. Gold, silver and ivory ornaments were generally worn; especially bracelets, with which the arms were positively loaded.

In those slow-going times even the conquest of the country by another race, and the consequent influx of foreigners, brought very little radical change in the form of ordinary civil dress, except in the nether garments. These took the shape of pantaloons with feet to them, and were called first "trousers" and then "chaussés." In the robes of state, however, the tunic was lengthened to reach the ankle, and the short mantle

became long and flowing, with adornments of cords and tassels.

TWELFTH CENTURY.

The twelfth century inaugurated a rage for costliness of material, and exaggeration in form, which affected alike the clergy and laity. Both the state tunic, and linen vestment worn beneath it, trailed on the ground. Sleeves were of such amplitude and width that they fell far beyond the hands, which now, for the first time, were gloved. Costly furs, such as rheno and sable, were much in request for lining and trimming satin cloaks, worn short on ordinary occasions, as was also the tunic. The Comte d'Anjou, whose feet were deformed, introduced the oriental peaked shoe; and a courtier called Robert thought to improve (?) upon this foot-gear by prolonging the point into the semblance of a scorpion's tail, or twisting it into ram's horns, stuffed out with tow. The Phrygian cap, though still in existence, was not favoured by the beaux, who wore their hair long and curled, and bound with fillets or ribands. The length of hair varied according to the caprice of kings, and for a time was cut short by order of a Royal Edict, issued by Henry I. This was due to the great impression made upon him by a sermon, preached by a prelate called Serlo, which must have been most convincing, for the whole congregation consented to be cropped there and then, immediately after its delivery. Six months later, however, locks were as long and flowing as ever, and, in the reign of Stephen, artificially supplemented as well; so that wigs may be said to date from the twelfth century. Beards and moustaches were worn according to individual fancy. It is not intended that this paper should include in its prescribed limits the various changes which have taken place in military costume; but the Knights of St. John were so much a feature of this age that the distinguishing details of their dress cannot be passed by quite unnoticed. The Hospitallers wore, over the military tunic (or hauberk, as it was called) of steel rings, a long black mantle with a white cross on the left shoulder. The Templars, an order founded eighteen years later, were known by their scarlet



THIRTEENTH CENTURY

mantles, also having on the left shoulder the white badge of their holy mission.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Another century brought with it a still greater love of fine apparel, finding a vent in the use of richer stuffs, which yearly became more available through increasing communication and trade with foreign countries. Velours, or velvet, with trimmings of ermine, marten, or miniver, was greatly in favour. A material called "cyclas," because manufactured in the Cyclades, gave its name to a long tunic, worked with gold and embroidered with silk, which was girded at the waist, or not, according to fancy. Mantles were only used on state occasions. For travelling, the "super-totus" was worn, which justified its name, being an ample cloak, with large sleeves, and a hood or capuchon to draw over the head. The Phrygian cap was quite superseded by the "chaperon,"

a sort of bag, with a long pointed end, which was either twisted round the neck, or hung down the back in a long tail, called a tippet.

Towards the middle of the century coifs were worn by all classes of men, made of white linen, close-fitting like a nightcap, and tying under the chin.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Edward III.'s romantic chivalry, which strove to revive the days of King Arthur and the Round Table, brought many foreign knights into the country. They, naturally, introduced new and strange fashions, the constant changes in which are much deplored by the writers of the time. Consequently this period is noted for a sudden revolution in style, especially in the introduction of a close-fitting body garment, called a "cote-hardie," which buttoned all the way down the front, and reached the middle of the thigh. The edges of the sleeves, which ended at the elbow and displayed those of the vest beneath, were cut out in fanciful designs of leaves. The border and sides of mantles were finished in the same quaint way, and the whole costume richly embroidered and bejewelled, with ornamental letters and mottoes worked out in silk and jewels. The front of the cloak, which reached to the feet, was generally thrown over the shoulder and hung in ample folds behind to the ground. The growth of heraldry introduced the curious fashion of parti-coloured garments, and John of Gaunt is represented in a mantle half blue, half white, the colours of the House of Lancaster. Gentlemen adopted the colours taken from the arms of the family to which they either belonged or attached themselves, and clad their legs in hose of different hue, with rather grotesque effect. Habits were still worn, but so short and inadequate, as an article of covering, that their indecency is much commented upon by the writers of the time. The beaux were so changeable that the short-habited man of to-day would, to-morrow, make his appearance in long trailing garments. The love of costly apparel had infected all classes of society to such a degree that sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain the extravagance of the Com-

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mons, who were prohibited from wearing expensive furs and jewelled embroideries. A jaunty cap, set on one side of the head, with a jewelled feather, had come into fashion; also the beaver hat from Flanders, which was soon to oust the chaperon and tippet.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The latter form of headgear still held its own, however, at the beginning of the next century, though in a somewhat modified form, a sort of turban, or crown with a rolled brim. The tunic, or doublet, was cut round on the shoulders, to show the undervest; and the sleeves, loose and hanging and bordered with fur, were afterwards slit up, exposing to view the loose shirt-sleeves beneath. Norman chaussés again came into favour, fastened to the doublet of silk, satin or velvet, with laces, or "points," as they were then called. The old-fashioned stomacher was as much an article of men's attire as of women's, and over the whole costume

a loose "gowne" was sometimes donned. This was straight at the sides, and gathered back and front like a woman's "frocke," so that it was really somewhat difficult to distinguish the sexes. Favourite colours for the rich velvet doublets and gowns were purple, green, and crimson; and cloth of gold and silver was largely patronised by royal personages. The beaux wore their hats a quarter of an ell high, and the peaks of their shoes the same measure in length, fastened up to the knee with small chains or cords. Towards the close of the century, however, shoes became as absurdly broad as they had hitherto been pointed, their width being quite out of all proportion to the foot.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The next era was to include amongst its monarchs Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, whose undisputed vanity, and love of personal adornment, made the question of dress one of ever-increasing importance to the *beau monde*. King Hal's wardrobe included a vast number of garments of every variety and for every occasion, rather bringing to mind the latter-day requirements of Miss Flora M'Flimsey. There were coats for walking and riding; long coats, short coats, demi-coats; coats with skirts; coats of velvet, satin and leather. Sleeves and capes there were, quite apart from the rest of the garments, to be attached to them by means of "points" or buttons. Shirts, pouched or plaited, enriched with lovely broideries of gold, silver, or silk. One "frocke" of especial beauty was of velvet embroidered with gold of damask, lined with cloth of gold and fastened with buttons of rubies, diamonds and pearls. The Norman chaussés made their final exit, and were replaced by loose breeches slashed with a different colour, a fashion just coming into vogue in the former century, and now extended also to doublets or jerkins, and to shoes and buskins. Stomachers were superseded by waistcoats, and gowns by mantles; some of which were worn sashwise, that the beauty of the clothes beneath might not be hidden from view. Ruffs and ruffles became an accessory to costume, and the short cropped hair was surmounted by a velvet cap or



FIFTEENTH CENTURY

bonnet, laden with feathers. In the blue coat, breeches, and yellow stockings worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital we have a survival of the dress of the London apprentice in the reign of Edward VI., by whom the institution was founded. His short rule, however, and that of his successor, Mary, did not inaugurate any novelty in costume; and it is to the Elizabethan period that we must now turn for the next decrees of fashion. It seems almost superfluous to describe the well-known costume of the courtiers who surrounded Queen Bess, so familiar through stage plays, and fancy dress balls, where it rivals in favour that of the cavalier. This reign marks the division of the "hose" into breeches and stockings; the former slashed with a different colour, gradually increasing in size till they were plaited and stuffed out with bombast. The doublet grew longer and longer-waisted, till it became what was inelegantly called "the peasecod bellied" doublet of James I., also well wadded—a fashion that greatly commended itself to that timorous monarch. The short velvet, cloth or taffeta cloaks were cut from the modes of France, Spain, or Holland, and were handsomely trimmed with gold and silver lace and glass bugles. Hats took all sorts of quaint shapes, and were mostly made of dyed felt instead of the modish and extravagantly-priced beaver. Some were steeple-crowned, others broad and flat, but all had the coloured band and feather fastened with a jewelled brooch. Stockings, sometimes of silk; broad shoes with rosettes; and the inevitable ruff, stiffened for choice with yellow starch, completed this elaborate costume.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Towards the close of James I.'s reign, and consequently still at the beginning of the next century, breeches became smaller, and, instead of being slashed, were covered at intervals with embroidered straps, showing the material between, and fastened below the knee with large rosettes. A wide collar, called a band, which stood out horizontally, stiffened with wire and yellow starch, took the place of the ruff. Jackets or doublets were shortened; and



SIXTEENTH CENTURY

what hats lost in the crown, they took on in the brim, and were low and broad. The fops of the period, and at their head the Duke of Buckingham, bedecked themselves with jewels, especially diamonds and pearls, which were fashioned into buttons, clasps, cockades, and earrings. The fashions of the time were largely influenced by those of Spain; and the Court of Charles I. still further availed itself of the picturesque modes worn in the native country of the Queen-consort. The doublet of silk, satin or velvet, with slashed sleeves, was sometimes replaced (for these were troublous times) by a buff coat, richly embroidered, with a broad satin sash tied over the hip. Trouser-breeches, sometimes fringed, were met by wide boots, the tops of which were ruffled with lawn or lace. The long flowing hair was surmounted by a broad-brimmed Flemish beaver, set well on one side, with a plume of

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feathers. The peaked beard and small upturned moustaches are conspicuous in the many familiar portraits of the king. With the courtier's silken doublet was worn a short embroidered cloak, which hung carelessly from one shoulder. Other well-known accessories were the falling collar of point-lace with vandyked edges, held together by small cords and tassels, and the smart Spanish rapier worn at one side.

The rigid severity of the Puritans, which was extended to garments of sober cut and hue, was followed by an extreme reaction in fashions of dress, as well as fashions of manners, when the "King had come to his own again." The costumes of Charles II. verge on the grotesque, so extravagant were they in form and detail. The short doublet was open in front to display a rich silk or lawn shirt, the ruffled sleeves of which bulged out under the elbow sleeves of the jacket, both being tied up with ribands. No waistcoat was worn, and

the shirt fell over the band of large "petticoat" breeches, so called because the lining appeared below—the material was trimmed with lace ruffles, and fastened under the knee with bunches of ribands. More ribands tied up the "stiro" hose, which were two yards in width at the top and pierced with eyelet-holes. Soon the doublet began to take unto itself skirts reaching almost to the knees, and buttoned all the way down the front—the first "coat" on record. Before the end of the century, suits consisting of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, all of one material, came into vogue; and a finishing touch was given to the whole by a neckcloth or cravat, with square ends of finest Brussels or Flanders lace. As a compliment to Louis XIV. the huge French periwig was adopted; and hats became lower in the crown and shorter in the brim to suit its exigencies, and were trimmed with a riband band and bow. Buckles were fast replacing rosettes on the square-toed shoes, and, a few years later, were further ornamented with red heels.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Our neighbours across the Channel had much to say to the fashion prevalent during the next hundred years, and every article of dress underwent some alteration. An especial feature was the long waistcoat with flaps and pockets, worn under a square-cut coat stiffened out with wire and buckram, the sword-hilt peeping out beneath. Long scarlet, blue or white stockings, ornamented with gold or silver clocks, were drawn over the knee, and were met by close-fitting garments called knee-breeches. Hair powder, which had made its appearance in the seventeenth century, came to stay in the eighteenth, and perukes were fashionable, as well as wigs of all sorts and shapes. These were surmounted by a three-cornered hat, laced with gold or silver galloon, and frequently carried under the arm. In the left hand was the jewelled snuff-box, an indispensable article of every gentleman's toilet; and patches were also worn by men as well as women. Until quite the end of the century, coats continued to be made of silk, satin and velvet, and well-known men such as Hogarth and Goldsmith



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

adopted a certain colour, just as the ultra-fashionable dame of to-day chooses a certain scent, which shall be associated with her personality. Even after broad-cloth came into general use, waistcoats and knee-breeches were still made of costlier stuffs, and frequently richly embroidered as well.

Under the Georges cloth became the general material for daily wear, satin and velvet being reserved for Court use. Knee-breeches, now quite tight-fitting, were worn over the knee, at first buckled, and afterwards tied. Coats, merely unstiffened to begin with, grew smaller in the skirts, and towards the close of the century were cut square above the hips with lappels and a tail. Waistcoats assumed much their present proportions, and the ruff was permanently ousted by the stiff collar. White cambric stocks buckled behind, and white muslin cravats, each had their little day; and the big square buckles

on shoes gave place to less ornamental ties or laces. Three-cornered hats disappeared, and were superseded by tall crowns and small brims rather inclined to turn up at the sides, trimmed with a narrow band of ribbon and tiny buckle.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The French Revolution had its effect upon the fashions of 1800, as well as upon matters of more weighty import; the tendency being greatly to simplify costume. Young men in England adopted the short coat, light waistcoat, and pantaloons inaugurated in Paris by a certain set who affected to despise the old Court fashions. The use of powder, made more expensive by taxation, quite died out, and short hair became universal. Trousers and Wellington boots, at first worn only by the military, were adopted by civilians about 1814, and the dandy of the early Victorian era wore his tightly strapped down. He also prided himself on his starched collar,



EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

which had* gone out of favour under George IV., who preferred a black silk kerchief, or stock. The snuff-box vanished, and the characteristic ornament of the age was the bunch of seals hanging from the watch-chain. Various modifications have taken place from time to time during the Queen's long reign, but the form of men's dress practically remains unaltered. The knickerbockers

and tweed suit of the country gentleman are of comparatively modern date, as well as the wide-awake and cloth cap. Whether the next century will bring forth fresh innovations is yet but a matter for conjecture. To judge by what has gone before, it certainly seems that, in every era, fashions alter somewhat, as well as other phases of life, and "the old order changeth, giving place to new."





THE STORY of the JEWEL IN THE STAGE COACH

as related by
Simon Simple 
BARRISTER-AT-LAW

WRITTEN BY GEOFFRY BRANDON. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE

LT befell on a dark November afternoon, early in the century, that I—Simon Simple, barrister-at-law—was journeying in the old stage omnibus, from Westminster to Clapham.

It was barely five o'clock when I swung myself into the coach, and passing up to the end, took my seat in the furthest corner, in order that my fellow-travellers should not stumble over my long legs, as they passed in and out on the way.

We had rumbled over the bridge before the clock struck five; and yet it was quite dark, and most dismally dank and foggy.

The oil lamps were alight on the Stockwell Road, and, as we passed them at intervals, sent fitful gleams of yellow light into the otherwise dark interior of the coach.

The guard outside stamped his feet, and beat his chest, and blew husky frozen blasts upon his horn.

And I fell to thinking, with pleasant anticipation, of the good hot cup of tea

which my aunt Priscilla would presently prepare for me, and of how my cousin Pauline's eyes would shine in the fire-light as she sat upon the fenderstool, burning her pretty cheeks, and making my toast. For Pauline was not only my cousin, but also my promised bride; and we were to be married, she and I, as soon as I could succeed in making somewhat of an income by my profession.

I was a young barrister then, with an abundance of good brains in my head, and a remarkable scarcity of golden guineas in my pocket. I knew that my legal judgment was as sound as that of any judge on the bench; and that my knowledge of the law and my shrewd power of applying it to my client's interests would have been as good and as keen as that of any senior at the bar (had I had any clients). All this I knew, and so did aunt Priscilla, and so did Pauline; but, unfortunately, no one else seemed to know it, and important briefs failed to come my way.

Nevertheless, youth and hope generally go hand in hand; and Pauline's eyes grew brighter every day; and aunt

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Priscilla used to fold her mittened hands and say complacently : "When the jewel Chance shall lie in our Simon's path, he will not fail to pick it up." She made this remark so often, and in so precisely the same tone of voice as that with which she led our family devotions, that Pauline and I grew to regard it in the light of a text of Scripture, and I felt that one of the prophets had indeed prophesied well of me.

But while I thus dozed in my dark corner of the coach, musing on my love, and my work and my hopes, to the accompaniment of the rumbling which sounded dim and distant through my dreams, my fellow-passengers had alighted one by one ; also I might have dozed on in peace and solitude until I reached my destination on the further side of Clapham Common, had not the coach suddenly stopped ; and the guard, opening wide the door, turned his lantern full upon the steps, to aid the entrance of a lady passenger.

I heard the rustle of a silken petticoat and leaned forward to observe her as she stepped in ; for, even when one has a little girl of one's own—who will ever be fairer than all others—one should not miss an opportunity of seeing anything worth seeing.

But I might have spared myself the pains. One glance proved the newcomer to be a middle-aged angular female, of the species spinster ; tall, sallow, and big-boned ; richly dressed in a green silk gown, a white fur tippet, and a green silk bonnet, of the shape called by the flippant "coalscuttle," from its resemblance to that useful, though scarcely ornamental, article of furniture.

This much I saw, by the light of the guard's lamp ; then he banged to the door, and we were left in darkness.

At first, on entering, the good lady had made as if she would have passed up to the end of the vehicle ; and I feared lest, taking me in the dim light for an empty seat, she would deposit herself upon my knee. But just as I was about to cough loudly, and thus make her aware of my presence, she changed her mind and took a seat, on my side of the coach, but near the door.

She evidently fancied herself alone, for she made various remarks as we went

along, such as : "Ah me ! What a night !" "Mercy, how flustered I did feel !" "Alack ! that I must drag this most becoming gown through London mire." "Plague take the coachman for failing to meet me as appointed ;" and I could tell, by the pitying tenderness of her tone, that she believed she was addressing *herself* alone. However, she shortly relapsed into silence, and we rumbled on towards Clapham Common.

I was about to close my own eyes, the better to behold my Pauline's grey ones, when my attention was attracted by something bright, resting upon the cushion on the back of the seat opposite. These old-fashioned vehicles, unlike the cheap omnibus of to-day, were well cushioned and padded, and upholstered in dark blue carriage cloth. This curious bright object appeared to be lying on the cushion, about half way up the back of the seat. It was the size and shape of a large filbert, and gleamed against the dark background like a beautiful pearl or a bright cornelian. It only shone out as we passed the oil lamps at intervals, or when an old watchman turned his lantern on the coach as it rumbled by.

I began to feel an interest in this stray jewel. It brought to my mind aunt Priscilla's text about the jewel, Chance. I fell to wondering whose it had been, and how they came to leave it there, and I said to myself that I would pick it up, on my way out, and examine it.

Presently I perceived that the maiden lady in the further corner had caught sight of it also. The guard's lantern threw a dim light on her place near the door, and I could see the shadowy outline of her aggressive green silk bonnet, as she leaned forward, intently watching it. Each time we passed a lamp it glittered ; and she leaned further forward in her seat ; and at last I saw her lift her mittened hand and point towards it, with a long inquiring finger.

Now I had seen the jewel first, and I was mighty curious to discover what it could be ; but, manlike, I did keep my hands in my pockets, and a quiet tongue in my head.

Not so the spinster ! She commenced an inward sepulchral whispering, and the long finger of her right hand twitched as she pointed it at the jewel.

"A gem!" she ejaculated excitedly. "A lost and forgotten gem! A lonely jewel in a stage coach. Strange! Prithee fair jewel, what art thou?"

A period of darkness, between the lamps, during which I meditated upon the wearying foolishness of a woman's remarks when she believes herself to be alone.

We drew slowly near another lamp. The gem gleamed out, and seemed to twinkle with an added lustre.

Then the spinster lady whispered tragically: "I must touch it, have it, hold it!" and rose up in her place, tall, gaunt, determined.

The object of our mutual interest was almost opposite to me, but some distance from her corner. She advanced towards it carefully, with outstretched finger.

The lamplight died away. The coach was left in darkness.

I knew she still stood waiting; and I scarce breathed, in my dark corner.

Suddenly a chance watchman turned on his lantern. The jewel shone out more brightly than ever.

With a rapid forward movement, the tall lady leaned across, and poked it with her finger.

Gentle reader! That jewel was a glass eye; and, awful to relate, the setting of that supposed *stray* jewel, was the head of an old gentleman! A small, nervous, old gentleman, completely clothed in black, and sitting so quiet and still, in the depths of his own comfortable seat, that neither the spinster nor I, had been aware of his presence. Whether he was dozing with his other eye, I know not; but, be that as it may, he was perfectly unaware of the interest his glass one had awakened in his fellow passengers; and he was taken completely, horribly, appallingly by surprise, when this tall gaunt figure bent towards him, and poked an aggressive finger full in his eye.

He hopped up forthwith, uttering a yell like a frantic hyena, frightening the spinster clean out of her wits, and, making for the door, fell over my outstretched legs, straight into the poor lady's arms. He thereupon dealt her a blow in the body, which returned her, in a doubled up condition, to her seat; and yelling: "Murder! Thieves!

Help!" speedily brought the coach to a standstill.

The old guard let down the window, inquiring what might be the matter.

"Let me out!" roared the little man. "There is a mad woman in here! She is trying to rob and murder me! Let me out, I say! Good heavens! I, Sir Benjamin Cossett, to be thus shut in with a female maniac. Let me out!"

The guard hastened to open the door, and the little gentleman bounded into the road, like an india-rubber ball.

The guard commenced attempting to assure him that the good lady could have meant no harm.

"Harm!" gasped the little man, as he stood panting in the road; "I tell you, fellow, she is a criminal lunatic. She assaulted me savagely, and on my endeavouring to escape, seized me in a strangulating embrace. Get in again? Good heavens, *no!* I shall go on foot the rest of the distance, over the Common, to Lawyer Clawby's. A sorry way to treat one of His Majesty's Judges! And hark you, fellow, mark where that woman alights, and bring me word to-morrow at the mansion of my friend, Mr. Lawyer Clawby."

After which, waiting for no reply from old Jonas, the agitated little judge hastened away, and was lost to view in the darkness.

Meanwhile the poor lady lay, well-nigh prostrate, where she had fallen; her green bonnet crushed out of all shape, her face covered with her lace handkerchief, from behind which flimsy shelter she emitted sounds which seemed to me closely to resemble the proud cackling of a hen, who, having laid an egg, and thus accomplished the task appointed her by destiny, desires to inform the world of her praiseworthy act. Since then, fair reader, I have been a married man; and I therefore know now, what you have divined already, that the spinster had taken refuge in hysterics, a course usually pursued by ladies, when all other lines of action fail them. But I was young then, and a bachelor; and I listened, wonderingly, unable to associate so queer a sound with anything more tragic than the triumphant fowl.

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" 'I TELL YOU, FELLOW, SHE IS A CRIMINAL LUNATIC' "

she gave a kind of gasp, and thereafter remained motionless, in breathless desperate silence, until the judge's footsteps died away, and old Jonas, banging to the door, with a remark which must not be chronicled, we rumbled on our way.

Meanwhile, I, in my dark corner, had in no way revealed my presence; therefore, the poor frightened lady, gasped and crowed, and ejaculated, all unconscious that she was not alone. Presently she fumbled in her reticule, and

I could distinguish the chink of gold. A few moments later, the coach stopped; the guard opened the door, and shining his lantern full on the weeping lady, said somewhat tartly: "Your destination, Mistress Kesia."

She drew her tippet round her, and hastened to alight; and, as she did so, I heard the sound of gold passing from her hand into that of the guard.

"I hope ye weren't frightened, Mistress Kesia?" he said, in deferential

tones. "His lordship had taken over many prawns with his luncheon, I'm thinking, and suffered from the nightmare; for never a trace of any mad woman have I seen in my coach this night."

She bade him good evening, in an agitated voice, and vanished into the gloom of a large stone portico.

As I was leaving the coach some few minutes later, old Jonas stopped me, his small ferret-like eyes twinkling with curiosity, from under his shaggy brows.

"Ah, Master Simple," said he, "you lay low, did ye? Now, by old Harry, what in the name of wonder, did the good lady do, to fluster up his lordship, and create so mighty a disturbance?"

I explained the matter in as few words as might be; and old Jonas well nigh sat down in the mud, so side-splitting was his laughter.

"And now, tell me, Jonas," said I, "why was the fair jewel-hunter so alarmed at mention of Sir Benjamin's destination, and Mr. Lawyer Clawby's name?"

Jonas went off into fresh contortions.

"Bless you, Master Simple," he said at last, in a weak voice, and holding his waistcoat with both hands. "Why? Because she is Mistress Kesia Clawby, Lawyer Clawby's eldest daughter!"

As I turned in at aunt Priscilla's gate, and ran up the steps, I left old Jonas leaning up against the wheel, and laughing in so excessive a manner, that when the coach commenced to move on, he straightway took a seat in the road.

Now it so happened that I myself had an invitation to a *soirée* at the Clawby mansion that night, to have the honour of meeting Sir Benjamin Cossett, and other legal lights; and much discussion had taken place in our little circle as to whether or not I should go. Aunt Priscilla maintained it to be my duty, as a possible means of advancement in my profession; Pauline would have it that all the Clawby girls were giddy flirts; and she needed Simon, to hold skeins of wool, and sit beside her while she worked, just on that particular evening of all others.

Now the "Clawby girl" I had just seen was certainly not a "giddy flirt"; and the sight of her and Sir Benjamin,

renewing their kind acquaintance, promised to be so interesting that—though I had been all on Pauline's side in the morning—I now changed round, and viewed the matter in the wise light set forth by aunt Priscilla.

This dutiful conduct highly gratified my kind relative, who—when I came arrayed in my best evening attire, to bid her good night—patted my hand fondly, and repeated her text about the jewel of Chance, little guessing how appropriate any mention of a jewel appeared to me just then.

My sweet Pauline pouted not a little, and threw a skein of wool in my face, when I went for to kiss her; but she ran after me down the stairs and did fully atone in the shadow of the hall door; though I discovered, later in the evening, that she had made use of that opportunity, to slip the skein of wool into my pocket, which skein I afterwards flourished before an assembly of fair ladies in Lawyer Clawby's drawing room, supposing it to have been my finest lace handkerchief.

As I made my way through the crowded reception rooms at the Clawby mansion, I soon caught sight of Mistress Kesia, and recognised her instantly, although the green bonnet had made way for a becoming head-dress of white lace, surmounted by a diamond tiara, and she was resplendent in flowing robes of yellow satin brocade.

I made my way, with all convenient speed, in her direction; and soon found myself wedged into a corner exactly behind the ottoman upon which she was seated.

Miss Kesia Clawby was exerting all her charms to please and captivate the guest of the evening, no less a personage than His Majesty's smallest and most pompous judge, Sir Benjamin Cossett.

Very different he appeared to the frightened, desperate, little gentleman in the coach, who had disappeared into the foggy night, all bespattered with mud, and livid with terror. His black velvet coat, and silken breeches, fitted his dapper figure to perfection; while his diamond buckles, silver buttons, and spotless lawn frills, relieved his otherwise somewhat sombre attire.

He seemed quite fascinated by his

host's eldest daughter. He had conducted her to this secluded corner, and placed her upon a *low* seat; and now stood before her, one hand gracefully thrust into his breast, drawn up to his full height, after the manner of little men, who desire to make a large impression upon tall women. He was giving her a tragic and marvellous

"But ah! my dear madam," I heard him say; "justice will overtake her yet. She has yet to learn that His Majesty's judges cannot be assaulted and insulted with impunity. If that daring female ever ventures into my presence, I shall recognise her instantly. There was an obnoxious atmosphere about her of which I should be conscious in a moment.



"MY SWEET PAULINE POUTED NOT A LITTLE"

account of his shocking adventure of the afternoon, and enlarging greatly upon his own personal courage, and the coolness he had displayed under such trying circumstances, and upon the over-chivalrous tendencies of his disposition, which had prevented him from handing over the dangerous female to the stern arm of the law.

Even in this crowded room, even under the sweet influence of your gracious presence, I should raise my head, and, gazing around with the calm majesty of the law, should say: 'That odious woman is *here!*'"

As you may suppose, Mistress Kesia enjoyed herself finely, during this beautifully delivered peroration. Her com-

plexion went the exact colour of pale primrose soap, and the long forefinger of her right hand, kept on pointing from sheer nervousness. But little Sir Benjamin was greatly flattered by the extreme emotion she displayed, attributing it solely to consideration for himself; and, bending over her most tenderly, begged her to forget the tale, which was indeed too alarming for her delicate ears.

His glass eye looked fishy, and decidedly the worse for the energetic poke administered by the lady's finger; but his natural one twinkled and beamed with kindly feeling, and his whole face and figure betokened conscious pride at the evidently strong impression he had made upon the fair damsel before him.

And then poor Miss Kesia found a voice, albeit a somewhat shaky one; and called on heaven not to let the vile wretch go unpunished; and used so many hard names about the creature, that I could scarce believe mine own ears. And after this, she and Sir Benjamin got on better than ever, and he, taking a high chair, sat himself down close beside her, and called her "sweet Mistress Kesia;" and when I saw her looking up at him, and clasp her hands, and sitting as low as possible upon the ottoman, and saying "Ah, Sir Benjamin," and "Oh, Sir Benjamin," and "Did you indeed, Sir Benjamin?" I perceived what sort of card the good lady was playing, and that she meant to own that jewel of a glass eye after all.

* * * *

Not many weeks later we heard the news of the betrothal of Mistress Kesia Clawby to Sir Benjamin Cossett; the wedding being fixed for an early date. I had become better acquainted with the Clawby family since attending their *soirée*, although old Clawby had given me nothing as yet save painful and patronising claps on the back, and promises of good cases some day.

Now, as time went on, I was invited to a private view of the magnificent presents received by Mistress Kesia; and this invitation furnished me with an idea.

I went to a jeweller in town, and had a fine cornelian cut into the exact shape

of an eye, and set as a pendant. I ordered a case to be made for it, lined with dark blue carriage cloth; and I forwarded it by post to Mistress Kesia Clawby, accompanied by this simple inscription: "With the congratulations of a fellow-passenger."

When I went to view the presents, mine was not displayed amongst them; but I overheard one of the younger Misses Clawby, telling a lady friend about it, and how greatly it had agitated and upset poor Kesia; she having felt it to be an unkind reflection upon Sir Benjamin's glass eye, over which she was almost morbidly sensitive; and most stringent inquiries were being made, to discover the perpetrator of so unseemly a joke.

When next I saw Sir Benjamin and Mistress Kesia, they were standing together in Clapham Parish Church, and he was endowing her with all his worldly goods, glass eye included; and she was bashfully murmuring the sentences which made her Lady Cossett.

At the reception afterwards, given with much splendour at the Clawby mansion, I contrived to have a word with the bride.

"May I be allowed to congratulate your ladyship?" I said, speaking for her ear alone. "After all, you possess the jewel, to have and to hold."

She started, and looked at me with terror in her eyes.

"What mean you, Master Simple?" she said in a convulsive whisper.

"Merely, my lady," I made answer, "that I wish the Law had an eye into which I could poke my finger, and thereby win the jewel of a chance to rise in my profession, and have some prospect of driving my own coach some day."

Here others came between us, and I, bowing low, turned away; but e'er the happy couple took their departure, I saw Lady Cossett draw old Clawby aside and make him a request in a most urgent and instant manner, and as old Clawby nodded consent, I fancied he looked my way. A few days later, he put into my hands one of the best cases to be had.

When it came on, after some delay, as chance ordained, it was tried before

Justice Cossett, just returned from his honeymoon.

Some kind fairy had said a word in his ear, for he turned his glass eye on all the best points of the other side; but saw mine in a moment, and made much of them; giving me, in the end, a big and brilliant win.

This was my start. As the prophets had prophesied, when the jewel of Chance lay in my path, I had not failed to pick it up.

But in the midst of my success, my conscience smote me, seeing how worried and anxious Lady Cossett oft-times looked, and how she avoided me, like the plague, when we chanced to attend the same receptions.

Also, I had told my sweet Pauline the whole story, and she—after nearly dying of laughter—had suddenly, with perplexing rapidity of transition, dissolved into tears; and then, in an outburst of most unexpected anger, had rated me soundly for what she pleased to call my wicked, worldly, grasping, heartless conduct; and vowed she would never marry me, to live on the proceeds of the poor lady's terrors. Her lovely grey eyes flashed; her little foot beat the floor; and I loved her all the better for giving me so sound a rating. So I wound her soft brown hair around my fingers, and promised to make all right for Lady Cossett.

Not long after, I chanced to be prosecuting before Sir Benjamin Cossett, a thorough London rogue,—a lank, lean, chap, who had perpetrated most evils under the sun. In an exceptionally brilliant cross-examination, I elicited the fact that, besides his other crimes, it was *he* who, masquerading in female attire, had concealed himself in the Clapham Coach, and attacked Sir Benjamin Cossett, on a dark night in November. I even extorted such details as that he assumed, to aid his wicked purpose, a green silk bonnet of a large pattern, a fur tippet, and a silken gown.

Sir Benjamin's excitement was tremendous. He avowed afterwards that he had felt, from the first entrance of the prisoner into court, an undefinable sensation of having met with him before, under horrible circumstances; that his face and figure gradually grew more

terribly familiar, until at last my brilliant forensic skill unveiled the fearful truth. He gave him the heaviest sentence the law allowed; and none but I knew why the culprit accepted it with gratitude.

My fortune was made. Sir Benjamin asked me to his house, and pointed me out as the rising barrister of the day.

A few weeks later my little girl and I were married at the parish church; she bestowing on me the most precious jewel this wide world contained,—her own sweet self.

Lady Cossett was pleased to grace our wedding, all smiles and affability. Sir Benjamin was there also, strutting about like a proud bantam, and making it evident to all assembled, that he honestly thought himself six feet high, and his tall lady barely five.

When the coach, in which I was to take my love away, was already at the door, and while aunt Priscilla was upstairs, assisting her to don her travelling attire, Lady Cossett drew me on one side, and, tapping my coat sleeve with her fan, said playfully:

"In truth, Master Simon, it strikes me you are not so *simple* as our good old nurses would have had us to believe!"

I made reply, bowing low before her: "You praise me too highly, my lady."

"But tell me," she said seriously, a troubled look shadowing her kindly face, "did not Sir Benjamin sentence that poor man more hardly than his real offence deserved? I cannot but feel sad when I think of him in prison."

"Madam," I said, "to you I owe an explanation of the matter. I, and I alone, had discovered against that fellow sure proof of an offence which would have been a hanging matter. I saw him in the prison, and he was thankful to find that having once worn a green silk bonnet and assaulted His Majesty's judge in a coach, would save him the gallows. So your ladyship's mind may be easy on that score."

She heaved a deep sigh of relief, and then said gaily:

"Well, Master Simple, count on me always as your very good friend; and I have here a little private wedding gift for your sweet bride, and also one for

yourself, which will, I hope, enable you to have as fine a coach as you please, to yourselves, with no fear of mad fellow-passengers, during your honeymoon journey. And more I cannot wish you, than that you may be as happy as are my good Sir Benjamin and I."

She slipped a little packet into my hand, and, with another kind smile, turned away.

My Pauline's step was on the stair; but e'er I turned to go and meet her,

and pass her little hand proudly through my arm, I had time to glance at Lady Cossett's present.

It was the eye-shaped cornelian pendant; but now set in fine brilliants, and wrapped in a cheque on her ladyship's bankers, for one hundred pounds!

And this is how I found my jewel, Chance, in a stage-coach; and, as aunt Priscilla had oftentimes prophesied, when it lay in my path, I did not fail to pick it up.



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Camden Place, Chislehurst, and the Ancient Game of Golf

A FORMER IMPERIAL RESIDENCE NOW A GOLF CLUB

WRITTEN AND DESCRIBED BY A. DE BURGH

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. COOLING, CHISLEHURST



F all the games which became fashionable and popular during the last ten or twenty years none has taken so strong a hold on the public at large as the royal and ancient game of golf, and the reason for this is not difficult to understand. To play the game one is compelled to walk some miles generally over breezy downs or hilly surfaces; there is no need of running or any other violent exercise; one may suit one's own fancy as to pace, and still there is plenty of opportunity for display of skill and judgment, and sufficient variety and excitement. The fact that women may play this ancient game without giving any advantage to the sterner sex is also favourable to its popularity. When we look through the report of the doings at the great golf links of Great Britain and the European Continent, we find that many ladies have attained great renown at the game, and the Countess of Annersley is by no means the only lady-president of a golf-club (the Countess takes great interest in golf, and plays frequently at Newcastle, the green of the County Down Golf Club, of which she is president), the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava presides over the Royal Belfast Ladies' Golf Club, Miss Reade captains the club at Ashdown Forest, and there are many other too numerous to be mentioned here.

Golf has also been taken up strongly in America, and we read in one of the sporting papers of our cousins across the Atlantic of "The latest development in the pursuit of golf which is decidedly illuminating. The trying heat of the occidental summer is being obviated by

special means of locomotion. Bicycle paths are being laid out from tee to hole, and, after a good drive, the player may have a refreshing spin of a couple of hundred yards before taking his second club in hand. As if this were not enough, we are told that 'the golf club at Oakland, Long Island, is about to construct a private tramway line completely encircling the links.' The cars will be equipped with easy chairs, and iced drinks will be provided, thus enabling the golfers to cover the longest stretches with ease and comfort."

But an undeniable proof of the great appreciation of golf may be found in the fact that it is in many instances included in the list of studies, and, at a school for girls near New York, a special course of golf is provided for the students. Uncle Jonathan is certainly progressive! His ideas would suit the most advanced members of the London School Board.

It is remarkable how the European Continent has followed suit in the love of this royal and ancient game; links may be found at many places, and it was on those of Cannes that quite lately H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made his first public *début*. He was frequently during the last season seen playing in company with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is the head of the Cannes Golf Club. His Royal Highness has signalled his interest in the game by becoming Patron of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, which, by the way, is the oldest Golfing Society in the world. Although golf is essentially a Scotch game, and certainly was always very popular there, we must not overlook a declaration made by



THE CLUB HOUSE

the Scotch Parliament in the good old days of golf which stated it to be "the mother of cursing and idleness, mischief and wastery," and "it was utterly cryit down and nocht usit," because it induced the people to neglect the more necessary exercise of arms. The game was early introduced into England by the Stuarts.

In Australia the game is now quite a settled institution, many golf clubs having been formed during the last few years; even in South Africa we learn of links having been established. Whether our troublesome friend, the President of the South African Republic, has as yet wielded the club history does not state; however, we fear by so doing he might compromise the dignity of his high office. A foursomes between Kruger and Schreiner against the Secretary of State for the Colonies and Cecil Rhodes should provide a very interesting spectacle.

We should like to speak of some of the most renowned links now in existence, like those of St. Andrew's or Sandwich, where the final in this year's

Parliamentary Golf Handicap was played, or those of North Berwick, Bembridge, Musselburgh, etc., etc. However, we need not go so far away to see good links and good play.

Only about eleven miles from the Metropolis, in a suburban district which can be reached in half an hour's journey from Charing Cross, there is in existence to-day a golf club which can well compete with the most perfect of its kind for supremacy.

Chislehurst is one of the prettiest and best known suburban villages. The Common, which lies high on the top of an extensive hill and is partly wooded, and provided with ponds and pools, and intersected by many drives and foot-paths, gives more the impression of a park than of a vulgar Common.

The most conspicuous building there, which lies on the west side of the Common, is the historical mansion, with its beautiful park, "Camden Place." It was, as far back as 1609, the home of William Camden, the Elizabethan historian, the "Father of English Anti-
quarians.

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Early in the present century the mansion gained gruesome notoriety by the terrible murder of its owner, Mr. Thomas Bonar, a gentleman of seventy years of age, and his wife, Anne, who was fifty-nine. They were brutally murdered in their bedchamber by a domestic servant on the last day of May, 1813. There may now be seen at the parish cemetery a tombstone, on which is recorded the cruel deed by which two highly respected people were deprived of their lives; and it is especially mentioned that it always was their fervent prayer that they might be permitted to leave this world together, and that this appeal to the Highest was granted them by their Heavenly Father in His unfathomable goodness! (It is not stated whether the form of departure from this earth which they experienced was exactly what they had prayed for.)

After the, for France, disastrous war of 1870-71, the exiled Imperial family of that country established their home at Camden Place, and in one of its rooms Napoleon III. died. The Empress Eugénie was here informed of the sad fate of her only gallant son, and the

bodies of both, the ex-Emperor and the Prince Imperial found a temporary resting-place in a special mortuary chapel adjoining the Roman Catholic Chapel of Saint Mary. When the Empress left Camden House for Farnborough, the remains of her husband and son were removed to a mausoleum she built near her new residence. But there still stands a granite cross near the entrance of the park, erected in memory of the young Prince by the inhabitants of the village.

During the time the French Imperial family was in residence at Camden Place, Chislehurst was actually filled with Frenchmen and French ladies who had followed their former Emperor into exile. The Roman Catholic Chapel on Sunday mornings was resplendent with the grandees of the second Empire, and the ex-Emperor, ex-Empress and Prince Imperial, with their suites, were rarely absent. The very pretty chapel looks very different at the present day, and the worshippers are few and far between. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

For years no tenant could be found for Camden Place, and the house and park were in danger of falling into the



THE AVENUE, CAMDEN PLACE

hands of speculative builders, when a local syndicate, formed for the purpose of saving the estate, came to the rescue, and Camden House, with about seventy acres of land, was secured for £36,000. "Camden House, Limited," is now the happy possessor of the splendid mansion and park. It speaks well for the public spirit and the loyalty of the gentry of Chislehurst and neighbourhood that they subscribed so large a sum of money when there is actually very little hope of the venture turning out a financial success,

had to be purchased on this occasion for a large price had been a little later than a hundred years ago, public property. There is in the British Museum an old map, dated 1680, showing that at that time, the house which stood then on the site of the present mansion, had only two acres of land connected with it, and was surrounded by Chislehurst Heath on all sides but the west.

Among the illustrious persons who occupied the mansion was one legal luminary who had a failing, not probably



THE LINKS

and the most sanguine calculations do not allow of more than two per cent interest on the investment. A gentleman resident of the district, Mr. A. Travers Hawes, who fathered the enterprise with great care and circumspection, was anxious ever since the ex-Empress gave up her tenancy of Camden Place to save the mansion which was likely to be pulled down. The building may well be classed among the historic houses of the country.

It is an interesting and significant fact that a great portion of the land, which

uncommon at that time, of increasing his own possessions by enclosing from time to time pieces of the public common, and the purchasers of the estate had now had to pay for that enclosed land. An amusing account of a conversation with reference to the enclosure of portions of Chislehurst Common has been handed down to us. Owing to the extensive encroachments a certain amount of agitation prevailed among the villagers—there were no large houses there in those days, it being 150 years

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ago—and one rustic was deputed by the villagers to expostulate with this legal luminary as to the various encroachments that were being made. The old man found his opportunity one morning as Lord Camden was taking his morning walk. His lordship stopped and addressed the old man in his usual affable manner:—

"Well, John, any news in the village this morning?"

"No, m'lord," replied the man, "I can't say there be, but folk *do* talk about the Common."

"Talk about the Common," returned the historian, "well, what do they say?"

"Well, m'lord, they say this kind of thing: supposing a man were to steal a goose off the common, what would you do with him?"

"Bring him, to me, John, I'll see to that," replied his lordship.

"Yes, m'lord," interposed the man, "so they say; and so they talk, but they go on to say: supposing a man were to steal a bit of the Common from the goose, what would you do, then?"

"Oh," replied his lordship, "that's a different matter. Good morning, John."

Splendid golf links (nine holes at the present which shortly will be increased to eighteen) have been laid out in the park of Camden Place, and the mansion has been converted into a club-house which rivals the very best of its kind. The rooms and halls placed at the disposal of the members are large, lofty and ornamental, there are reading rooms, billiard rooms and dining rooms, the upper floor containing drawing rooms, etc., for the ladies. The entrance hall is especially quaint with its oak-carvings. The pleasure affords great attractions in beautiful avenues of trees, smooth lawns and shady nooks, and the stretch of land is sufficiently undulating to give the golf course an interesting variety. That this new club will prove one of the great attractions in the neighbourhood there cannot remain any doubt, and the number of members is already not alone numerous, but also in every respect representative. Mr. Dun (of Parr's Bank) is the first President of the Club.

Play has become very popular, and is freely participated in by both ladies and

gentlemen. Although the links have been in use for some time, it was only on June 24th last that the Club was formally opened, and the function was made the occasion of assembling a company of some of the best golf players of Britain at Camden Place. There were present the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and his brother Gerald, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Lord Advocate, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. John Penn, M.P., Lady Eleanor Pratt, Mr. Arnold Blyth, Sir Walter Murton, and a host of others.

After lunch, which was served to one hundred and twenty guests in the noble dining room, the company comprising ladies and gentlemen, two great foursomes of eighteen holes were played between the first Lord of the Treasury and Mr. A. D. Blythe against Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. John Penn, the latter being victorious. The match proved a very interesting one, and was followed closely by a large assembly of spectators.

Another foursomes between Sir John Lubbock and Sir Samuel Hoare against the Speaker and Lord Advocate was played off, and was a most exciting match ending all even.

A more delightful afternoon could not have been wished for. The charming park, with its graceful undulating scenery was looking its best and the scarlet coats of the golfers lent particular brilliancy to the picture, intermixed as they were with the tasteful, light summer dresses of the ladies.

As already mentioned the Club is for both sexes and the house is quite a palatial home. The well-kept lawns surrounding it planted with beautiful old cedar trees afford on fine afternoons a most animated scene, and the Club is already one of the popular resorts of Chislehurst, which in itself is doubtless the most charming village near London.

Our contemporary "Golf Illustrated," has some most pertinent remarks as to the healthfulness of the game, which we take liberty to repeat here as they will interest the readers of this paper; "Apropos of the spread of golf, I was talking the other day to a well-known medical man, who assured me that amongst his own patients the game was

daily finding fresh adherents. He said that many hunting men and women have abandoned hunting for golf, finding it more healthful, easier to get, equally enjoyable, and cheaper. My medical friend described golf as the very best out-door exercise he knew for all sorts and conditions of people."

Before closing our description of what is now one of the finest Golf Clubs in England we must say a few words about the Parish Church which stands not very far from Camden Place. It is a very picturesque old ivy-clad building, and contains a most beautiful memorial of

the first and last Earl of Sidney in the shape of a recumbent figure in marble of the deceased nobleman, and also a brass tablet commemorating Sir Edmund Walsingham, for many years Lieutenant of the Tower of London, who died in 1549.

Our photographs comprise views of Camden House, now the Club House of the Park, the avenue, and one instantaneous photograph of a scene at the opening of the Club on June 24th last, when a large gathering had assembled on the first tee to see the distinguished visitors drive off.



MR. JOHN PENN "PUTTING"



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From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY

Miss Lily Hanbury at Home

BY A. HENRIQUES VALENTINE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

AMONG the many brilliant young actresses that the English stage has produced in recent years, Miss Lily Hanbury takes a foremost place. Doubly endowed by Nature with talent and beauty, she has worked her way into the hearts of the theatre-going public in the course of a comparatively short theatrical career, and her success has been as pronounced as it has been unenvied by her fellow artistes. Added to her great natural gifts, she has the charm of grace and manner which wins the affection of all with whom she comes in contact, and it is almost as much to her personality as to her talent that her undoubted popularity is attributable.

When I called on Miss Hanbury with the object of interviewing her, I was received in a charming little drawing-room at her home, which contains an endless collection of theatrical souvenirs and portraits. I was so deeply interested in these artistic souvenirs, that for the moment I forgot the object of my visit. First I took up one sweet little gift to Miss Hanbury from one of the great lights of the stage, then turned over the pages of a book of theatrical reminiscences, and when at last I was momentarily lost in admiring the pose of Miss Hanbury in a photograph that was taken three years ago, it was then only that I was reminded of the object of my visit and thought of duty's call, and immediately said, "Now,

Miss Hanbury, will you kindly tell me some of the interesting events of your life."

Now I knew Miss Hanbury was modest, but I must confess I was not prepared for her saying: "I am afraid my life is the most uninteresting possible. It is simply a uniform monotony, and I have scarcely anything to say that the public does not already know. I haven't had any adventures, or been in a fire, or even been wrecked, and I am sure you will find what I tell you deadly dull."

I of course protested against such an admission, and assured Miss Hanbury that the public were the best judges, that they loved her for her own sake, and were a great deal more interested in her stage career than in the stirring adventures by flood and sea which did not occur.

"But where am I to commence?" was the next question.

"Right from the first," I answered, "and please tell me what induced you to go on the stage, and in what character you made your *début*."

"Well, that is very easy. About eleven years ago, when I was only a school-girl, I attended a *matinée* at the Savoy, to see my cousin Julia Neilson play the part of Galatea in Mr. Gilbert's piece 'Pygmalion and Galatea.' Mr. Gilbert was sitting near me, and he laughingly asked me if I would like to go on the stage. It had always been my ambition, and naturally I jumped at the idea, but never dreamt for one moment how soon my wish would be realised. Mr. Gilbert became interested in me, and shortly afterwards I was given the small part of Myrine in 'Pygmalion,' which I played at *matinées*."

"And weren't you nervous, and didn't you feel like a school-girl?"

"Not a little bit, and I felt like a woman, and awfully proud of myself."

"And what was your next *rôle*?"

"That of a school-girl," was the laughing reply, "for I was sent back to school, where I bemoaned my fate for two long, sad, weary years."

"And at the end of that awful period?"

"I commenced to think of the stage in real earnest. In November, 1890, I

joined Mr. Thorne's company at the Vaudeville, and played there in various *rôles* till the following September. I also accompanied Mr. Thorne on his provincial tour, and played among other parts that of Constance Neville in 'She Stoops to Conquer.'"

"And after that?"

"I was very fortunate in meeting Mr. Wilson Barrett out at a party, and he told me he would be delighted if I joined his company at the Olympic. He was not nearly so delighted as I was."

"What would you consider your first real success?" I interpolated.

"Undoubtedly, when I appeared with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the 'Dancing Girl,' was the ready answer. "At the Olympic I gained a great deal of experience, and naturally dived into the delights of melodrama, and among other parts sustained those of Hetty Prynne in 'The Lights of London,' Nellie Denver in 'The Silver King,' Countess Winterson in 'The Stranger,' Lady Mary in 'Chatterton,' and made my *début* in Shaksperian tragedy as the Player Queen in 'Hamlet.' I was then engaged by Mr. George Alexander, and accompanied him on his first provincial tour, when I played the principal part in 'Gay Lothario,' and Kate Merryweather in 'The Idler.' On our return to the St. James's Theatre, I continued the part of Kate Merryweather, and understudied Miss Marion Terry in 'Lord Anerley.' While we were at the St. James's, 'Lady Windermere's Fan' was produced, and one of my proudest reminiscences is the fact that I was the original Lady Windermere. It was then that I was vain enough to think that my success was ensured, and I subsequently joined Mr. Tree in a provincial tour, playing in his *répertoire* 'The Dancing Girl,' 'The Ballad Monger,' and 'The Red Lamp.'"

"You appear to have been very industrious, Miss Hanbury, and to have done a tremendous lot of work in these three or four years," I suggested.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; "but then, you see, I loved my art, was ambitious, and must frankly admit I was fortunate."

I objected strongly to the element of luck in Miss Hanbury's career, but the

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fair exponent of Lady Windermere would have it.

"My career," she added, "seems to have been wrapped up in the St. James's or the Haymarket, or, in other words, with Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander. But, of course, at this particular period, I was not entirely associated with the comedies at these houses, for, after playing in Pinero's pretty play of 'The Amazons,' at the Court, where, in the

women on the English stage who can carry a costume and show it off to such immense advantage as Miss Hanbury, and, as far as my "mere man's" opinion goes, I cordially agree with the lady critics. So it is not surprising that she prefers to wear the lovely gowas which always find a prominent position in that mysterious portion of the criticism in the papers, the morning following the *premieres* in which Miss Hanbury



MISS LILY HANBURY IN "THE PEOPLE'S IDOL"

From Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY

part of Lady Beltubet, I had to dress as a boy with a gun under my arm, and shooting knickerbockers and gaiters, I went to Drury Lane and acted in 'A Life of Pleasure.'"

I can well remember this pretty play, and I ventured to remind Miss Hanbury how charming she looked as a sports-woman; but Miss Hanbury is not enamoured of ladies dressing in boys' attire on the stage. I have heard it said by lady critics that there are few

happens to have appeared, under the heading of "The Dresses."

Among the later plays in which Miss Hanbury evidenced to the full her great histrionic talent, those of "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "For the Crown," and "Under the Red Robe," stand out in bold relief, and in these she clearly demonstrated her position as one of the cleverest light comediennes on the English stage.

She has endeared herself to the public

by the thoroughness of her interpretation of all her parts, the intelligence she has displayed in their portrayal, the earnestness of her acting, the transition from humour to pathos, according to the situation, and last, and not least, the beauty of her face and expression, and her perfection of figure. Of her versatility it is difficult to speak too highly. When in America, where she was acting with Mr. Tree about five years ago, she told an interviewer that her ambition was to play the part of some great Shaksperian heroine, like Portia or Ophelia. The ambition was soon realised, for, on her return, she assumed both these imposing characters in Mr. Ben Greet's company, and made a success which she declares she never dared to anticipate in her most sanguine moments.

Had not Lily Hanbury been a celebrated actress she would have been a beautiful singer, for it is not generally known that, among her other great natural gifts, she possesses a voice of singular sweetness and power. In this respect she resembles her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, who was trained for the operatic stage.

"Have you ever sung on the stage, Miss Hanbury?" I inquired.

"Only once, when I sang the song of 'The Devout Lover' in 'The Ballad Monger,' with Mr. Tree. But I love singing, and am constantly practising. And now I think I have told you enough to bore you for evermore."

Naturally, I felt inclined to say that I hoped it would always be my fate to be so bored; but I did not give expression to my thoughts, and asked, instead, what were Miss Hanbury's favourite characters. I was not surprised when I heard they were Lady Isobel, in "The Tempter," and Lady Windermere, in comedy; and Ophelia and Portia in Shaksperian plays. But I discovered that her ambition would not be satisfied till she has played Katherine in "Taming of the Shrew"—and what a Katherine Lily Hanbury would make!

Among the most prized of the many souvenirs which Miss Hanbury possesses—and one which I admired very much—is a lovely gold brooch, with V.R. set in turquoise and pearls, and

surmounted by a crown, which the Queen presented to her when she played before Her Majesty at Balmoral. Miss Hanbury is never tired of showing her honoured and precious gift, and of telling you of the kind and gracious manner in which the Queen spoke to her when she made the presentation.

I could write a great deal more of Miss Lily Hanbury, but everything must have an ending, and will only say, in conclusion, that one of her most charming characteristics is her love to do anything in the cause of charity, or to help a fellow artiste not so eminent as herself. That she loves to do good is amply illustrated by her constant appearance at hospital bazaars and entertainments in aid of the poor and suffering; and, certainly, no list of artistes at charity performances seems complete without her name gracing the bill.


Of her future movements Miss Hanbury could not speak decisively, but she will probably sustain a prominent rôle at the Haymarket Theatre, in "The Degenerates," and once again will the public have the opportunity of seeing one of its popular idols in an entirely new character. Miss Hanbury has only adorned the stage for ten years, and it would not be ungracious to say that it seems longer, as her name has been so prominent almost from her first appearance. If any convincing proof of her natural ability were wanting, it could be found in the fact that whereas in most instances actresses have to work for years before they can secure a part, even a minor part, in London, in Miss Hanbury's case her talent was recognised immediately by managers, and she has been a principal almost from the time when she was a novice. This sounds paradoxical, but it is nevertheless a fact.

That her histrionic ability is hereditary is illustrated by her clever sister, Miss Hilda Hanbury, and her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson. She is a quick "study," and somewhat emotional, for which her kindness of heart is in a degree responsible. She is devotedly attached to dumb animals, very fond of outdoor sports, has been called a romp and a tom-boy, and rides a bike, which, like everything else she does, she rides well.

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THE TUG OF WAR ON ENGINE GREEN.

WRITTEN BY ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. ILLUSTRATED BY W. BROOKE ALDER

I.

The north end of Long Easton is a common, and on one side of the common stands a row of fine oaks and elms. A diligent observer would note that the row was at one time much longer, as is proved by a series of depressions and the decayed remnants of large roots.

Not far from the trees there is a level, open space of grass growing on the top of rock, which crops out here and there about the common. In fact, quite close to this level space, known as Engine Green, is a disused quarry, out of which was taken, in days gone by, the material for many of the houses in Long Easton. During the daytime children come and peer over into the quarry, and then withdraw to the Green to play at a game called "Old and New," wherein sturdy youngsters haul hard at the ends of a stout string, or of a number of kerchiefs knotted into a rope, or of whatever else may be handy for the purpose. The game is practically nothing more than an ordinary tug of war. But why it is played on that particular spot, and whence that particular spot derives its name, and why people hurry past it of a dark

night—all belongs to the story in which both quarry-pit and the missing trees figured prominently.

On a September day, in the year of the great drought, a small group of men sat outside the "White Hart," applying good liquor within to counteract the dryness without.

"That's uncommon like the sound of Pennethorne's engine," remarked a wizened little man, whose leather apron, well worn at the centre, betrayed the cobbler.

"Anyway, it's coming from Felix's end o' the village," said another.

"No, it ain't, John Sturges, 'cos I see it coming t'other way."

"Well, then, it's not that I hear; an' I'll be bound it's the Old 'Un making the noise I indicate. She pants faster than the New 'Un. I'm right, too; for here she comes round the bend by Dann's."

"Then we'll have some fun," put in a third. "Joe and Amos can't pass without a few compliments. Amos is as vain as a turkey cock of his new engine, an' its patent expansion gear, and shelter overhead. But, Joe, he holds that his, bein' bigger, is a sight stronger. From the way they go on one might think 'im to be Kyffin an'

Felix; and Amos, Pennethorne. The owners 'emselves couldn't be more jealous."

"I doubt it's all engines," said the cobbler, shaking his head sagely.

Meanwhile the locomotives, towing heavy loads, had approached to within speaking distance.

"Hello!" yelled the driver of the newer engine, referred to above as the

that a certain new-fangled concern got shoved down the Puttenden Slopes by ten ton o' bricks, and nigh killed a cow."

"Anyway, it didn't take the coping off Farley Bridge."

"But it *did* break Jones' culvert, an' got bogged in Pepper Lane," roared Trueman, also slackening.

"An' didn't take the gate-post at Potten's yard," shouted Stevens.



"I SEE THE POST MYSEL'"

New 'Un, "How's the market for old iron?"

"Not so good as the cheapness of green paint, Amos Stevens," was the prompt reply.

"I wonder who couldn't take the fifty quarters of wheat up Tatley Hill?" asked Stevens, slackening speed.

"An' something whispered to me

"That's a lie about the gate-post," retorted his antagonist—"a regular lie."

"No, it ain't. I see the post mysel'."

"You be a liar, Stevens, I tell 'ee."

"Who's a liar?" shouted the other, springing into the road, and putting up his fists. "You come down an' I'll liar ye."

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Trueman was on the ground in a twinkling, looking very big as he faced his dark, slight challenger.

"The driver of the engine of Penne-thorne Brothers ain't goin' to give any lip to him who drives for Kyffin an' Felix, and tell 'im he can't pass a gate without taking some of it along; seeing that he's been driving these six years, and you only a beggarly four months."

The landlord of the "White Hart" stepped up to interfere. "Now, then, lads, you ought to be ashamed of carrying on like this in the highway. You be wrong, Trueman, about that post, 'cos I saw Jones's cart knock it over when his horse ran away with a ton of wurzel. Back you go to your engines, and no fightin' here, as if you was a couple of schoolboys quarrelling over a haporth of sweets."

"He shouldn't 've called me a liar," growled Stevens, angrily.

"An' he'd no call to accuse me of bad drivin'," said Trueman, in an injured tone. But both did as they were bidden, and soon the engines were out of sight.

"Ah!" said the cobbler, "didn't I tell you. There was more'n engines in those young fellows' heads then. Trueman's a quiet, steady chap usually, not given to temper; but lor! didn't he fire up quick. I've heard 'em pass remarks compared to which those were milk an' water, without so much as blinking."

"There's no doubt," replied the innkeeper, "that the girl Flower is to blame for the way she keeps 'em both dancing attendance. She don't treat 'em like the young fellows—walking-sticks I call 'em—who take her to church, maybe, and then get asked to sheer off. She's encouraged 'em both a deal; and soon both irons 'll be so hot that she won't be able to take either out o' the fire without burning her fingers. P'raps it's not all her fault neither, because her dad favours Trueman, and her mother's got a soft spot for Stevens."

"You're right, there," remarked a burly man who had hitherto smoked in silence. "It's quite different havin' two chaps after one girl, and two girls after one chap. The two men both go to the same house and meet there until they get a bit tired o' seein' one another; but when there's two girls and only one

man atween 'em—why, they get visited separate, and there ain't no scratchin'—at least not in public. There's my missis, now, I picked 'er out o' three, but lor! they never fought."

"You *must* a' bin a fine fellow in those days," said the cobbler, a trifle sarcastically. "But how can a man who had all the lasses runnin' after him, like you, understan' what those young men have to put up with? If I was the one o' them I'd let t'other have 'er, 'cos a woman that can't make up her mind is as hard to drive as a blunt awl through leather at the day's end."

"As for expecting one of them to drop out," quoth the merchant of beer, "you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone. But I heard it said that she's to give 'em an answer Thursday night. 'An I wish the one who gets her good luck, because she's a pretty bit of pink and white as you could wish to see. Last Sunday I was lookin' at her in church, and bless me if I didn't wish I was twenty years younger." And so saying, the worthy man threw out his chest with a backward jerk of the elbows. Then he made a suggestive movement towards the bar.

"So she's to put 'em out o' their misery Thursday," observed the man of leather. "Well! I think I *could* do with a drop more, Mr. Birrell, just to drink their healths in."

The party disappeared indoors.

II.

The row of noble elms and oaks skirting the common was doomed. Kyffin and Felix had bought the trees for the timber, and soon the village would know them no more. When the felling began, so hard was the ground below and so hot the sun above, that the pliers of axe and wedge threw down their tools, demanding the aid of steam-power.

The Old 'Un was sent from Kyffin's yard to bring down the trees by main force, when the axes had sapped their roots. One, two, three oaks bit the dust beneath the stress of the wire cable, and then a sturdy elm found the weak spot in the metal rope. A new one was procured, also the services of Penne-thorne's engine, in order to lessen the strain by dividing it.

So it was that Joe Trueman and Amos Stevens found themselves for the first time engaged upon the same task—and the last. Trueman was much vexed that the rival engine should have been called in to supply what might afterwards be treated as the deficiencies of his own.

The day of the "pulling"—a Thursday—is remembered even now as the hottest among the hot days of a tropical September. The sun beat down relentlessly on the men toiling at the roots, and on the drivers at their engines. Many people, nevertheless, visited the common to see the fight between Man and Nature. The sturdy roots clung fast to their mother earth, loth to part company. But the steel cables tightened upon them, the engines panted forwards; a crash; and then one more giant thundered down, the victim of Steam. There was something almost sublime about the struggle; something almost sad.

"I've knowed those trees green an' yellow these five-and-eighty years, boy an' man," said old Abram Jarvis, the village patriarch, looking on. "It seems a main pity to pull 'em down. Get 'em down you may in a few days, but it's a matter of a hundred year to set up the like."

As he turned away he added prophetically, "An' I never knowed any good come o' pulling down big oaks."

At mid-day drivers and cutters knocked off for dinner. By common consent they withdrew to the shelter of the spreading oaks, where they sat or lay down in a straggling circle.

"I can't rec'lect so hot a day in September afore," said a big sun-burnt fellow, as he undid the red handkerchief containing his mid-day meal. "It's punished my neck an' arms cruel."

"It's regular hay weather, an' Michaelmas not a fortnight off," observed a second; and a third added, "An' I've knowed weather as hot as this in October an' made hay then, too. There was a man I knew as made in November; an' he was a liar."

"You find it hot, do you, mates?" remarked Joe Trueman. "What'd you think o' being between two fires? What'd you say, too, if you felt a hammer, hammer, hammerin' on top of yer head,

an' if yer head was as it might be a hot burnin' coal? Eh; Isaac Dredge?"

"I'd say, mate," replied the first speaker, "that I'd had a bit too much sun, and put a cabbage-leaf in my hat. It's wonderful cooling, is cabbage."

"Ay! Isaac; but suppose when you stooped to coal, everything seemed to twist round, and if yer back was like to snap when you righted yerself again?"

"Megrimms an' backache, to be sure."

"I've had 'em afore now, but not that hammerin'; that's what I can't make up properly."

"P'raps it's the sound o' your knockin' at Furze Cottage door," suggested a pert lad of sixteen, looking about him for applause. Encouraged by sundry winks, he continued, blissfully unconscious of a glaring pair of eyes, "Or it's the sound o' Ag. Flower knockin' at the window when Amos Stevens passes."

Two pairs of eyes glared at the speaker.

"What's that," thundered Trueman, in a tone that robbed the pert one of his pertness and stopped the winking.

"We don't all cackle out what we thinks, youngster," said an elderly man, looking up from an axe he was sharpening, "an' if some little hop-o-my-thumbs 'd shorter tongues the world 'd be the better for it."

"An' there's another thing," shouted Trueman, springing to his feet, "if I hear any one fingerin' Agnes Flower's name freely, I'll break his neck, be he old or young, wise or foolish. And what's more, there ain't any one whose neck I *couldn't* break in Long Easton when my monkey's up, or who'd stick up to me, for the matter o' that."

"Exceptin' me, of course," interjected Stevens, not liking the ending, though agreeing with the general sentiment of the speech.

"Well, 'ceptin' you p'raps;" and so saying, Trueman flung off towards his engine.

"It ain't Joe's way to be took like that. If he fires up twice in three days there must be a screw wrong somewhere." This from Isaac Dredge. "I say Dave, ain't Steve Adams white about the gills? He's a long-tongued young rascal, who wouldn't be the wuss for a belting."

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"Like as not it's the heat, Isaac. When your body's hot the temper's a bit near the top. An' I wouldn't be on the foot-plate of the Old 'Un to-day for summat. It's said, too, that they get their answer to-night; and maybe that makes 'em both a bit fidgety. But I wouldn't vouch for there being a grain o' truth in the report."

All the afternoon, while the engines were making patterns on the common, Trueman was in an uncharitable humour. Stevens' words had aroused afresh the spirit of antagonism. The very proximity to his rival worried him. Now and again he vented his spleen on the trees, using steam so suddenly and freely that only a new cable would have resisted the treatment.

"I say, Joe, what're yer playin' at," shouted a man from the trees, "don't go pullin' like that till we're ready."

The rebuke nettled him. Nor did it soothe his feelings to hear a bystander remark to Stevens, "Thank your stars you've got a shelter. I wouldn't be on the Old 'Un if I had to drive."

"Nobody axed you," bellowed Trueman, breaking a coal savagely with a hammer. Then to himself: "If we were down in front of the 'White Hart' again, blowed if I'd shut up for old father Birrell. Blow me if I would;" and he drew a perspiring arm across a streaming forehead.

The trees fell one after another, until half the noble row was down. At last evening came. Tools were put together for the night. The two drivers, having their engines to attend to, soon found themselves alone on the common.

"One might as well try to pull steel pillars out o' cast iron," growled Trueman, drawing the tarpaulin over his engine and making it snug.

"It ain't the ground only," rejoined Stevens cheerfully, "it's more power we want. I'm goin' to ask the gov'ner if I can't have my escape screwed down a bit. Twenty pounds more steam 'd make a deal o' difference." As he spoke he unhitched a short ladder from the side of the engine, placed it against the funnel, and mounted to insert the damper—a circular wooden plug with a hole in the middle. While so engaged,

his eyes were averted from the other engine.

"But you'd best not ask too," he continued, "'cos the Old 'Un won't stand any games played on *her*. She's a bit groggy in the tubes. Bill Hitchins says also as she's got a bad place or two in the firebox. I shouldn't wonder if there's a bit o' scalin' goin' on inside." The plug was in its place. The speaker descended and replaced the ladder.

Patting the shiny green side of his engine, as a man strokes a horse, he remarked complacently, "Yes! my beauty, you're young an' strong an' healthy. That lass Aggie, bless 'er, knows what's what when she says you're as dainty a bit o' metal as ever left the shops. There now, ain't she a picture?" he continued, carried away by enthusiasm.

For answer, a coal whizzed past his head. It shivered into atoms on the boiler's side, and left behind it a big, ugly mark. Stevens whipped round to confront a big man with his face dark with passion, his arm still extended in the act of throwing.

"Who's got rotten tubes?" yelled Trueman, clenching his fist. "Who's got a groggy firebox? Whose engine is such a beauty that he must needs cram it down my throat? Why! a little hop-o'-my-thumb! a vain little cock-sparrer over-fond of hearin' its own cheep."

Stevens seized his shovel and rushed at the other, who simultaneously armed himself with his stoking-hoe. A few fierce blows were struck without injury to either; and then Stevens, dropping his weapon, ran in and closed. Trueman, finding the hoe useless at close quarters, let it fall, and returned grip with grip. In a moment they were rolling on the ground, tugging and straining like maniacs. Now Trueman was on the top; now his lithe antagonist by a mighty effort reversed the positions. Both were for the time madmen—the tiger element in their nature triumphant. The rivalry of years at last expressed itself in action.

A small boy suddenly appeared on the scene, and disappeared equally suddenly, terror-stricken.

Stevens worked his hand into the

kerchief enveloping his opponent's neck.

"You mean skunk," he hissed in a voice almost tearful with fury, "you'd take me from behind, would yer?" A twist. "You'd sneak an advantage, yer great lump of iniquity." Another twist. Trueman became purple in the face, and tightened his grip until Stevens expected to hear a rib crack.

"Let go, or—I'll break every bone—in yer body—you little varmint," choked Trueman, hugging yet harder. Over and over they rolled on the green in a deadly embrace. Suddenly a voice cried,

"Stop it men! Joe, Amos, leave go!"

Trueman's grip relaxed; Stevens' hand slipped out of the kerchief; and they rose to their feet, somewhat ashamed, like schoolboys detected in wrong-doing.

Trueman drew a deep breath, the first full one for some minutes. The speaker was Agnes Flower.

Her sun-bonnet hung on her neck; her face was flushed with exertion; her eyes gleamed with anger, or the reflection of the fading sunlight. "Call yourselves Christians?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot, "fighting like savages, dogs, cats! First you make a scene in the public way, and then try to murder each other here."

Agnes Flower was undoubtedly angry. To have her favours competed for was one thing; to have them made the occasion of peace-breaking, was another. She felt that public opinion might point the finger of censure at her as the really responsible person. So, somewhat unreasonably, she was angry with the men, and adopted the rôle of virtuous indignation. Perhaps under the circumstances it was the easiest to take. After a breath, she continued: "Nice it'll be for me to have my name coupled with a pair of brawlers. If Teddy Daines hadn't run an' told me, one of you 'd 've been killed, I'll warrant. A nice figure you'd cut if the village could see you now."

The men did indeed present a sorry spectacle. Their jackets were in shreds, their faces grimy and bruised, their eyes bloodshot.

But though partly abashed they were

in a dangerous humour, ready for further violence; and Agnes Flower's words did not make for peace. For the time, tenderness and pretty speeches were thrown aside, and mere naked passion urged them to speak hard words.

"Who're you to lecture us?" burst out Stevens. "Ain't it for *you* we're fightin'? Ain't it for *you* we've kept our eyes off the other lasses? Ain't it for *you* we've saved the shillings these two years back? Whose fault is it we're fightin'? Is it the engines that roused us? No! it's *you*, who keep two strings on yer bow an' expect neither to fray."

"Ay!" interjected Trueman in the high falsetto of excitement. "Which 's the worst; to keep two fellers waitin', or for them to get sick of waitin' an' to spar? Expect to drive a pair as long as you like an' they never have a kick at each other? T'ain't likely when we've been goin' so long, either's goin' to clap on the reversin' gear. You're head driver. You've got to tell us when one of us is to stop. If you don't there'll be a bust up, a mighty awful bust up."

"That's no reason for quarrelling and killing each other," retorted the girl, nettled by the tone, and even more by the justice of their defence. "A couple o' hop-pickers wouldn't carry on like that."

"Then if you want to stop us fightin' why don't you say straight out who's to be top-sawyer. We can't both have you, so let's know who it's to be; here just where we stand. Then there'll be naught to bark about." Trueman's voice again became falsetto.

"You won't get an answer to-night, if that's what you want," said the girl, tossing her head. "It's quite enough to have to come and part you. Think I'm going to tie myself to either while you're half crazy with anger?" And she made a motion of departure. Trueman stepped forward and caught her wrist.

"No! you don't. We'll take a yea or nay here under God's sky, which was made before Furze Cottage."

"Let me go. Let me go, I say." The girl jerked her wrist free, and Trueman did not seize it again. "If you think you're going to force me, you're mightily mistaken. There are other men in the world besides you two. If I

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"WE'LL TAKE A YEA OR NAY HERE, UNDER GOD'S SKY."

held up my finger there'd be half-a-dozen ready to take your places. So be careful, young men, or you'll find Furze Cottage door shut next time you come. One more fight and it *will* be shut." And so saying she stalked off, erect and defiant.

The two men watched her out of sight in silence. Then Stevens shook his clenched fist after her. "You're a reg'lar hussy you are; you no more know what you're goin' to do, than a traction with a slack steering-gear. You're—she's a terrible fine girl," he ended abruptly. A tenderer light came into his eyes for a moment.

"If she can't make up her mind, we'll make it up for her," said Trueman, cooling into red heat. "Before we leave this place, Amos Stevens, we'll settle for better or worse who's to have her."

"Meanin' more fighting?"

But Trueman's neck was still sore, and now that the first paroxysm of blind fury was past, gentler measures suggested themselves.

"No; we'll draw for 'er with straws, long an' short."

"Which I won't do, for one."

"Then toss a copper, heads an' tails."

"Not that either."

"Then we'll fight," roared Trueman fanned once more to white heat by the other's obstinacy.

"I'm ready, you varmint," shouted Stevens, flinging down the remnants of his coat. Trueman put up his fists in front of him as though for an onslaught, and then brought them down on his thighs with a slap. He extended a finger in Stevens' direction, saying "Swivel round." Stevens turned.

"See them engines?" said Trueman. "They're the boys to settle it. Back to back, a line half-way, a long pull, a strong pull, the devil take the loser, and the winner take her. He replaced his hand on his knee and glared at Stevens.

"I'm an honest man an' not free with my employers' goods. Engines aren't so cheap as all that."

"You're 'fraid your new-fangled, all-paint-an'-no-metal, made-in-Germany, steam-pot'll bust. That's what you mean, I s'pose," taunted Trueman.

"It'll see your old road-scraper dead an' buried, you heathen," yelled Stevens in a fresh access of passion. "Yes! you long-legged son of a gun, I'll pull yer."

Trueman's end was gained. The Old 'Un was a bit heavier than the other engine, and nominally stronger. He had never yet taken advantage of Stevens but—she *must* become Mrs. Trueman.

The men turned to their engines. The tarpaulins and funnel-plugs were removed; and after some manœuvring the engines stood back to back, half a rod apart. Trueman dragged up a piece of heavy chain, which had been used in the tree-felling. It was attached at either end to the strong pins in the rear of the tenders. Stevens took his shovel and with it scored a deep line in the turf half way between the points where the two pairs of mighty driving-wheels touched the earth.

The shovel struck something hard. "Rock," he muttered; then, tearing his handkerchief, he placed a half at each end of the line, so that it might be more visible in the growing darkness. Trueman noticed the act and remarked, "There'll be plenty of light," and with his finger he indicated a brilliant moon, rising in full splendour among the trees.

"Ten minutes for stoking," said Stevens, "and then——"

The other jerked his head in assent, and took up a coil of wire that lay on the tender. He unrolled it, and going forward passed it over the lever of the safety valve and fixed the loose ends firmly together beneath the boiler.

"What's the meaning of that?" demanded Stevens abruptly.

"It means that the Old 'Un won't blow off at a hundred and twenty-tonight, that's all," was the curt reply.

Stevens imitated the manœuvre with a cord used for binding down the tarpaulin cover. "It's worth risking a shilling, when there's a pound to win," he confided to his engine.

At the end of the ten minutes each man stood in his tender, hand on regulator.

"One, two, three," cried Trueman, and the steam hissed into the cylinders. The slack chain sprang into a straight line; the links cracked as they tightened in their places. Then neither engine budged an inch further, for the pressure in the boilers was as yet but moderate.

The pointers in the pressure-gauges gradually crept round. Steam began to hiss at joints, but the engines stood like rocks. Stevens tried a stratagem. Shifting the lever which detaches the steam gear from the driving-cogs, he let the fly-wheel run free for a second or two. Sparks flew up in a golden shower; the engine swayed with the vibration, and retreated slowly. Trueman, thinking the opposition machinery to have broken down, uttered a hoarse cry of triumph. But scarcely had it left his lips when Stevens suddenly threw his engine into gear again. The New 'Un cracked all over beneath the shock, and the driver flung his arm in front of his face as though expecting to be struck by some flying fragment. But the new engine stood the strain. The enormous momentum of the fly-wheel caused it to start forward a couple of feet, dragging the other after it.

"Curse the thing," growled Trueman. Throwing open the furnace door he coaxed the fire with lumps added judiciously here and there. He struck a match and consulted his steam-gauge.

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VOL. VII

Stevens peering forwards, saw that the finger was nearing the escape mark.

The engines throbbed with energy. First one backed a little to get a better pull, then the other. So great was the strain that both engines reared up in front like horses plunging, and came to earth again with a sudden thud. On the whole, small progress was made by either; but the corrugations on the newer wheels had a firmer grip of the ground. Stevens observed with satisfaction that he had advanced a yard.

The other dismounted from his quivering engine and turned the tap at the side of the rear tank. A ton of water less in the engine, he reasoned, a ton less dead weight to pull. Excitement plays strange tricks with the reasoning powers. Stevens was watching with gleaming eyes; he knew better than to act likewise.

The Old 'Un suddenly gave a few angry snorts, and Trueman looked to see what it meant. To his chagrin he found his engine as near the line as before.

"A slip, by the living Jingo," he exclaimed. Then it dawned upon him that he had made a double mistake. The ground beneath the wheels was turning into slippery mud, and his engine had less gripping power than ever. Again and again the wheels revolved, until a grating sound told that they touched the rock.

"If you can't pull, you can bust," he said savagely, striking another match. The steam pressure was at 130 pounds; the stout wire alone kept the safety-valve from doing its duty.

"Have a care, man," said Stevens, who began to feel a vague discomfort and apprehension, "or you *will* bust 'er."

"You mind yer own concerns," shouted Trueman with heat, "an' keep yer dirty eyes off my dial."

At that moment his water-gauge burst, flooding the tender with boiling water and steam. Stevens leapt from his engine, but by the time he reached the ground Trueman had closed the gauge-taps, beside himself with pain. When Stevens approached the wire to loosen it, the big driver seized his stoking-iron and struck a mighty blow at his opponent.

"Hands o-o-off, you blackguard; jack it, will ye."

Fortunately for Stevens, the boiler intercepted the blow, but the iron glanced off its side and numbed his arm to the elbow.

"You coward," he roared. "If you will be boiled, you can be;" and springing back to his engine he opened his regulator to the utmost. Again and again the engines strained and struggled, pawing the air. Gradually the Old 'Un slipped back on the treacherous rock. Its driving-wheels passed the line, through which they scored two broad furrows; then, meeting firm, unsodden ground, they refused to go farther.

"Oo! Oo!" groaned Trueman, in agony, until Stevens' heart softened. Once more he dismounted; but as he approached the Old 'Un with the words 'White flag, mate, flag o' truce,' the big driver took his shovel and raised it threateningly. Stevens returned to his foot-plate with a cold sweat on his forehead.

"Who says I can't shunt them trucks?" screamed Trueman. Well! but I *will*, if I burst 'er. You mark my words, Tom Bailey, or I'll shunt *you* pretty quick. No! you don't come up on this engine, I tell 'ee. It ain't safe, I'm afire; my head's a hot burning coal. Look out, Tom Bailey, or it 'll bust."

Hethrew down the shovel, and clapped both hands to his head. Sunstroke and bodily pain had combined to work their will on a mind already over-strung by excitement. Once more he addressed the imaginary Tom Bailey, who in the flesh was his steerer.

"Go quiet, Tom, or you'll frighten her. We'll clap her into the fire. She's set me a-fire, that's six; I'll fire her, that's half-a-dozen. Go quiet, quiet, or she'll slip off."

His voice sank into a mere whisper. His mind was rambling again already.

"Take notice that this bridge is only for ordinary traffic.—Warning to Drivers. Ay! Tom, let out the water. We'll rest at bottom o' the hill; it's steep an' the load's heavy. But we'll get up it, we'll get up it, we'll—get—up—it."

His voice rose to a shriek, horrible to hear.

Stevens watched the madman looming

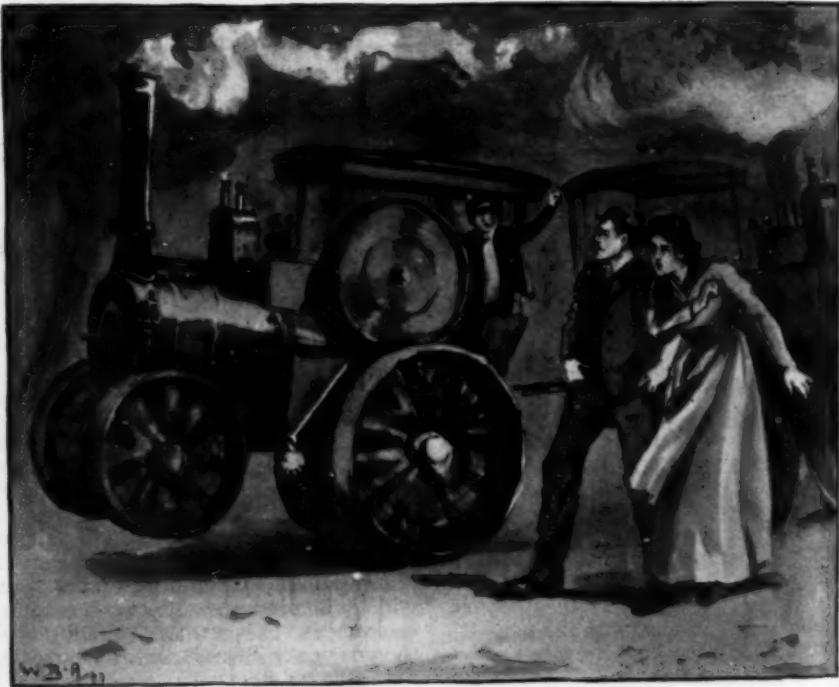
huge in the moonlight. What was to be done? Discovery meant ruin; continuation meant—he dared not think.

A trembling hand was laid on his arm. Agnes Flower stood at his elbow, raising piteous eyes to his.

"Amos," she quavered. "For God's sake stop; you must; I was afraid something else would happen, so I came back. I've been watching. *He's staring mad.* I'm going for father."

Ain't she a beauty, a reg'lar pictur, as pretty a bit o' metal as ever came out o' the shops; a stunner for goin'. Clear the road, sharp, or"—

The sentence was never finished. The two terrified onlookers saw the engine rush forward towards the fatal pit, bounding, bumping on until it disappeared bodily with a crash. A moment afterwards came a terrific, sickening report—a thick white cloud obscuring



"HE'S STARING MAD. I'M GOING FOR FATHER."

"You'd best, lass," he jerked out, in an awe-stricken voice. "I can't leave. If I backed, the engines'd run into the quarry: and I can't go near him. Ha!"

The over-taxed chain parted with a loud snap. The engines sprang apart instantly, but Stevens had his under control at once. The other leaped madly forward, unchecked.

Triumph was in Trueman's voice:

"She'll pull, won't she? Didn't I tell 'ee, Tom Bailey? Look at 'er!

the moon—the sound of falling fragments—then silence.

"Heavens! What was that?" exclaimed John Flower, taking his pipe from his mouth and flinging open the door of Furze Cottage. In the road were already several men. "It seemed to come from the Common way," said one. Soon lights twinkled over the common, as people hurried up to where the great misty cloud hung in the moonlight. John Flower peered into the

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quarry, attracted by the sound of hot coals hissing in water, and there he saw what had once been Joe Trueman and the Old 'Un, the latter a mass of twisted tubes. Steve Adams was at his side. Neither dared to speak. A hail from behind made them turn towards the other engine, where a body lay in the tender, crushed beneath a huge fragment of boiler-plate. The rapidly-increasing group noticed the rope imprisoning the safety-valve, the high pressure, the

marks of conflict, the broken chain. Someone coming up stumbled over a dark object in the shadow of a bush. It was Agnes Flower, insensible, but uninjured. Her father leaned over her and chafed her hands. "Friends," said he in a choking voice, "it's clear as day now. They pulled for her, but Death came an' said 'She's for neither, and neither's for her. It'd be God's own mercy to her if she never came to again.'"



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**THE TRAVEL EDITOR,
"THE LUDGATE,"
14, BEDFORD STREET, W.C.**

Some Old Gardens

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON" ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

BY M. ACTON AND M. CHANNELL

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures."

Bacon.

THE love of flowers is so general that it would seem as if we had inherited this taste from our first parents. Our gardens are, alas! no longer paradise, yet to them we still owe some of the purest and most lasting of our joys. Perhaps only a genuine country-lover, who, having long been exiled from the woodlands and pastures of his childhood, and compelled to live in a dreary waste of bricks and mortar, has at length returned to the old home, can fully realise all that the possession of a garden implies, its soothing influence on heart and nerves, its unflinching interest, and its ever-varying charm.

Amateur gardeners fall more or less distinctly into one of three classes: 1st—those who look upon their gardens as botanical collections, whose flower-beds, however attractive they may be when examined in detail, are apt to be, as a whole, vaguely reminiscent of the shelves of a museum. The borders positively bristle with labels, some of the tiniest Alpines possessing polysyllabic and jaw-breaking names, which, when recorded in full, have a knack of looking far more important than the delicate plants themselves. Moreover, an all-pervading and aggressive neatness detracts from such gardens that very quality of apparently natural grace which is as essential to the beauty of a garden as to that of a woman, though in both cases it may be actually the result of culture.

2nd.—Those who grow for exhibition, priding themselves on the production of specimen plants with gigantic blooms, such people always seem to value a flower in proportion to its rarity, and

are wont to speak contemptuously of the wildings of nature beloved by poets as "weeds." They prefer the grotesque and the unusual in the floral world to the beauty that is obvious, and will ruthlessly sacrifice the natural growth of a rose or chrysanthemum that they may have a symmetrical plant bearing some half-dozen blossoms as big as soup-plates. A gardener of this type lives in a state of perpetual and not altogether friendly rivalry with his neighbours, and is never so happy as when criticising other folks' gardens. If you enquire the name of some unfamiliar plant, he will give the desired information in a tone which implies astonishment at your crass ignorance—even when a favoured visitor is presented with a bouquet, the flowers are gathered with a niggard hand, each blossom being severed from the parent plant with so short a stalk that it will be quite impossible to arrange it satisfactorily in a vase.

3rd.—Those who appreciate gardens chiefly from an artistic standpoint, who love to dream and meditate in cool alleys, or to stroll along an herbaceous border culling such blossoms as take their fancy, handling the flowers with caressing touch, caring not at all whether they are rare, if only they be beautiful, enjoying the play of light and shade on lawn and copse, noting each subtle harmony or daring contrast of colour, listening with attentive ear to earth's many voices, drinking in long draughts of beauty, filling their souls with infinite peace and contentment—sometimes these poetic natures are skilled floriculturists and learned in the science of botany; but, on the other hand, they may be ignorant of any but

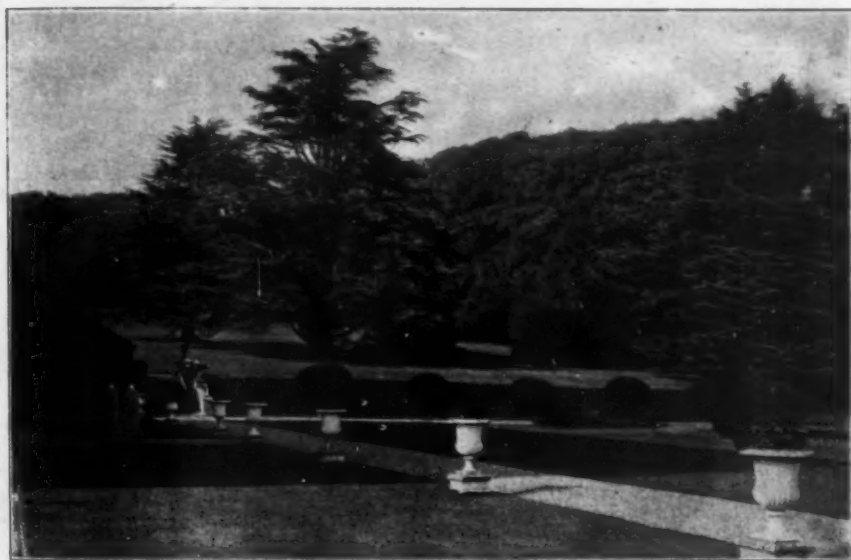
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the commonest titles of the plants which they regard as friends, and welcome each returning season with a thrill of keen delight. Fortunately our enjoyment of a garden is not wholly dependent upon our knowledge, neither does the beauty of a garden vary in proportion to its size. Many a cottager's plot wherein the roses and lilies run riot amongst the potatoes and cabbages is a sight for sair e'en, while the pleasaunce of a peer may be cold and unsatisfying, in spite, perhaps even because, of its grandeur and vastness. The accom-

soil of Warwickshire being very favourable to the growth of these and other kinds of trees—notably, elms and oaks. Indeed, the chief glory of the Midlands is the timber, which, enhanced by miles and miles of undulating pasture-land, gives to the whole district the appearance of one vast park.

For a full account of the Vicarage garden at Bitton, the reader must be referred to Canon Ellacombe's most interesting book already mentioned. By his kind permission, a photo is here reproduced of a garden which "was



CEDARS AT LORD NORTHBROOK'S, MICHELDEVER, HANTS

From Photo by M. ACTON

panying photographs have been carefully selected to show the possibilities of moderate-sized and even of small gardens. The exception is a view of Lord Northbrook's place, Micheldever, Hants, which has been introduced to give some idea of the charm of a smooth expanse of well-trimmed lawn, shaded by stately trees. Canon Ellacombe, in "A Gloucestershire Garden," says, "If I were limited to one tree, I should choose a cedar of Lebanon." At Warwick Castle, and also at Guy's Cliff, cedars may be seen in perfection; the

famous more than half-a-century ago, when Haworth and Herbert, Anderson, Falconer, Sweet, Baxter, and others took such an interest in bulbs and hardy flowers." It is a garden chiefly remarkable for its rich store of herbaceous plants. When we had the privilege of visiting it, in leafy June, it provided for us a veritable feast of roses, ranging in colour from purest white to deepest crimson; roses growing in sweet profusion, as bountiful Nature intended they should; clambering over wall and trellis in a tangle of loveliness; queening



BITTON VICARAGE

From Photo by M. ACTON

it amongst pansies, irises, peonies, lilies, pinks and foxgloves, and refuting by their genial presence in a mixed border the very prevalent notion that they can be grown only as a thing apart—a theory, by the way, which has done much to spoil the beauty of English gardens, by banishing the best beloved of our floral treasures to kitchen gardens or to roseries, hidden away from general view. Besides the roses, which were on that summer afternoon the dominant note in a scale of harmony, we remarked particularly a magnificent white wistaria, whose graceful sprays hung down in snowy masses from a rustic archway. In the same border we came across a lovely group of flowering plants, composed of white fabianas, and a slender rose acacia, with its exquisite blossoms. We enquired the name of a giant fennel, and were told it was "*Ferula glauca*." A fine palm flourishes in the open, and besides some rare Alpines (in a rock garden) Canon Ellacombe grows several varieties of bamboos. The level lawn is shaded by some very beautiful and well-selected trees. A spreading cedar of Lebanon first claims attention, then the two old yew trees growing near

together, which are represented in a painting quite two hundred years old, and which carry a swing that has afforded amusement to several generations of the village children. There is a Salisburia or jingko-tree from Japan, of which the foliage resembles that of the maidenhair fern, a tulip-tree, a catalpa syringæfolia, and some tall Wellingtonias, whose stiff dark forms contrast admirably with the lighter shades of green around them. The Canon has hit upon a happy solution of the label problem. His labels are all enamelled black, and are consequently inconspicuous, though the names, which are inscribed with a stiletto, are quite legible without undue stooping. To Bitton vicarage garden belongs a calm and peaceful atmosphere. Perhaps the close proximity of the church and the "garden of sleep," which lie just beyond the fence, and are plainly visible, accounts for the tinge of melancholy, or rather of chastened sweetness which makes itself felt, our enjoyment being just touched with a shadow of remembrance, "We all must fade as doth a flower." This garden is not a large one (about one and a-half acres in extent)

but where else in a similar area shall we find so much beauty and variety? It is a garden as distinctive as it is unpretentious, a joy alike to the botanist and the artist—in short, the garden of a scholar and a nature-lover.

Another garden which deservedly finds a place in Mr. Robinson's standard work, "The English Flower Garden," is that of Miss Charlotte Yonge, at Otterbourne, Hants. It is thus described: "Elderfield has always looked an ideal home for an authoress. A little, low white house—nothing but a cottage she calls it herself—covered with creepers, which keep up a succession of bloom, to peep in at the windows. There is a very old myrtle to the right, shorn of much of its height since the very cold winter of 1895; and round Miss Yonge's drawing-room window (the upper one to the left) a Banksian and a summer rose are ever looking in as she writes steadily every morning at the writing table, drawn up close to the window, or tapping at the glass when the curtains are drawn, and they are in danger of being forgotten." Miss Yonge's garden is one of her chief

hobbies, and it well repays her loving care. In this quiet spot the talented authoress finds the retirement which is essential to the production of any serious work.

Limpley Stoke, Somerset, is one of the most attractive villages to be found in all the fair Vale of Avon—high praise, indeed. The place has long been famous for its gardens. In the reign of Charles II. the citizens of Bath and Bristol were wont to repair thither in summer-time, to admire the beauty of the scenery, and to feast on strawberries. The strawberry gardens at Murhill are still the resort of hundreds of tourists during the season.

Murhill House, the residence of Mrs. Spencer Ryder, commands a very extensive view of the surrounding country, being three hundred feet above the sea-level. The garden is in some respects unique. It is situated on a steep hill-side, has a nearly south aspect, and is backed by a dense copse, which affords an effectual protection from the north and west winds. Given such natural advantages, in addition to a rich soil, and a climate which is peculiarly



MISS YONGE'S HOUSE, OTTERBOURNE, HANTS

From Photo by M. ACTON

genial, even for the west country, it is not surprising that everything seems to flourish here. Mrs. Spencer Ryder, and her two daughters are "heart gardeners," to borrow Miss Jekyll's expression; they love their plants, and lavish on them a wealth of tender care. The garden has a semi-wild appearance, which rarely fails to delight a visitor, though none but a connoisseur realises how much trouble and patience have been expended year after year to produce such a mass of colour, such variety of bloom, and withal that delusive air of naturalness

garden. A Banksian rose disputes with many another luxuriant creeper its position on the front of the house. Ayrshire roses fall like a foaming cascade over a couple of rustic arches, and the summer-house is also embowered in roses—a tiny white variety, the name of which is unknown to us. The terrace wall is crowned with valerian, red, pink and white; snapdragons, parti-coloured and plain, pinks, sweet-williams, eschscholtzia and cistus. The rock garden, of which an excellent photo is given, exists chiefly for the accommodation of



MRS. RYDER'S GARDEN, LIMPLEY STOKES

From Photo by M. Acton

which deceives most people. One of the chief glories of this garden, when we spent some happy hours there in June, was a fine Chusan palm, *Chamaerops Fortunei*, in full flower. This valuable palm occupies a sheltered position, and has been flourishing out of doors for certainly twenty-four years. It blooms annually, has attained to a great height, and has a handsome head of fan-like leaves. It would be quite impossible to convey to the reader's mind, even with the help of photographs, any idea of the variety of plants in this dear old

Alpine plants, but is also the home of many a humble yet beautiful flower. We noticed a great variety of crane's bill, and a quantity of mauve and white rockets—the flower always associated with Marie Antoinette, who prized it highly, no doubt as being a native of her Austrian home. No old garden is complete without one or two medlar and mulberry trees. Mrs. Ryder's garden boasts a grove of gnarled and twisted medlars, and the sloping lawn is shaded by a veteran mulberry, beneath whose branches the afternoon tea-table is

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CANON WARBURTON'S GARDEN, THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER

From Photo by M. ACTON

usually set. Space forbids a further description of this ideal garden, which is full of bird life, and must surely be the haunt of fairies too, if these little people have not been utterly improved off the face of the earth! Do they, we wonder, dance on the velvety lawn by moonlight, while the nightingales sing rapturous love songs to the roses drenched in dew? Do they aid and abet the birds in their early morning raids on the fruit trees? Or do their invisible hands tend their friends, the flowers, while the world is yet asleep? We mortals know not, our eyes are holden; but the imagination must perforce indulge in such poetic fancies when one stays at Murhill House in midsummer.

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it, blooms the garden that I love," might be applied to Canon Warburton's garden in the Close, Winchester. Lilies grow there in extraordinary profusion, as can be seen in the photo which we have been fortunate in procuring for this article. June is the month of roses and lilies, and may be called the fullest month of the year; our gardens are at

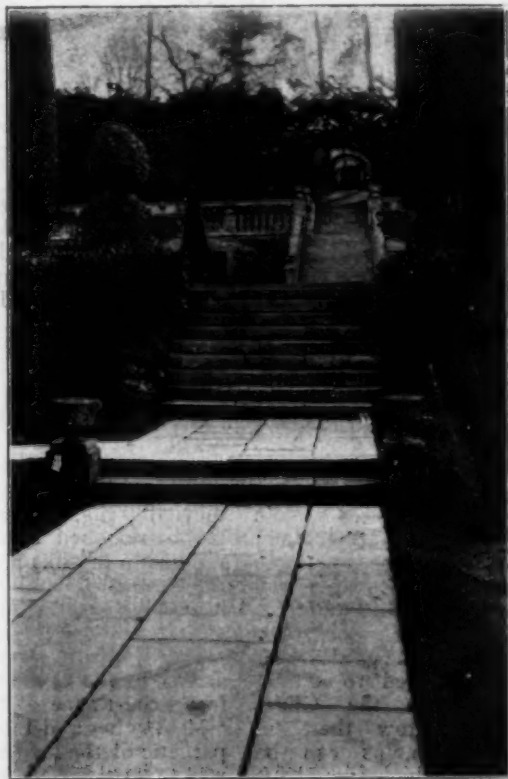
the zenith of their beauty; yet many of us then fly from the calm and cool depths of rural England, that we may enjoy ourselves—save the mark!—in the sweltering heat of a London season.

Our last illustration is a view of the terraces at St. Catherine's Court, a very picturesque and well-known place, about four miles from Bath. The garden is of the stiff and formal type which was favoured by our great grandfathers. Narrow walks of closely-shaven turf, clipped yews, and stone balustrades, inevitably suggest the strutting peacock, the be-ribboned Blenheim spaniel, and the rustle of silks and satins. Many a time and oft must the old, old story have been whispered in this quaint old-world garden. We, ourselves, never visit the place without recalling the ill-fated attachment of Conrad and Elma, which forms the theme of Mrs. Craik's novel "My Mother and I." One of the most pathetic of the love-scenes there related was enacted in the Court garden.

Luckily, no two gardens are precisely alike, so we can never be wearied by their monotony. Gardens, it is true, have suffered at various times from a

foolish desire on the part of their owners to follow the fashionable craze of the hour, but soil and situation and size are three very important factors in the making of a garden, and, as we all know, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." In this case *tant mieux*, for otherwise our gardens might become as wearisome as the latest Paris modes. Gardens, like houses, should be individual. We may generally learn something from each of our neighbours' gardens, but should slavishly copy none. If anything were needed to prove the ever-increasing popularity of gardening as a hobby—a hobby which appeals to the middle-aged and

the elderly, even more than to impatient youth—it is to be found in the large mass of literature which has recently sprung into being, for the instruction and encouragement of the amateur. When such masters of garden craft as Dean Hole, Canon Ellacombe, W. Robinson, Miss Jekyll, and others condescend to give to the world the benefit of a life-long experience, their advice cannot fail to be the means of making the gardens that we love even more beautiful and distinctive than they are at present. It is when artistic perception—a natural gift—and practical knowledge go hand in hand that the highest possible perfection is attained.



TERRACES, ST. CATHERINE'S COURT, SOMERSET

From Photo by M. CHANDEL

OCTOBER SONG



ROBINS that awhile were mute
Break forth into song once more,
And the Autumn spreads her fruit
Near the Winter's door.
Weigh the wonders of the past
With the knowledge sure at last:
Face a present overcast
And a future hoar.

All we dreamed is yesterday,
All we know is in this hour.
If the fruit be poor dismay,
Shall we hate the flow'r?
You and I have watched desire
Bud and blossom, flush and fire,
Watched a thousand passions tire
Under Autumn's pow'r.

'Tis the tragedy of Time,
Re-enacted every year:
'Tis a sorrow most sublime,
Utterly sincere.
Come, my Sweet, the light dies down,
Let us seek the old grey town—
Far less old than woodlands brown . . .
Love grows frightened here.

J. J. BELL.

Our Railways

WRITTEN BY HAROLD MACFARLANE, WITH ELEVEN DIAGRAMS BY THE AUTHOR

THE magnitude of our railway system cannot easily be grasped by the layman, who though familiar with several of the great corporations having their chief termini in London, cannot in the nature of things be cognisant of the almost innumerable offshoots that feed the great main arteries. Given a blank map of the United Kingdom, a pencil, a flat ruler and the information that the greatest length of Great Britain is about 608 miles, and its greatest breadth 325 miles, he could possibly map out on the road-making system inaugurated by Julius Cæsar a very satisfactory scheme at the cost of 6,080 miles of line, which would allow of ten companies to each possess a track of sufficient length to connect Land's End to John O'Groat's, that would touch a great number of the manufacturing, commercial and shipping spots of the nation—it would doubtless come as somewhat of a surprise to him to learn that the United Kingdom of half-a-century ago, the year George Stephenson died, possessed more miles of line open than were drawn on his plan, and that to-day three and a half times the mileage is stowed away in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; a close study of the railroad map published in "Bradshaw" will show where.

In Figure 1, the two blots in the centre represent the length, breadth and area of the United Kingdom, the small circle surrounding them shows the total length of line open in 1857, of course drawn to the same scale, whilst the large circle gives an idea of the mileage open to-day. In 1857, the total length of lines was 9,039 miles; according to the latest returns available (i.e.

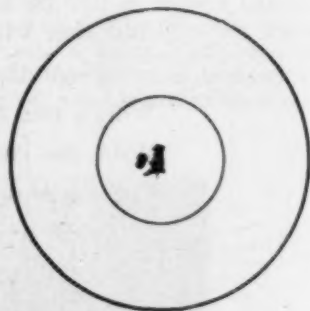


FIG. 1
Great Britain and Ireland surrounded by circles, drawn to the same scale, representing the length of line open in 1857 and 1897 respectively

for the year 1897) there are 21,433 miles of line utilised for traffic in the United Kingdom, or sufficient to encircle seven-eighths of the world at the equator.

Forty-one years ago the paid-up capital of the companies possessing the nine thousand miles of railroad was a mere three hundred and fifteen millions sterling, to-day it stands at about one thousand and ninety millions, a sum which, if taken in sovereigns, would provide sufficient gold to raise a solid column of that metal possessing a diameter of six feet, six hundred and fourteen feet high. In Figure 2, we have replaced the extremely graceful column erected in memory of those Old Westminsters who fell in the Crimean War, by a column possessing the aforementioned properties. From an artistic point of view, we deplore the innovation; but if it gives an idea, by the way it dwarfs the neighbouring Abbey, of the enormous magnitude of the capital it represents, it will have served a more or less useful purpose. If in place of

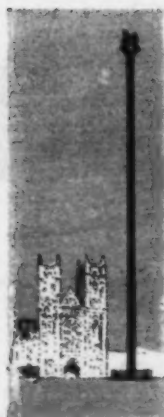


FIG. 2

A solid column of gold, six feet in diameter, and nearly twenty-two feet in circumference, representing the capital invested in railway companies. The column is drawn to the same scale as Westminster Abbey, that appears in the background

melting the sovereigns into a column we took the coins and placed them, touching rim to rim and in single file, they would form a golden ribbon 15,038 miles long, or almost five-eighths of the distance round the world; or, arranged along the Great Northern and other systems forming the East Coast route, a continuous pathway 2 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide could be made with them, extending from King's Cross to the Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

Figure 3, we trust, will have a particular interest to the owners of the auriferous column in Figure 2, for in this diagram the large square represents the capital invested in railways throughout the United Kingdom, and the small square the income it earned in 1897; the area of the large square is to that of the small square as 100 to 3.73, or in other words the proportion of net earnings to total capital was about £3 15s. per cent. To earn this $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., the gross receipts for the year amounted to almost two twenty-thirds of the capital invested. In Figure 4 the gross receipts are represented by the large coin to the left, the coin to its right being drawn in proportion to the working expenditures (wages, coal, sinking fund and 1,001 etceteras), whilst the

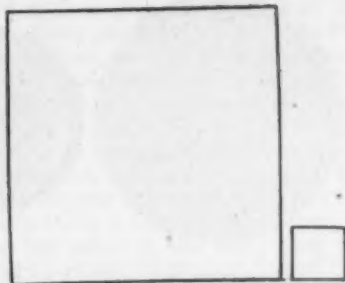


FIG. 3

The large square represents capital invested, and the small square the interest it earns annually

third coin stands for the net earnings. How our railways have increased in importance during the last forty years can be roughly gauged by a comparison of the coin on the right (representing the gross receipts from passengers and traffic in 1857) with that on the extreme left.

Apropos of the gross receipts and net income, it is interesting to note that out of each four shillings and nine and two-thirds pence received from the public (which amount represents the traffic receipts for each train-mile) practically two shillings and ninepence goes in working expenditure, the net earnings being almost two shillings and three-farthings, which seems to indicate that in order to provide $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. interest a London and North-Western train from Euston to Lime Street, Liverpool, must convey passengers whose fares amount to £48 1s., out of which sum £27 9s. would go in working expenditure and £20 12s. would remain to pay the afore-mentioned interest. We further note that if railways were run upon purely philanthropic lines (with of course the same economy as at present), that is to say with the question of gain or interest entirely eliminated, we should expect the first-class fare for the above distance to be reduced from 29s. to 16s. 6d., the second-class fare from 20s. 8d. to 11s. 9d., and the third class fare from 16s. 6d. to 9s. 5d. The average cost of a "special" is, we believe (we are open to correction) 7s. 6d. per mile in addition to the ordinary first-class fare, which in the case of one person would mean about 14d. per mile more, or 2s. 10d. per mile more than the



FIG. 4

The largest coin represents gross receipts from all sources: the next in size, working expenditure: the third, the net earnings. The small coin to the right represents the gross receipts from passengers and traffic in 1857, and should be compared with the coin to the extreme left

average sum received from the public for each train mile run which, as we have seen, allows $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on the capital.

The distance in miles run by trains in the United Kingdom, amounts to over a million miles a day, a distance (see Figure 5) that would admit of two return or four single journeys from the earth to the sun in the space of a year, if each of the 19½ thousand engines that form the motive power of the United Kingdom rolling stock, had the whole

portrayed is entirely out of proportion to the distance separating the earth from the sun; there is no engine in Great Britain or even Ireland, that is between five and six million miles long.

The total number of passengers carried in a year, amounts to about three times the total population of Europe, or twenty-six times the population of these Isles; or to put it another way, each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom is carried by the railway companies on an average on twenty-six

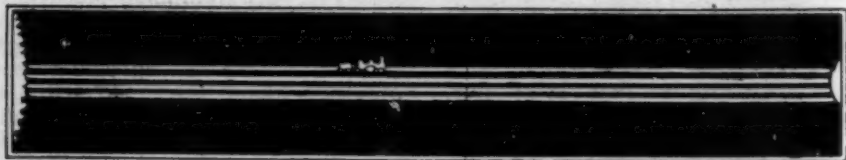


FIG. 5

The mileage travelled by passengers and goods trains in the year is equivalent to two return journeys from the earth to the sun

distance divided up into sections: a single engine moving at the rate of 60 miles an hour without stopping for a single second, would cover the distance between the earth and the sun in rather less than one hundred and eighty-eight years. A million miles a day, is a distance that is with difficulty realised, perhaps the statement that on an average during every second of the year, a distance of eleven and a half miles is covered by trains in Great Britain and Ireland may be more readily grasped. Before dismissing the subject graphically presented in Figure 5, we desire to make it quite clear that the engine there

occasions during the year (this is omitting the journeys taken by season ticket holders); in Figure 6, the squares are drawn in proportion to the numbers affecting each class, the largest square representing the 935 millions that elect to travel third-class, the larger of the two small squares the 62½ millions that travel second-class, and the smallest the 32½ millions that find first-class carriages good enough for them. It might be thought that the receipts (represented by the columns standing on the squares) would be in direct proportion to the numbers travelling in each class, but, as a glance at the diagram reveals, this is

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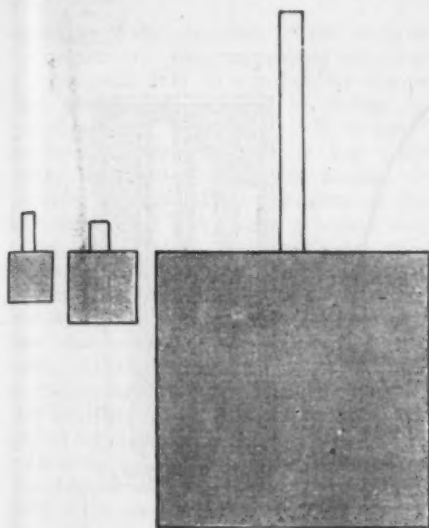


FIG. 6

The column to the left represents the receipts from first-class passengers; the centre column that from second-class; and the right-hand column the receipts from those travelling third. The three squares are drawn in proportion to the number of passengers affecting each of the classes

not the case, for whereas £4,418,000 is received from first-class passengers, only £3,199,000 is received from almost twice the number of second-class passengers, the amount poured into the coffers of the companies by those travelling third-class amounting to no less than £26,419,000 (these sums include season and workmen's tickets issued at special fares). If, by the way, the average length of time taken on each of these journeys was half an hour and the passengers' time was also on an average worth sixpence an hour, then we find the British public spends over five hundred million hours in the train, which would be worth about thirteen millions sterling.

Of the number of passengers taking return tickets, and the number that have those abominable paperslips foisted on to them, that are the bane of the tourist's existence, no statistics are forthcoming, so we are forced to take as our basis for calculations connected with tickets, the average sized piece of cardboard dispensed by the ticket clerk,

If we took a sheet of cardboard just thirty acres greater than the total area of Hyde Park, we should have sufficient material to stock every booking office in the Kingdom for one year; this sheet might be further cut so as to be 1,408 feet high (the height of the highest peak of Gibraltar), and over two and a half miles long (the promontory of Gibraltar is three miles in length); in Figure 7, we show the effect if the said ticket was reared up in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar and a gigantic X-ray photograph taken of the scene. The length and height of the ticket (and the mountain) in this diagram are not, for the sake of pictorial effect, drawn on the same scale; Gibraltar, it should be remembered, though three miles long, is only about quarter of a mile high. Naturally, if we cut the "National Ticket" up into slips the width of the ordinary ticket, and placed these slips end to end, we should expect the resultant ribbon to be somewhat lengthy, and it is: so lengthy in fact that after wrapping it round the world at the equator, we found that there was some 12,000 miles of ticket flapping about in space in a manner that would cause grave consternation to Martian astronomers.



FIG. 7

The National Railway Ticket, with Gibraltar looming in the background

Eventually (see Fig. 8), we solved the difficulty by surrounding the Earth with a "ring" (of tickets), a species of decoration that has been popular (on a larger scale and different material), in the neighbourhood of the planet Saturn for quite a number of years. Determined to bring the tickets into dimensions easy for handling we, figuratively speaking, took them one by one, and tied them into neat little parcels of which there were so many that, when placed one upon another, the resultant column was 677 miles high, and was



FIG. 8

The world surrounded by a ring of tickets
36,500 miles in circumference

lost to sight though to memory dear. In desperation, we took the two ends of the column and bent them into a perfect half-circle, one end of which rested in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, and the other in the vicinity of "Thrums." In the centre the arc was 215 miles high. With gentle pats and calm reasoning, we induced the half-circle to assume the position indicated by the arc in Fig. 9, and when one end rested at Land's End,



FIG. 9

A column of tickets 677 miles high (a year's output) bent into the form of an arc, one end of which rests on Land's End, and the other at John o' Groat's



FIG. 10

Showing how accidents became more and more frequent from 1855 to 1873, and how favourably 1897 compares with them

and the other at John o' Groat's, we stayed our hand lest the structure should fall into the sea; but even then the centre of the arc was over 125 miles high—we then abandoned the tickets in despair.

There is one side of the railway question that, unhappily, cannot be altogether ignored, though, fortunately, of late years, we have less and less cause to await the statistics respecting it with apprehension—we refer, of course (as more closely affecting the public), to accidents to passengers. In 1855 (see Fig. 10), when the number of passengers was about 130 millions, the killed and injured numbered 321, which gave an average of 2.5 per million. In 1864, when the number carried had, roughly speaking, been multiplied by two, the killed and injured had increased to still greater proportions, i.e., to 2.8 per million, and Her Majesty commanded her then Secretary, Sir C. Phipps, to call the

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attention of the directors of the various companies to the increasing number of accidents, and to express her desire that every care should be taken to guard against the same. "It is not," wrote the Secretary, "for her own safety that her Majesty has wished to provide, in thus calling attention to the late disasters. The Queen is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken, but it is on account of her family, of those travelling upon her service, and of her people, generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be ensured for all as is so carefully provided for herself. Her Majesty hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of the directors the heavy responsibility they have assumed, since they secured the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country."

Notwithstanding this letter, by 1873, when the travelling public had again been doubled in numbers, the proportion of accidents had increased to 3.1 killed or injured to every million passengers carried. An inquiry was made, and a circular issued by the Board of Trade the same year, regarding the

prevalence of accidents on railways, and the following year a Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. In 1897 18 passengers were killed, and 324 injured from accidents to trains, rolling stock, etc., while 115 were killed and 1,315 injured from other causes, which gives the proportion of 1.7 persons killed or injured to every million carried. The army of railway servants employed in forwarding the interests of the British public, is more than double the number of the military force we possess, both at home and abroad, and in view of the fact that the proportion of killed to the number employed last year was 1 in 945, and of injured 1 in 113, year in and year out, it must be considerably more dangerous as a calling.

Before we close this article it would be as well to mention that the gross receipts of the railway companies (i.e., the sum spent by the Public in matters appertaining to railways), amounting in the bulk to 93½ millions, represents the sum of £2 19s. 8d. for every swing of the pendulum during the sidereal year, which consists of 365.256374417 solar days. This interesting fact is graphically presented in Fig. 11.



FIG. 11

At every swing of the pendulum during the year 1897
the public dropped the sum of £2. 19s. 8d. in
the slot of the railway companies' coffers.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

WHAT happiness to feel the blood coursing merrily through your veins, to know no ache or pain, and to be full of life and energy! When we see people who feel like this, the eye rests upon them with pleasure.

The skin is clear and transparent, the eye bright, the hair glossy, and every movement free and vigorous, altogether forming a picture that we all love to look upon.

How different one feels when we meet some poor creature with emaciate figure, dull, sallow look and complexion, crawling along the street, dragging his feet as if every step would prove his last. Should we meet such a person, with one quick glance of compassion we turn our eyes away, giving thanks to Providence that we are not like him.

Such a contrast makes a person pause and wonder as to why there should be so great a difference in the appearance of these two persons, and if of a rechehive nature, he will quickly discover that the reason lies in the blood. In the first instance, it is good and pure; in the second, what there is does more harm than good, so contaminated has it become.

We all want to feel and look well, only many of us do not know how to do so; it can only be done by the strictest attention to health and hygiene, eating only what we find from experience agrees with us, taking plenty of exercise without over-taxing ourselves, and by bathing regularly, keeping the skin in good order and the pores open, so that they can do their duty, and get rid of effete matter that would otherwise enter into the blood and poison it. However careful we may be, at some period or other in our lives we are sure to feel some premonitory symptoms which force us to recognise that we are not what we ought to be, and that there is something the matter with us, and Indigestion in some form or other is usually the cause.

When we feel like this there should be no hesitation, something has to be done. How many lives have been ruined by allowing the evil to get beyond the means of repair, which, if attended to at once, could have been remedied, and they would soon have been as well as ever.

This can be done by taking some reliable preparation, whose virtues have been proved over and over again.

Undoubtedly the best medicine containing these qualities which I can recommend is one prepared by Ashton & Parsons, called "Phosferine." It can be obtained of any chemist, and is a permanent cure for Indigestion, nervous disorders, and many other similar troubles.

It is an excellent vitalising tonic and digestive, so that if you are not feeling well and quite up to the mark, you should certainly give it a trial.

That "Phosferine" cures Indigestion and stomach trouble cannot be doubted for a moment by anyone who has seen the thousands of testimonials received by the makers, from all parts of the world.

The Empress of Russia, the King of Greece, and many other members of the Royal Families of Europe, enjoy its benefits, and that says a great deal for it, as people in their position always receive the best medical advice obtainable, and would not be at all likely to take anything unless specially advised of its efficiency.

HOUSEKEEPING.

How often do we see a young man start life with every prospect of success ; it looks as if he had only to stretch out his arm and find the coveted apple within his grasp. He strains every nerve to reach it but somehow it always eludes him ; time after time he persists in trying, but always without success. His efforts gradually become weaker and weaker, until at last he gives up and resigns himself to despair.

His friends and acquaintances when they see him shake their heads, smile pityingly, and wonder why so bright a promise has been marred.

But the reason is not hard to find, he has indigestion, that bane of human existence, paralysing of all our efforts, that spoils our tempers, and causes more misery than all the other diseases put together. Few people realise how much their health, comfort, and prospects in life, depend upon their cook ; if they did, and always had a good one, fewer would be troubled with indigestion, life would be brighter and things generally would run along more smoothly.

Next to a good cook, good food is essential to our well-being, and especially at this season of the year, with its high temperature, it is necessary that we give particular attention to what we eat ; the heat affects our appetite, we have very little, and what we have requires to be tempted by something appetising. Joints are out of place, they are too substantial, in fact during the hot weather the less meat we eat the better if we wish to keep cool.

What we really require is something light and tasty, such as jellies, blanc-manges, custards with plenty of fruit, and just as little meat as possible.

All who follow this régime, and at the same time take care of themselves, will soon discover their digestion has improved, and gradually, but surely, feel a change for the better in their general health. They will soon be able to attend to their work without getting that tired feeling that troubles so many, home will seem brighter, their wives kinder, and they will sometimes wonder however under the old conditions they managed to exist at all.

All housewives owe their thanks to Messrs. Alfred Bird & Sons, of Birmingham, whose household preparations have become synonymous with good housekeeping. Their egg powder will be found to do its work admirably, not to speak of the great saving in cost effected by its use. It can always be depended on, not like eggs at some seasons of the year. For making custards, jellies, puddings, and cakes, their preparations will be found invaluable and should be used by everyone ; with their assistance even a novice can prepare the most dainty dishes.

Breakfast as a meal does not receive the attention it should, Doctors all agree it ought to be a good one if work lies before us. A good dish to commence with will be found in Quaker Oats ; it is light and tasty, and does not take nearly so long to prepare as oatmeal, having been already partially cooked.

THE HIDE AND LEATHER MARKET.

SOME ONE asked me the other day if ever in my wanderings I had come across the great Hide Market of London; and that, if not, it was well worth a visit. I had not, and, being naturally curious, thought it would be a good idea to investigate it.

So one fine morning, after a few inquiries, I found myself at London Bridge, and from there, a few minutes' walk on the Surrey side of the river brought me to the great hide market, the centre of the leather industry.

It was by no means an inviting sight that dawned upon me, and for a moment I hesitated, debating in my mind as to whether I should go further or not, but finally concluded that having come so far, it were better to go through with it.

Great piles of skins of every description, covered with dirt and grease, were



INSIDE THE MARKET.

to be seen everywhere, and the smell coming from them was overpowering in its intensity; so literally holding my nose, I slowly struggled along, bent upon getting in as short a space of time as possible all the information in my power.

Everybody was so busy that it was some time before I succeeded in discovering some one able and willing to answer all my questions.

He told me that the hides were chiefly sold to tanners, who removed them to their tanneries close by, where they were washed and the hair removed by lime and chemicals, they were then placed in pits lined with oak bark, layer upon layer, with a piece of bark between each. The pits were then filled with water, and the hides left to soak, sometimes for years, the longer the better for the quality of the leather. It seems hardly credible that years are spent in preparing leather before it becomes fit for use, and yet this is the case. In consequence, it stands to reason that when buying very cheap boots and shoes we are not saving one penny—in fact, to purchase cheap boots and shoes must come more expensive in the long run, because when any shop sells exceptionally cheap footwear, it merely means that their stock has been made from half-prepared hides, and that the leather has only been soaked for a few months instead of many years; thus boots or

shoes which have been made from it cannot wear well or last so long as the expensive boots and shoes, which are made only from the best prepared leather.

The hides when taken from the pit pass through innumerable processes, depending entirely upon what they are wanted for. If required for boots and shoes, the leather would be first soaked in water until soft and pliable, and shaved to a smooth surface, then dried, sized and tallowed, and the more labour expended on the leather the more pliable it becomes, and thus less liable to crack and crease through wear. The leather at this stage is ready for the shoemaker, who shapes and cuts it into different parts used to make our modern boots. These he sews together on a wooden model of a foot called a last, which when finished is the boot we wear. As the lasting qualities of a boot or shoe depend entirely upon the quality of the leather it is made of, it is thus easy for unscrupulous bootmakers to take advantage of their customers.

And so I would strongly advise people to be very careful in their selection of a bootmaker, neither can we be too particular as to the shape and fit of our footwear, for our comfort has to be considered. Almost every one has experienced



WHERE HIDES ARE CURED

the misery attending the wearing of uncomfortable boots or shoes, and it persisted in, deformity is known to have been the outcome. There are many firms who fit well, and who would never dream of using bad leather in the manufacture of their stock. One of the most reliable firms that I know of, engaged in the sale of boots and shoes is Lilly and Skinner, whose shops are all over London. No other firm can show a greater variety in footwear, and at prices that will suit all pockets. And, should you buy anything from them, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that what you have is the best to be had in the market. When buying good boots and shoes, however, one should be careful they are always kept clean, the dirt should never be allowed to remain for any length of time, and if damp they should at once be thoroughly dried and immediately after rubbed and cleaned thoroughly with some good polish. You should be very careful what kind of polish you use on your shoes; if of poor quality, instead of preserving the leather, it will positively do it harm, and cracks will appear, as perhaps you have already noticed.

A good reliable preparation is "Oxford and Cambridge Cream," obtainable of all the leading boot and shoe stores, also 51 and 52, Newman Street, London, W.

HOW TO FURNISH AND INSURE YOURSELF INEXPENSIVELY.

OUR forefathers' tastes were simple, their requirements few; they made their homes in caves or holes in the ground, and some soft grass or moss strewn in a corner served as a resting place after the labours of the day were over.

For clothes, they had the skins of animals slain in the chase, that with a roof to keep out the rain and a bed to sleep upon, was about all they required or wished for in those happy bygone days when man's wants were few and easily satisfied.

How very different are the times we live in now! Many things that, not so long ago, were looked upon as luxuries, only to be indulged in by the rich, have, from force of habit, come to be regarded as necessary to our comfort and well-being.

For all that we cannot afford to be different from our neighbours without incurring merited criticism. To get on in the world we have to make out that our affairs are prospering, and this is best done by keeping up appearance at the least possible cost and inconvenience to oneself.

Those about to marry have so many expenses to consider, the first and foremost, which ranks above all the others, is the furnishing of a house, a necessity which requires a great output of money.

This difficulty, however, has lately been smoothed away. Now, no matter how small the income, they may gradually furnish a home of their own. I do not mean to imply that the would-be purchasers should buy their chairs one month, and their table the next, and so on. Oh! dear no; as this would entail a never-ending business; but I would certainly advise the would-be purchasers to buy their furniture on a system of credit, such as is offered by Messrs. Norman & Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street.

The whole house could be furnished in this way, without any one knowing that you have not bought these goods outright.

The furniture is delivered at your house, carriage prepaid, by Carter, Paterson, or any other public carrier, so as to insure the privacy which a transaction of this kind should receive, and you would then pay for it in monthly instalments.

When one realises that it is now possible to obtain furniture on this system, and have, at the same time, a free life insurance policy, which prevents the widow or family from losing the furniture before it has been fully paid for, owing to the death of the hirer, one cannot help hailing as public benefactors Messrs. Norman & Stacey, the firm which has introduced this ingenious safeguard.

For instance, if you buy £200 worth of furniture in this manner and die when you have only paid £150, not only does the furniture become your wife's property, but £150 is also paid to your wife or children.

Anyone intending to purchase furniture I would certainly advise to call on Messrs. Norman & Stacey, of 118, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., or to write for their beautifully illustrated Catalogue, and it will certainly be a revelation to them to see what can be done in the way of picturesque effect by artistic furnishing.

As Messrs. Norman & Stacey are manufacturers, they are able to offer their customers an enormous choice of goods at very low figures, because in dealing direct with them all middlemen's profits are saved.

MISS ANNIE VIVIAN

HAS been one of the pretty and popular actresses at the Gaiety for the last six years, and has appeared in London and the Provinces, with the successful musical comedies associated with Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES'S management during that period. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was at Daly's, in the



MISS ANNIE VIVIAN

Photograph by Ramadan

"Greek Slave," but she is now to be seen nightly in the spectacular ballet of "A Day Off," at the Alhambra, where she makes an imposing appearance as "England," in the political tableau in front of the Casino Scene, and as "Achille" in the lovely little ballet of "Napoli."

A. H. V.

RESULT OF OUR
GRAPHOLOGY COMPETITION ; OR, CHARACTER INDICATED
 BY HANDWRITING.

In the August Number of "The Ludgate," 1899.

THE FIRST PRIZE OF £2

HAS BEEN WON BY

RICHARD KING, Esq., Union Club, Belfast.

THE judgment is deductive, and you would invariably reason all the ins and outs of a question thoroughly before coming to any definite decision in the matter. You have tact and finesse, have some adaptability, and can generally suit yourself to whoever you happen to be with, and yourself to circumstances. You are imaginative.

THE SECOND PRIZE OF £1

HAS BEEN WON BY

MARY SINCLAIR, c/o Mrs. Hely, 14, Portland Place North, Dublin.

GOOD conversational powers are seen here. You have always plenty to say for yourself, are fond of children and animals, and are always ready to enter into and sympathise with the trials and troubles of those around you, and to help them in any possible way. You are generous in money matters, and are rather sensitive to slights.

THE THIRD PRIZE OF 10s.

HAS BEEN WON BY

T. W. H. GARSTANG, Esq., Knutsford, Cheshire.

You have artistic tastes, and would not feel at ease if your surroundings were not in perfect harmony and good taste. You are fond of ease, have intuitive judgment, and are observant of all that is going on around you. You are kind-hearted and generous, have a firm will, and tenacity of purpose.



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The Story OF GOLD OLAF.

WRITTEN BY NORA HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTEITH DODSHON

THE time was the middle of the last pagan century that Norway knew; the day was mid-March, sunny and cold, the place, the King's house at Nidaros. Great and fair it was, for the last King had taken delight in beautifying his dwelling-place, and in the long hall where young King Olaf gave audiences to his people, were gathered together all manner of rich and costly things, silk hangings that outland merchants had brought from far-away Constantinople, furniture of wood, carved and painted by patient Lapp fingers during long winter months, shining walrus-teeth, and spined and twisted shells gathered up by Norse sailors in seas far west. But the King's high seat was of plain Norway pine, and bare of all ornament, and the King's kirtle and cloak were of brown vadmál, and as plain in fashion as any peasant's gear. There had been music sounding in the hall, but it was silent now, and Gold-Olaf's most favoured scald sat silent and sullen behind his master's chair, for the King would have none of his smooth love-songs, nor even a battle-tune of "Hjalmar in Samsey." Some one whispered "The King's dark mood is on him," and silence dropped swiftly on the

crowded hall, while Gold Olaf, King of Norway, leaned back in his high seat with a tired smile on his grave young mouth. He was very weary of his manifold duties, and there was no pleasure to him in the knowledge that in his right and left hands he held the happiness and sorrow of a great kingdom. To his mother the barren gold of kingship, and the power of which it was the outward symbol, were both very dear and sweet, but they were neither sweet nor dear to Gold Olaf.

Some strange wisdom he had plucked from a stormy childhood and a wandering youth, and now that the years of exile were over, and he sat in old King Haufud's place, he kept this wisdom with him still. But with all his wisdom he was Norseman enough to love action too, and there was not in Norway a swifter skater, a bolder cragsman, or a stronger swimmer than Gold Olaf, and his rough liegemen forgot and forgave their king's wayward fits and strange spells of musing, when he stood up before them at the Althing to hearten them up with bold words and wholesome counsels.

Now, however, he was weary, and no chance had been given him of speaking words of courage and counsel; all day

long he had sat in his high seat and given judgment for the widow against the man who had broken into her byre, for the orphan lad upon his father's slayer, for the creditor upon his debtor. And still the people gathered lower down the hall, and angry eyes and sad eyes turned to him expecting redress and comfort. Gold Olaf sighed an impatient sigh, "And while rich Nidderings spoil the widows, some of my folk starve in Nidaros," he said to himself, "and no man reckes of his mate's grief or that the night cometh to all. Well, ere it come indeed to thee, Olaf Haufudsson, do thy near duty!" He leaned down to stroke the great hound that lay at his feet, its liquid brown eyes intent upon his face. "Good fellow, stout fellow, what knowest thou of divided duties? Happy art thou, my hound—more happy than I. Amundsson," turning sharply to the old man who stood over the fire-place, kicking the blazing logs with his spurred foot, "let them come to me who wait yonder. Yon Gothlander first—my own folk must give place to her gray hair."

"Yon Gothlander" had a tragic tale of jealousy and murder to tell, and she told it with a dry, hard composure that stirred Gold Olaf's pity more powerfully than any tempest of tears could have done. When her tale was done he held out his hand quietly, and as quietly she clasped it. "Thou and thine shall be righted," he said gravely, "and that or ever a se'nnight be over-past. Meanwhile, go thou hence and wait, and I will not fail thee."

"He is over-good for Norroway," the Gothland woman said to the companion who joined her as she left the king's presence, "and the Norse folk will tire of him soon enow, unless—unless—"

"Well, mother?" the girl asked, looking at her with listless blue eyes.

The Gothlander laughed.

"Never trust me, Gudrun, but thou art fair enough to cozen wiser men than Gold Olaf. Never knit thy brows, child, for that breeds wrinkles, but let us get to the homestead with all speed, for on the seventh day Olaf will come."

"How know ye that, mother?" the girl Gudrun asked, with a sudden gleam in her eyes.

But the Gothlander laughed and shook her head, and would say no more.

On the seventh day she came to Gudrun as she sat spinning in the sunlit threshold of their cottage on the shoulder of Gold Hill, and there was a light of triumph in her face. "Lift thine eyes, daughter," she said, "and confess I am no mean prophetess, for yonder rides Gold Olaf up Gold Hill."

Gudrun neither answered nor lifted her eyes from her wheel, and only when Gold Olaf dismounted and stood before the two women, bareheaded, did she betray any knowledge of his presence. She rose then, made him a listless reverence, and waited with her eyes cast down and her hands lightly clasped, while he spoke to her mother.

"Thy wrong is near righted, dame Rotha," he said. "There ride behind me two of my house-carles, and they bear bound with them the man who wronged thee. Thou shalt judge him."

"It is well done, and like Gold Olaf," Rotha said quietly.

Gold Olaf looked at her curiously. "What knowest thou of me? Until a se'nnight since I had not seen thee"

"I know of Gold Olaf what his mother knows not," Rotha said. "I know of the nights wherein he has lain sleepless, yearning over his people, and how the worship of Thor and Frey, and Odin himself, contents him not; and how he has sickened of his wisdom when he looked on the foolish faces of his people, and wished unlearned all the teachings of wood and wave."

"Art thou a witch then?" Gold Olaf said hoarsely, "or a nightmare from England."*

"But in these things Gold Olaf puts no faith," Rotha said with a smile that had in it somewhat of mockery. "I am no witch, King Olaf, and all my knowledge I get from yon maiden—"

Olaf turned and looked at her for the first time, and caught his breath in a hardly-checked exclamation, for his eyes were dazzled with her beauty. And though he did not guess it then, as she looked up and met his gaze, his Fate

* Author's Note: Nightmares in old northern stories were invariably supposed to come from England—why, I do not know.

looked at him through the clear, cold eyes of Gudrun Gold-Hair.

"Thy daughter is she?" he stammered to the smiling Gothlander.

"My daughter in love, but not in blood. In the battle where my husband was slain I found her when I sought him,

"Knowest thou naught of thy kin?" Gold Olaf asked, turning to the girl.

Gudrun's lips parted in a dreamy smile, but she did not speak.

Rotha nodded mysteriously. "Herra, of them she will not speak, but on stormy nights she will forth and call



"'THY WRONG IS NEAR RIGHTED, DAME ROTH,' HE SAID."

laid asleep with her head on the body of a Gothlander. A maid of twelve years she seemed, but dumb as a babe, and three full years was it ere I taught her the Gothland speech, but more I learned of her than ever I taught her, and her sleep is fuller of wisdom than my waking."

to them by the hour together, and," lowering her voice to a whisper, "I think she comes of Valkyr kin."

Gudrun's white cheeks flushed into bright colour now as a trio of horsemen came over the brow of Gold Hill—two stout Norsemen on either side, and in the middle, his hands bound behind his

back, a slim, handsome lad with long black curls falling from beneath the scarlet silken cap he wore.

"It is he, indeed," Rotha said, her grey eyes dilating. "It is Einar of Sand, who slew my son and burned the stead about my head, and would have taken my daughter by force. Well met at last, Einar of Sand."

The young man never even looked at her; his eyes were fixed on Gudrun's drooping figure and downcast face.

"Well met at any time and any tide, Gudrun Gold-Hair," he said, with a curious inflection as of laughter in his soft voice. "When we meet in Nifheim —"

Gudrun lifted her eyes then, and gave him a long look, that it was, perhaps, as well Gold Olaf did not catch, so full of passion and pain it was.

Einar of Sand met it with one almost as passionate and infinitely sadder, then he turned in his saddle and addressed the Gothlander: "I am in thine hand, mine enemy, what wilt thou with me?"

"What wilt ye with him?" Gold Olaf asked, almost in the same breath. "He is in your hands to punish."

Rotha came forward a step or two, smiling.

"Hark, while I count the things thou owest me, Einar of Sand," she said slowly. "My son, Vali, thou owest me, for thy sword slew him when he stood in the gateway of his mother's stead to do battle for his mother and his sister Gudrun; and more thou owest me. There stands not a rafter of my fair hall, nor a beam of my barns, and the steers plough no more in any fields of mine. House and hold, oxen and gear, barn and grain, thou owest me also, Einar of Sand. Gudrun Gold-Hair thou owest me not, indeed." She paused a moment, then added, sternly: "Answer before Odin and Thor, and before Gold Olaf, that these things be true."

"These debts be truly numbered, before Odin and Thor and Frey," the young man answered her carelessly, still watching Gudrun.

"Now answer, lord," Rotha cried, appealing to Gold Olaf. "If there be not a law that gives the creditor right upon the debtor's body?"

"Wouldst thou claim that right?" Olaf asked gravely. "Assuredly it is thine."

"It is mine!" Rotha cried, triumphantly, "and I claim it mine. Seven days hence, Einar of Sand, if thy kinsfolk redeem thee not at the Thing, I will have my rights of thee, life and limb, even to the uttermost of the law."

Gudrun woke from her reverie now, and sprang forward with a cry, "Wouldst thou maim him, mother? Nay, but it shall not be. Gold Olaf, I call on thee —"

"Nay, Gold-Hair, spare thy breath," Einar of Sand said lightly. "Deny not thy mother of her rights, nor Gold Olaf of the gladness of drying thy tears."

"She shall not be denied," Gold Olaf said, in sudden and fierce anger. "Carles, take the losel hence, and lodge him safely until the day that the Thing meets. Maid"—as he loosed Gudrun's hands from his cloak—"this man I cannot yield thee; but, if thou wilt, I will give thee another man, lith and limb, over to thy mercy—and that man is myself, the King of Norway. Answer me not now, Gold-Hair, but answer me on the day the Althing meets."

Gudrun smiled, and did not speak; and when the day of the Althing came she spoke and did not smile, but stood up gravely, in the sight of the people, before the altar of Freya, the love-goddess, while she and the King plighted their troth.

"I swear by Thor and Tyr, and Odin, who hears all oaths, and Saga, who remembers them," Gold Olaf said, turning to face his people, with Gudrun's hand in his, "to be faithful, and loving and honest to thee, Gudrun; and this not for a season, but for all time."

"And I," said Gudrun, speaking very clearly, "will be true wife to thee, Olaf Haufudsson, and I will give thee faith for faith, and trust for trust; and this I swear in the name of Vali and Vé."

"Be faithful man and wife, and be gracious King and Queen," murmured the priest in their ears, "and the gods

give ye love and length of days, and fair fruit in the days that are to come."

For a minute there was silence, and then, hand-in-hand, Gudrun and Olaf went out into the open, and the waiting crowds saw their Queen, and shouted uproarious welcome to her.

"Strange gods, my sweet," Gold Olaf whispered, when they were next alone, and Gudrun sat in a purple-covered chair beside his high seat. "Strange gods to swear by, Gudrun, this Vé and Vali; though the old books say, indeed, that these two only shall outlive the twilight of the Gods."

He lowered his voice, glancing at the house-carles running to and fro in the hall, busily preparing the long tables for the coming banquet.

"Are *all* thy faiths strange, my Gold-Hair; and have I taken to my heart a riddle that I cannot read?"

Gudrun laughed oddly.

"Read *me* a riddle," she said. "What do they now, outside, lacking us, my lord?"

"My mother holds the Thing, sweet."

"And my mother takes her right of Einar of Sand."

"Not yet is it too late, Gold-Hair. At thy suit I will save him."

"Nay, but I make no suit for him," Gudrun said, straightening the folds of her bridal veil. "Let my mother take her fill of vengeance, and do thou stay by me, Gold-Olaf, if I be fair enow to please thee."

"I will not tell thee utterly how my eyes see thee," the King answered, tenderly, "but thou mayest piece out the tale thyself; for till this day I have loved no woman. And this day, sweet, scarce I know if my arms hold a very woman, or an elf, or a valkyr."

"Is the thing thou knowest, indeed, good?" Gudrun whispered, looking up into his moved face with eyes blue as the sea. "Content thee with it, Gold-Olaf: I am thine—woman, elf, or valkyr, I am thine."

She looked up presently, and drew herself quickly from his arms to give her hand to Rotha the Gothlander, who stood beside them, gazing on them with a satisfied smile. "Good welcome, my mother."

"And fair thanks, my Queen," Rotha

answered quickly. "And to Gold-Olaf thanks for an old wrong mended and a new slave won."

"Is thy new slave thine old foe?" Gold-Olaf asked, with a troubled look.

"Even so, my King," Rotha said.

"It is not well done," the King said, musingly. "The youth is of gallant breed, methought. . . . Gold-Hair, it irks me that thou mad'st me no suit to spare him. . . . I righted thy mother; but was it well done of me, Gudrun? Was it well done of *thee*, Gudrun?"

Gudrun repeated, with a brooding frown, "Well done? Mother —?"

Rotha touched her arm warningly, and she looked up with a wild smile.

"We have naught to do together, thou and I. Thou art the Gothland woman whose debt the King has paid in flesh and blood—and I am Drottning Gudrun now."

"Gudrun, my heart, what words are these?"

"Foolish words, my lord," Gudrun whispered, "so look not gravely on me. Is it so strange that I forget everything, save that I am Queen of Norway; *thy* queen?" in a softer murmur yet. Rotha shrank back, and for a moment bride and groom whispered together, then their hands dropped asunder, and they drew apart, for with horn-blowing and songs and laughter the wedding-guests came trooping in.

Gudrun Gold-Hair sat alone in her chamber, whose window looked down into the walled garden where her women spent their hour of freedom, throwing gilded balls and running races in the sunshine. And as she sat, dreaming, the Queen's fingers were busy, sewing on a scarlet ground the golden boar of her husband's house. And as she sewed, an old song took shape in her memory and she sang:—

"There is no sleep in the resting-places

Bullded fair by the fretful sea,

Out of the sea-mists alien faces

Frown and lower and laugh at me.

Ever and aye I start from dreaming

To hear the mew and the curlew cry:

Ere dawn I wake with the seagulls' screaming;

Weary to death of the sea am I."

"Weary to death of my life am I," chimed in a deeper voice, and Gold Olaf

laid his hand upon her busy fingers and stopped their swift motion.

"Was it well done, Gudrun?"

"What?" Gudrun looked up at him with parted lips and frightened eyes. "Which one, my husband, of all thy many deeds?"

"Lo you now with what a grace ye name me 'husband,'" Olaf said bitterly. "Might not a wiser man have been fooled as I was fooled?"

"Whose fool is my lord?"

"His wife's," Olaf answered sternly, so sternly that the faint red in Gudrun's cheek flickered into white. But she did not flinch. "Let my lord tell the tale of my sins," she said steadily, "and when he has done I will answer."

"None of thine answers, my snow-bird," Olaf said more gently, "will win back the whiteness to thy plumes. Well—thus the tale begins. No damsel of unknown kin, art thou, but the Gothland woman's child, whose father no man may name. Nay, in this thou mayest be white of soil, Gold-Hair; but yet—spak'st thou a true word, telling me once naught of thy kin thou knewest?"

"Rotha lied and I lied," Gudrun answered calmly. "Tell on thy tale!"

"The man Einar of Sand, who sought to carry thee off, was thy betrothed lover, cast off only when Rotha thy mother saw chance of netting a king-bird. So Einar of Sand's cousin told me to-day. Is it true, or a lie?"

"What said Einar himself?"

"No word of this would he confess to me."

"Ah, true heart!" Gudrun sighed.

"Truer than I!"

"Then it is no lie?" Gold Olaf said heavily. "Another thing is said against thee, Gudrun—that with uncouth rites and witcheries ye keep your faces fair and fresh, ye and your mother. And this says my mother, Hervor the Queen, that spells ye twain have flung over me, and laid me often in bewitched sleep."

"Nay, but in all these arts is Hervor the Queen my mistress, unless old tales be false," Gudrun said with a cold smile. "I have heard how when thy father Haudfud lived, he had no will but hers, and, Gold Olaf, is not thy will mine in the wedded year we have known? Never,

if my memory serves, has my will been thine."

"Nay, but to-day, Gudrun, thou shalt not bewitch me," Gold Olaf answered sternly. "I will not let thee gloze over the tale against thee. Look, Gold-Hair, if on thy faith as a true woman, thou canst lay thy hand in mine and say these tales be false, root and branch, then will I put them behind me, and believe in them no more though the Nine Worlds blazoned thee guilty." Gudrun lifted her head and looked at him steadily. "With a lie smaller than those I have told of late, might I answer thee, Gold Olaf, and win thy belief—but some madness has me, and I cannot. Of all these things am I guilty—head to foot I am a lie—a lie!"

"So fair a head," Gold Olaf said dreamily, "so light a foot, my Gold-Hair! Nay, but no more my Gold-Hair," rousing himself abruptly. "I will not put thee away from me, Gudrun, but we must walk sundered all our days."

"Is there then no pardon for thy wife and thy lover?"

"My wife, Gudrun, and my love, but never in this world my lover."

"Stake not thy soul on that, King Olaf." Gudrun started to her feet with a bitter laugh. "By Vali and Vidar, by whom I swear to thee before, I am, indeed, thy lover who loathed thee once."

"My lover, and play me false," Gold Olaf said scornfully. "Ha' done, my lover!"

Gudrun uttered a curious sound, half laugh, half groan, as he turned away and left her.

"By all the wit of evil Loki, my lord has little wit! Thinks he a maid who loves weighs faith and truth in the balance with her love? Wot you well, my love Olaf, a woman's love is god and creed and priest to her while it burneth well." She stepped to the door and flung it wide. "He has left me in ungentle fashion, but I will look forth and see if he speaks of me with that ancient witch, Hervor, and, if he does, will I forth to her and tell some home-truths that shall make her wince, hard as stone though she be. Alone, Queen Hervor? What does my lord?"

The old Queen started up from her

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seat, and faced round on her daughter-in-law with a fierce light in her eyes.

"Thy lord has gone to speak with the folk thou hast made mad, witch Gudrun. They stand thick about the Palace, and the men call for bread, and the women call for thee that they may stone thee. Nay, never turn pale for it, thou hast arts to help thee at a pinch; but Olaf——"

"Thou hast arts also," Gudrun said coldly. "Use them for thy son, Hervor."

Hervor wrung her hands.

"I would have given him the enchanted sword hanging yonder, that he took from his brother Angantyr's dead hand, but he would none of it. Hark ye, Gudrun; will ye draw it?" springing to her feet as Gudrun took the sword down from the wall. "Thou art bold, Gudrun, there is a curse upon it."

"Is there, verily?"

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him. Give it to Olaf, Gudrun, so strange a weapon will come well from thy hand."

"Ay," Gudrun said, unsheathing the sword, and looking curiously at the runes written along its tapering blade.

"Is it, indeed, so strong and so accursed, mother of Olaf?"

"Indeed, it is. His soul is lost, maybe, that wields it, but 'tis Olaf's body is in danger now; and—What wouldst thou do, Drottning Gudrun?"

"The best of all my deeds, Drottning Hervor."

The old Queen's cry was followed by the snap of breaking steel, and now Gudrun's set, white face changed and softened into more than its old beauty as she said: "Call the house-carles together and bid them hasten to their King's side, but they need not arm them. It is I the people desire, not Gold Olaf, and I am going to them. Farewell, old mother."

How Gudrun reached her husband's side she could not tell, but somehow she passed safe and unscathed through the crowd and the flying stones, and caught his cloak with a wild, glad cry.

"Art thou here?" he said, drawing her close to him. "It is boldly done, Gudrun, but this is no safe rest for my snow-bird."

"I ask no better rest," she said, smiling bravely up at him as a heavy stone whizzed by, just missing her bare head. "Take no care for me, my husband—Ah!"

Olaf had not seen, as she had, the gleam of steel in an upraised hand, and he could not check her in time from throwing herself before him and receiving the dart in her own fair breast. He caught her in his arms as she fell, with a cry of anguish on his lips—hers were set fast and smiling.

"Gold-Hair, Gold-Hair, my sweet!"

"Thy lover," she gasped, "besides thy love. Say—Olaf—thy lover."

"My lover, Gold-Hair! Lover and love, die not yet—wait for thy husband. Hearest thou not, Gudrun?"

But the light of Gudrun Gold-Hair's blue eyes was quenched, and there was no flutter in the heart beneath his hand, and Gold Olaf laid her gently down at his feet and stood up with a set, grey face to meet the mocking eyes of his people. Next moment another dart whistled through the air and found its goal in his breast, and with a smile on his lips Gold Olaf fell beside his wife and died.

Thus Gold Olaf and Gudrun came to the gates of Valhalla together, and entered in unhindered.



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VOL. VIII. (NEW SERIES) No. 47. SEPTEMBER, '99.

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